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SEPTEMBER 6, 1907

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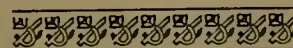
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Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Devoted to Interests of Rochester and Western New York

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Vol. I

Rochester, N. Y., September 6, 1907

No. 1

Where Douglas Studied Law

BY FRANK A. WOOD

WHEN the country bordering on the Genesee river was known to settlers of the New England coast as the "West", Canandaigua was the center of learning of this state. Both Rochester and the former place were in their incipency and men of letters sent their sons to Canandaigua academy to be educated along the lines of one of the professions. Among the youths who went there to school was Stephen Arnold Douglas, who later became one of the most renowned orators this country has ever produced. His speeches in the United States senate, after he became affiliated with that body, have attained international fame. Thus it is that the visitor in going over the historic spots in the town of the Indian name notes the office in which Mr. Douglas studied law pointed out as one of the landmarks of Western New York.

The large office buildings of modern days were unknown to the early settlers. Physicians and lawyers erected structures suitable to their individual needs on their residential holdings. Main street, in Canandaigua, was dotted throughout its length by such buildings and but two remain, the Ontario County Historical Museum and the office already mentioned. This colonial building was erected in 1832 by Walter Hubbell, a lawyer of wide-spread fame, and was subsequently occupied by Walter and Levi Hubbell, the latter a younger brother who was Adjutant General under Governor Marcy. Here it was that Douglas obtained his first insight in the law and where he studied for three years, meanwhile attending Canandaigua academy. The famous building is now owned by W. S. Hubbell, son of Walter Hubbell and a school mate and acquaintance of Mr. Douglas. Mr. Hubbell is a well-known Canandaiguan and lives in the house on the property immediately joining the office.

Douglas is described as a man of immaculate appearance when he attended Canandaigua academy, physically short and rather stout. Of his diminutive stature he always felt aggrieved. To improve this deficiency he wore the highest hat obtainable in those days and walked with a carriage denominating his force of character.

Early in life Stephen Douglas showed those characteristics which were destined to make him ultimately famous. An incident showing that the power of oratory was inborn in Douglas is of interest. While attending the academy, Principal Henry Howe, of that institution, gave many demonstrations of the effect of laughing gas on

the human mind. A small receptacle was used to hold the gas and a pipe was clenched between the teeth of the subject. Mr. Howe, being an expert in the use of the fluid, was instantly able to determine when the students had inhaled a sufficient quantity. The effect on different persons is marked and upon Douglas it was a revelation.

One day on the campus the future senator participated in one of the experiments and suddenly withdrew the pipe from his mouth. Contrary to all expectations he darted to a far spot on the green and, wheeling quickly, he delivered one of the most powerful oratorical efforts ever heard in that day of great speeches. For months his effort was the talk of the entire countryside. This was before Mr. Douglas had attained any fame as a speaker and is mentioned as showing that the gift of swaying his hearers by masterful eloquence was inborn in the speaker.

Mr. Hubbell cherishes as one of his possessions the desk at which Mr. Douglas studied law in the office. It was characteristic of Douglas to stand while engaged in the pursuit of learning and it may be owing to this fact that his ease and grace before a public body later became a matter of note.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS' OFFICE

For Tiny Yachts

Yachtsmen, young and old, will gather round Trout Lake in Seneca Park to-morrow afternoon when the races among miniature craft will be held. Commissioner Wallace has given a miniature trophy for the competition, in addition to

the other prizes, and the judging of individual merits will be safe in hands of such experts as Charles Van Voorhis, L. G. Mabbett and Commodore Thomas Pritchard of the Rochester Yacht Club. There are three classes of tiny boats eligible ranging from those measuring 20 inches to those of 30 and over. The age limit of the "skippers" is set at sixteen years.

A Matter of Business

He loves the winding brook, the open sea,

He loves the fields and woods, the hill, the glade,

He loves the stars, the birds, the bud, the tree;

For he's a bard, and they're his stock in trade!

Nathan M. Levy.

When a man willingly pays a \$50 millinery bill his wife proudly declares that his heart is located on the right side.

COMMERCIAL ROCHESTER

West Side Development

An organization that must be counted on in connection with the commercial interests of Rochester is that formed during the early summer by representative business men of the west side. It is well for the city that the tide of commercial activity which for a time swept steadily up Main Street to the eastward was stemmed by steady and persistent development of west side property; for as a result the business center is extending in all directions.

Some months ago an organization of merchants, manufacturers and bankers, doing business in the immediate vicinity of the "four corners" was formed for the avowed purpose of advancing the interests of the city toward a Greater Rochester. A matter of policy regarding the running of street cars and regarding proposed changes in some of the car lines was one of the first things considered by this organization; but that the association had broader views in mind was evidenced by the steps taken for making the organization permanent and by the published statement of some of the leading members.

CONGRESSMAN PERKINS' VIEWS

Congressman James Breck Perkins said in part upon the occasion of organizing:

"This is entirely a business men's meeting to consider business questions from a business standpoint. There is hardly one in this audience but who would be better fitted to speak than myself.

"Expressing my own views, which I hope and believe will be very largely the views of others present, I would say. We live in a city that for many years, certainly the past few, has enjoyed extraordinary prosperity; there is not one of us that does not to some extent share in that prosperity and certainly there is not one of us who does not want that prosperity to continue. In united action much can be done and I think there is one rule that should govern, and I am sure will govern every good citizen: Whatever stands for the benefit of the whole city of Rochester, I care not what part, we are in favor of, and whatever by any possibility is intended to do harm to any part, I care not what part, we are against. Forty or fifty years ago this was a small place, now it has become a great city, and like the child when he becomes a man, puts away childish things, we should put away the little jealousies, natural enough in a small place. The City of Rochester has grown too large to have all its business center on any one four corners, or to have its business center in any one block."

During the summer months there has been little activity on the part of the organization; but it is promised that during the coming

months it will be on the alert to protect the large business interests that are represented.

The officers are: President, William C. Barry; vice-presidents, Arthur G. Yates, Thomas H. McInerney, George C. Buell; secretary, James P. B. Duffy; treasurer, George Wilder.



WILLIAM C. BARRY

A Toast to Our City

Concluding his last annual report on the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, the former secretary, John M. Ives, said:

"It has been well said that the measure of a city's self is what it does for itself and how well it does it, not so much the form which it employs. We are beginning to think as cities, to feel as cities and to have a sense of the significance of city life. The American city will never find itself, never believe in itself, never achieve itself, until there comes a consciousness of the city like unto that which exists in other lands.

"Let Rochester believe in herself and think well of herself; and by Rochester is simply meant the people inhabiting homes in this goodly heritage. Let everybody talk Rochester with an earnestness and enthusiasm which will carry conviction and there will soon be great thoughts, great plans and great fruition for the greater Rochester soon to be.

"Many years ago in New York the motto of one of the Art Societies was, 'If you wish to make your city loved, make it in every sense lovely.' What was true in the past is equally

true to-day. Rochester is naturally lovely and is loved, but the affection can be deepened and made abiding not only to those of the present but to thousands now strangers who but await our invitation to be brethren, if we but do our simple duty, unselfishly, willingly; and having done all, to stand.'"

Less Costly Dwellings

One of the greatest needs of our ever growing city is the building of homes for working people. The want of proper accommodation for this class of our citizens—the wage earners—who constitute such a splendid element in an industrial community, is pressing and important. If we build enormous plants and factories, the matter of proper accommodations for the operatives is of the first importance. The class of houses needed are such as can be rented at from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per week. The best dwellings for working people are of the cottage plan each having a small garden space. Such homes are conducive to health, comfort and the well being of children. With abundance of land available in the towns adjoining Rochester, and the rapid transit service now available, it would seem to be an easy problem to solve.—*Chamber of Commerce Report.*

Progress of the City

County Clerk Hotchkiss reports that during 1906 152 new Rochester corporations were organized with an aggregate capital of \$20,724,850. One of these corporations was capitalized at \$4,000,000, one at \$2,500,000, another at \$2,000,000, another at \$1,500,000, another at \$1,000,000, three at \$500,000, four at \$300,000, four at \$250,000, seven at \$200,000, and the rest ranging from \$5,000 to \$175,000. Of these fully \$12,000,000 represents purely Rochester industries, either organized into corporations or increased capital of those already incorporated.

PROGRESS OF CITY SHOWN BY FIGURES.

Names in city directory	1900	1906
.....	74,262	90,095
School census	23,443	29,920
School attendance ..	18,683	19,810
Bank clearances	\$107,490,166	\$235,796,865
Building permits	673	1,707
Building permits, value	\$1,705,178	\$6,175,499
Custom House receipts	\$280,254	\$502,055
Assessed valuation...	\$115,948,150	\$135,104,965
Population	162,608	*181,666

*State enumeration 1905; estimated population now 190,000.

If good intentions could be cashed we would all be millionaires.

MUSIC

By M. URSULA ROGERSON

Music a Public Benefit

With this initial number of EVERY FRIDAY, greeting is extended to all of Rochester's citizens who desire progress and development, educationally, morally and spiritually.

To insure a healthy growth in any direction, the problem of social harmony throughout our land is one that must be solved. The fundamental principles upon which to work are simplicity and truth, for in these two elements rests the secret of all civilization and culture. The purpose of these columns is to give to all sincere workers in the field of art and music the encouragement that belongs to them wherever they may be, in studies, school, home, or public places.

"The supreme mission of art, as of morals, is to raise the individual out of himself and to identify him with his race." The mission of music is to represent *beings* rather than *things*. "It is not for any particular age, but for all time and all places."

One of the problems of American education to-day is, how to make good music a part of our daily mental development. To those who know, the appreciation of music is one of the necessities of life.

Music is the language that speaks to the imagination, the mind, the heart and the senses. It is the vehicle for conveying the values of character to the minds and lives of men; the "essence of order that leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."

A MUSICAL ATMOSPHERE

Believing this, it becomes the duty, and should be the pleasure, of every musician and music-loving being, to create a musical atmosphere in his community, in order that an appreciation of this art may become universal.

Many writers and critics tell us that in this respect we are far behind our friends in Europe, where the state or municipality officially recognizes public musical events, by grants or annual subscriptions to concert, opera, choral societies, festivals, and open-air music in summer. This plan has not yet been adopted in the United States.

Our city fathers have not seen the necessity nor advisability of making appropriations for the musical education of the people—the masses. Their plea against such a plan is, that "it would require an increase of taxes, which would be impossible. While hospitals, asylums, and reformatories are clamoring for state aid, the public schools are suffering from lack of funds, and road systems need improvement."

Nevertheless, could they be brought to realize that the American citizen is naturally musical, that he has a high degree of appreciation

and enjoyment of music—that the soul or spirit of God is in every human being, and if this soul is asleep within the house called the body, it may be awakened more thoroughly through the pure harmonies and sweet melodies of the masters of music than by any other art, no obstacle would be allowed to remain in the pathway of progress along this line of culture.

The public school that does not have the joy of music a part of its daily life, is not fulfilling the highest purpose of education; and the community that does not support at least one good choral society, however small

Rhein" and "The Star Spangled Banner" rang with the patriotism of Russia, Germany, and America, which must have been an inspiration to all who heard them. The "Overture 1812" by Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky was written for the celebration of a great national event—the dedication of the New Cathedral at Moscow—and is classified musically as an "occasional" composition in which inventive genius plays a more important part than inspiration. Tchaikowsky possessed remarkable skill in building a musical structure by means of thematic workmanship.

EXCITED BY PATRIOTISM

In the "Overture 1812" his enthusiasm was aroused and his imagination excited by earnest patriotism and deep love for his native country. When he planned the composition, he undoubtedly had in mind the picture of the disastrous retreat of the French from Moscow, after the city had been set on fire by its inhabitants. Three subjects stand out from the tumultuous background of tones. The first,—intoned at the beginning of the violas and cellos,—appears to be a chant which may have been taken from the ritual of the Greek Church; the second is the "Marseillaise" and the third is the Russian National Anthem. The music is a representation of conflict and strife.

When the "Marseillaise" seems to gain ground and suggest the victory of the French, it is suddenly swallowed up by an immense wave of sound which resolves itself into the triumphant opening theme, and the Russian National hymn proves that by the support and help of Russian patriotism, the enemy has been routed. Amid the clanging of bells and booming of cannon the victory is celebrated.

This overture is a remarkable example of Tchaikowsky's ingenuity in instrumentation and his great gift of realistic tone-painting. It was often given a place on the program of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra during the life time of that musical benefactor in Chicago, and there is a powerful significance in it being the leading number of this festival of Rochester's Musical Societies.

The purpose of a music festival is to create a musical atmosphere; which, if discontinued, might become a national calamity.

It is hoped that the day is not far distant when Rochester will possess a concert or music hall of sufficient dimensions to accommodate an audience of many thousands who may at regular intervals during the year, be refreshed by the world's best music in chorus and song, supported by orchestra and organ that will not be an individual affair, but a contribution to a musical nation.



HERMANN DOSSENBACH

it may be, is not laying the foundation of moral law and order that will be the means of harmonizing and pacifying the prevailing social discord.

MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL

Although Rochester has not yet done its best, it is showing an inclination to create a musical atmosphere by means of its mid-summer music festival held August 22d at Seneca Park, the program of which comprised various forms of musical utterance; namely, orchestra, choral clubs and solo voices, appealing to all classes of human beings.

Space forbids comment upon each number rendered; but well-earned praise is due Theodore Dossenbach, Beecher Aldrich and Heinrich Jacobson, who directed players and singers with intelligent leadership.

The opening "Overture 1812" of Tchaikowsky, and the closing songs—"Die Wacht Am

EVERY FRIDAY

MOTORING



By BERT VAN TUYLE

Sec'y. AUTOMOBILE CLUB

Progress of Automobiling

No one will question the statement that inexperience is the greatest handicap to progress. One of the most surprising conditions is that many will seize upon one idea and will refuse to regard any other suggestion; even when it is apparent that it is an improvement. Many will cling close to traditions, to the antiquated processes and opinions, and they are utterly forgetful of the fact that every progress which

importance to cause them to use every resource to defeat them. If these men can see the possibilities of the motor car, is it not time that some of the men who are serving the people in the legislatures should see the advantages and not prevent the probability of a form of competition that could not do otherwise than benefit the people?

With the continued use of the motor car the one great attraction is the fact that touring can be indulged in at any time and this is probably the cause of more enthusiasm than any other element in motoring. On that account there is every reason that conditions should be such as will make the tours most enjoyable.

As far as racing is concerned there is constantly decreasing interest as there is a limit to the pace that can be safely maintained on the ordinary racing tracks. In hill climbing contests and in road racing where there is a chance of greater speed there is opportunity for the

spectator to see only in part; these conditions affect the interest of the public.

It is the ability to go considerable distances when and where one pleases, and to travel without respect for schedules, that makes the touring car the pleasurable conveyance it is. Touring in a motor car is to be one of the most pleasurable of occupations of the future, and what all should do is to make it possible to enjoy these advantages to the fullest extent.

The automobile clubs of the country constitute the main factor in making touring enjoyable, and by opposing adverse laws are making it more of a pleasure to drive throughout the

country. If some of the bills introduced in the legislature had become laws, the only place to drive a motor car would have been in one's back yard. This year another flood of obnoxious bills will be introduced and they will be vigorously opposed by the associated clubs of this state. It is easily seen that the more members a club has the more influence it will have.

On the statements which have been made concerning the clubs of the country there has been a great increase in the number of members, and there is undeniably a realization on the part of the motorists that it is for their own benefit to unite and exert whatever influence may result for the promotion of pleasure and the protection of all against unreasonable legislation and restrictions and by education to remove the prejudice that exists in some localities regarding the use of motor cars.

The state and national organizations are to be reckoned with by all the clubs, as affiliation with those will bring co-operation and assistance. Perhaps one of the best indications of the practicability of organization is found in the formation of state associations as well as local clubs. The value of a local club to every motorist is great and the man who owns a car will find that his membership in a club has new significance if he considers the conditions which face the devotees of the pleasure. There is always something to be done at all seasons of the year.

If Your Motor Mis-fires

If your motor mis-fires when running free and at low speed and the missing stops as soon as the speed is accelerated, the trouble can



IMPROVED VICTOR ROAD

has been made represents new ideas and their adoption, generally against what seems good and logical reason.

There has been but little which has materially benefited the people that has not been accomplished against the belief of many. This has applied to every form of transportation and labor-saving device, and the strange part of it all is the fact that those who most profit by what has been accomplished are the most unwilling to accept something new. Where would business be to-day without the steam engine, the marine engine, the electric railroads, the telephone, the telegraph and the ocean cables? The automobile should be ranked with any of these because the possibilities are great; but the inexperience of the general public is a handicap which will require years of time and large sums of money to overcome. The use of the motor vehicle has an unlimited future; it means a revolution of methods and conditions. The plans which are forming, such as having large motor vehicle boulevards, uniform legislation, etc., are to the minds of men at the head of the largest transportation companies regarded as of sufficient



PLACING ROAD SIGNS

EVERY FRIDAY

nearly always be found somewhere in the carburettor or air inlet chamber. The missing under the above conditions points to the gas being throttled in some manner and it is likely that too much air is admitted for the low speeds and lower temperature.

The Good Roads Question

New York state at present is doing more good roads work than its neighboring states. There is more need of it and the annual appropriations under the \$50,000,000 Good Roads bill passed a short time ago, are larger than are those of neighboring states. One of the largest pieces of road work in the upper part of the state is that from Utica to Oneida Castle. When this is finished the old Seneca turnpike, one of the most troublesome spots for motorists in the state, will be transformed into a smooth roadway. About one-half the distance from Syracuse to Auburn is macadamized; but on the way to Geneva, tourists will encounter more misery in the twelve miles between Waterloo and Geneva than on any other section in a trip from New York to Buffalo. In wet weather this road is almost impassable. Repeated efforts have been made to have this section improved, but up to the present time there is no indication of anything being done.

This section of the state is fortunate in getting at least a few of the improved roads. One of these, shown in the accompanying illustrations, is a fine specimen of road building. This is the new state road between Mendon and Canandaigua. This road starts at the Ontario county line just east of Mendon and is improved through to Main street in Canandaigua, except through the village of Victor, which section the state is not allowed to improve. This stretch will probably be cared for by the village authorities.

The road was built in two sections, the first section from Mendon to a point west of Victor was completed some time ago at a cost of \$36,400. It is constructed of limestone found in that vicinity. It is 5.2 miles in length, 12 feet in width and has a thickness of six inches, except where an extra thickness was required, in soft places. This section was built by Mosher & Summers, of Buffalo.

The new section which has just been opened is a continuation of the former section into Canandaigua. This was built by Chambers & Grady, of Rochester, at a cost of \$44,135. It is 6.7 miles in length, twelve feet in width and six inches in thickness. This road is also built of limestone secured in that locality.

This entire road has been constructed by the latest standard of road plans and has very wide shoulders, giving ample room to pass outside the macadam portion. Monroe county is to have her share of good roads in the near future, not least of which is the Pittsford-Mendon road which will then give Rochester autoists a fine run from that city to Geneva. Other roads down for improvement are the Latta road; two sections of the Clover road in Brighton; Portland avenue, section 2; the Buffalo road from Churchville to the Moreton

farm; Despatch to Pittsford; Bartlett's Corners to Hilton, County Line road, town of Hamlin; Churchville to Riga, and the Rich dugway to Penfield. The road building in this section is under the direct supervision of John P. Kelly, division engineer.

Unnecessary Wear of Tires

Probably more wear of tires results from inexperience or carelessness in stopping or starting than is believed by most motorists; and yet when one reflects that the strain is much more excessive at such times than when the car is running evenly, it is apparent that the life of the shoes can be prolonged by reasonable care.

Most motor drivers may recall seeing power applied to a car and the front wheels lift from the ground through the suddenness of the impulse; this is not infrequent with the best of drivers. For a short time the stress is undoubtedly keen, and it is not to be denied the car would have been started just as satisfactorily by the different applications of power. Electric and steam cars are not so severe in this respect, because of the ease of impulse in starting. The gas car can be operated fully as easily when discretion is used. When in the highway the possibility of damage to a tire by a sharp stone under such circumstances is to be considered.

There are occasions, frequently, when it is necessary to stop quickly, and perhaps to apply the brakes sharply; the consequent drag on the rear tires through the momentum is injurious, so that when possible to do so it is wise to shut off power and allow the car to coast along

to the point where one wishes to stop, using the brakes moderately, if at all. When one considers the many times the brakes are used in the course of a season, it will be understood how large is the factor of starting and stopping in the life of a tire. The prolonging of the use of a tire means so much money saved as well as satisfactory service.

Posting Road Signs

The accompanying road sign illustrations show the nature of the work now being taken



IMPROVED VICTOR ROAD



ONE OF MANY

up by the Rochester Automobile club. These signs are made of enameled iron, white back ground, with blue letters, making a serviceable sign and one that will stand all sorts of weather. Each sign is being placed on a post by itself which is set three feet in the ground, and placed on the roads where it is most needed. Every post is painted white so as to be more noticeable especially at night. The Scottsville and Churchville roads to Batavia are completed and work is under way on the Geneva road and also on the old Syracuse road. Every road out of Rochester for a radius of about 50 miles will be posted with these signs as fast as they can be secured and placed.

This is indeed a good work in the interest of the traveling public and should be appreciated by all who use the public highways. The credit is due the Rochester Automobile club for carrying it on.

Short Story of a Killing

In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by an automobile. Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the auto kill the hog in question.

"Yassah, I seed it." Then said the counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just what occurred." "Yo honah," responded the old lady, "I shore kin tell yo' in a few words. It just tooted and tuck him."

Every dark horse comes to light sooner or later.

EVERY FRIDAY

RECREATION

Tennis Popular as Ever

Despite the allurements of golf, lawn tennis continues to grow in popularity in Rochester and this year has seen the ranks of players of both sexes largely augmented. Although the number of clubs remains the same, dozens of private courts have been laid out in various parts of the city. The ground on University avenue may be considered the headquarters of the game hereabouts and the Rochester Tennis Club is now in a highly prosperous condition. There are nearly one hundred men and more than fifty women on the active membership list, while the \$50 "family ticket" has proved very popular, some thirty-five of them having been issued this year. This ticket allows the *bona fide* members of a family, and non-resident friends introduced by the holder of the ticket, full privileges of the club-house, courts etc. Each afternoon finds all the courts fully occupied and the various games wax fast and furious.

The recent appearance on the local courts of Miss Bessie Moore, who has won the women's national championship on four occasions since 1896, aroused considerable interest. Miss Moore was visiting friends in this city and took the opportunity to put in some hard practice on the University avenue grounds in anticipation of meeting Miss May Sutton in the Niagara tournament. Miss Moore's vigorous style and dexterous work was a treat to witness, and Rochester's women players, and most of the men for that matter, learnt many a good lesson from her play.

Frederick K. Ward was Miss Moore's opponent in these games and although Mr. Ward is considered the strongest player in the club he had to show his best form in order to keep pace with Miss Moore's lightning play; and in this he acquitted himself with much credit.

TO TACKLE BUFFALO AGAIN

The return tournament with the Buffalo Lawn Tennis Club will be played on the Bison City's courts on the 14th inst. and it is to be hoped the Rochester men will repeat the victory they gained over Buffalo earlier in the summer here when they won seven out of the eight singles and three out of the four doubles. At least one other tournament will be played before the close of the season. Competitions confined to members of the club have been in progress for some time and Miss Louise Otis has already been acclaimed as the woman champion.

F. L. Lamson, the registrar of the University of Rochester, is president of the club, F. C. Goodwin is the vice-president. H. H. Stebbins, Jr., is the secretary-treasurer. Rev. C. B. Chapin is an enthusiastic supporter of the

game. He is chairman of the grounds committee, the other members being E. B. Cook and Mr. Stebbins.

A Famous Player Collapses

Tennis players have just heard with deep regret of the physical collapse of Richard Stevens, the millionaire of Castle Point, N. J., who, because of too persistent practice at the game, so undermined his health that he will never be able to play again. For many years Stevens was the representative back court player in this country, but the style became obsolete and Stevens was unable to change his game to the newer conditions, though he practiced early and late with a professional coach

that they had offered to leave it behind in Europe on certain conditions, one of which provided for a half-way battle ground next year, such as Cape Town. However, this proposition, though very sportsman-like on the part of Messrs. Brooke and Wilding, did not find favor at tennis head-quarters in Australia; the "natives" clamored for possession of the cup as long as they can hold it and already the place of honor has been assigned to it in the prize room at Melbourne.

It is conceded therefore that, as the result of the visit of the American team to England this year, there would be small chance of our being able to recruit players that would stand an equal chance of winning against either the Australians or the Englishmen, commensurate



ROCHESTER TENNIS CLUB

Women's Singles: Mrs. Orchard (on the right) vs. Miss Hooker

in all kinds of weather year after year. Newport always found him in the van but work as he would, men only partially skillful at the net game beat him. He is now a broken reed, indeed, the latest reports said that grave fears were entertained for his life.

No Australian Trip

It was the general opinion among the past and present tennis experts who gathered at Newport that there would be no American challengers for international honors next year. The Australians, Norman E. Brooke and Anthony F. Wilding, will carry the Davis trophy back with them to the land of the Southern Cross, as they are fully entitled to do according to the rules of the competition; though there was a rumor a few days ago

with the heavy expense and months of travel that such a trip would entail. The Britishers are certain to be numbered among the challengers next year and Americans fondly hope that Wimbledon will once more prove the battle ground for 1909.

FOOTBALL

Brief Reign Begins

The present football season promises to be prolific with surprises in the development of the game; especially among the big colleges. Although there are a few games in the early part of the month, the earliest games that promise to be anything but one-sided and that approach championship calibre are on October 12th when Swarthmore visits Philadelphia and

EVERY FRIDAY

the Carlisle Indians and Syracuse clash at Buffalo. From that date onward, at least every Saturday and sometimes during the week, one or more important matches will be played.

The third Saturday of November will be the greatest football day of the season in point of championship games played. On this date the Tigers will engage Yale for their annual tussle. Pennsylvania will tackle Michigan at Ann Arbor, Carlisle will also carry the East's banner to Minnesota. Dartmouth will fight it out with Harvard at Cambridge, and "Penn" State will try conclusions with Annapolis. Harvard and Yale will come together the following week and the Quakers and Cornell will play the annual Thanksgiving Day game at Franklin Field. Two days later the Army and Navy will ring down the curtain on the season.

CHANGES IN THE RULES

The most important alteration in the football rules this year is the clause which provides for a penalty of fifteen yards for a dropped forward pass, if the error is made on the first or second down. Last year the ball went to the other side. Attention should also be directed to the following changes:

In the case of a kick-out after a safety, the opponents must line up on the thirty-five instead of the twenty-five yard line.

Two umpires are made obligatory to free the game from the least vestige of roughness.

It is made clear that any lineman may carry the ball, provided he does not leave his place in the line till the ball is put in play.

GOLF

Value of the Short Game

Those players who make a close study of form with a view to improving their own game, are just now taking Jerome D. Travers, this year's amateur champion, as their model and it is understood that an invitation has been extended to Mr. Travers by the Oak Hill Country Club to play an exhibition match with Alexander Smith, the professional champion, on the local links before winter sets in. The amateur championship this year brought out more strikingly than ever before in this country the advantage of the "short game". There are extremely long courses where the "swiper" unquestionably enjoys a distinct advantage over the golfer whose stock in trade is to go plodding steadily along. The Cleveland circuit does not come under the heading of "extremely long". In fact, golfers frequently refer to it as a "levelling" course—one where the ordinary player has almost an equal chance with the class man, with the result that, as was shown in the amateur championship matches, the contestants were, nearly all of them, able to reach the greens in two shots.

But it was the putting green that provided the remedy for "levelling" and it was there that nearly every match was won and lost. Travers demonstrated, time and time again, what could be done with the aid of the deadly short game. And though his opponent may have been considered a good putter as a rule, Travers was always able to go him one better.

Although he played a sound game in every department, it was his putting that enabled Travers to smother E. M. Byers, for there was little to choose between the two off the tee or through the green. Ragged putting proved H. Chandler Egan's undoing in his match with Ned Sawyer and it was a put that won the twentieth hole for W. C. Fownes, Jr., in his game with Walter J. Travis. The result of all this is that students of golf, irrespective of age, are now giving more attention than ever to the short game.

Scotland Bereft of "Stars"

There seems little justification for the movement that is being furthered at present to institute a Scottish professional championship in golf. All the best professional talent has migrated from the "home of the game," having been snapped up by the ever increasing number of clubs in England, America and the European continent, and this will continue as long as the opportunities for a golfing career outside the limits of Scotland remain so attractive and lucrative. The new Scottish champion could not hope to hold his title a day were he to be challenged by compatriots now resident in almost every civilized corner of the globe.

ROWING

Lessons from Henley

Another instance of the influence of the English stroke on a crew visiting Henley is that of the Argonauts of Toronto in their work shown at Philadelphia recently when they took championship honors from the best of our amateur oarsmen. Up to the visit of the Canadians to England last year their style was a "hit or miss, slash, bang" sort of stroke without the least method whatever, the oarsmen depending on their strength to get the speed out of the boat. The Argonaut crew that rowed at Worcester in the national regatta last year had not time to annex the English stroke, but this year's eight had its most



MISS BESSIE MOORE

Former Champion Tennis Player of the United States

vital points exploited. They did not swing to far back and had a quick recovery, and in reaching for the stroke carried the blades low and horizontally to the water. The blade entered the water squarely, but was not forced to any depth; just sufficient to cover the blade completely. Then there was a good leg drive, followed by a sharp heave which, altogether, made a combination by no means exhausting and very effective for sending the shell along at a fine rate of speed.

Much the same stroke was used by the New York A. C. men, who made such a good showing in this regatta, but they swung a trifle too much and their blades were a little longer in the air which accounted for the space which separated them from the winners at the finish. Our amateur oarsmen, as well as the coaches, are now convinced there is much to be learned from a trip to Henley. The Belgians were quick to grasp the merits of the Englishmen's style and methods, with results that have caused the famous Leanders to yield the Grand Challenge cup to them two years in succession. After Courtney's visit to Henley with Cornell, he dropped his old "donkey engine" stroke and narrowed his blades, hence his success ever since.

For Olympic Honors

James Pilkington, president of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and Julian W. Curtiss, treasurer of the American Olympic committee, will have the important task of selecting oarsmen to compete at the English Olympic games next year. Pilkington has a wide acquaintance among rowing men all over the country and he is shrewd and experienced as to the merits of the sweep pullers. On the other hand Curtiss stands high with the college men and if they work the right way there should be no trouble in picking a first-rate crew. As far as the conditions of the Olympic regatta stipulate, men can be selected from all over America, but they must be bona fide amateurs and there must be not the least question about their status.



FREDERICK K. WARD

Rochester's Strongest Tennis Player

My Friend Lacey

Being a Truthful Account of the Pleasing Idiosyncracies of a Man who Enjoyed Life Without Wealth

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



C. B. LOOMIS

I ADMIRE my friend Lacey. He makes a virtue of necessity. I know he's poor and he knows he's poor but he turns his poverty into a joke, and when you're on joking terms with Poverty you find that he's not such a bad fellow after all. Lacey has made a pet of the wolf at his door and his children share their lunches with it. They say that when Poverty comes in at the door Love flies out of the window but Lacey does not remember the time when Poverty was not already in the house and so Love grew to look on him as a foster brother and they get along beautifully. But it all lays in Lacey's way of treating things.

Like myself, he lives in a suburban town where some rents are cheap and it happens that he has over an acre of ground around his house and at least ten deciduous trees. Lacey's neighbors keep a man employed at so much a week to rake up the leaves as they fall on the glossy lawns. Lacey would like to keep a man employed but he could not pay him, and he would not accept his work for nothing, so he lets the leaves accumulate and early and late he tries to get his neighbors to do the same. "Best fertilizer in the world" says he. "Next summer my lawn will be fresh long before yours is." Indeed, so much has Lacey said on the subject that Van Pelt, who has the finest lawn you will find outside of England, has this year allowed his leaves to accumulate. In my humble opinion the leaves harbor many insects that were better out of the way, but Lacey saves a man's hire and is looked upon as quite an original.

Now if I were to let my leaves accumulate my neighbors would say that I was untidy. I haven't Lacey's knack of making a virtue of necessity.

Why, take the matter of his veranda. It was positively unsafe for people to call on him because there were so many loose planks in the flooring, and here and there a board had rotted away.

Most men would have been ashamed of it and would have borrowed money to pay for a new flooring. Not so Lacey. He will not borrow money under any circumstances.

So he told everyone that if there was anything he did hate it was new boards. It was like a new suit of clothes—made a man look so ready made, so parvenu. He supposed he'd have to come to it finally or else shut up the front door and have his friends come in by way of the kitchen.

What happened? Why, when Lacey went to the St. Andrew's Brotherhood Convention at St. Louis his friends clubbed together and had a new veranda flooring put in "in self defence" as they said, and Lacey was affected almost to tears when he returned and found what friends he had. He paid it all back too, in neighborly acts. I'll say that for him.

But if I had let my flooring go to rack and ruin that way people would have said I was shiftless. I had mine done only last week. The carpenter said he was willing to wait and I'm willing to let him as long as he doesn't overdo it.

Lacey takes pride in his furniture. No two pieces alike and the whole lot at sword's points with each other. Every stage of American taste is represented from the time when the Americans lost their taste up to the time of the Centennial Exhibition when they began to find it again. He tells us stories about each piece of furniture and makes people laugh at it. Heaven knows they felt like laughing at it when they came into the room but their breeding forbade. There is a zest to their laughter that is not entirely evoked by Lacey's droll way of telling how he came by each (dreadful) bit of walnut or stained white pine, but he has such an indescribable way that there are some men in our town (I say men because women are not as easily deceived in such matters) who think that *Lacey's parlor is quite a curio cabinet*.

What would happen if I, scorning the installment plan, had such a room full of odds and ends? Why people would say that my parlor was shabby and they would be quite right. But unless it's a blunt new corner of the more discerning sex no one ever calls Lacey's parlor shabby, and I think that we'd all regret it if some one died and left him a complete set of Louis Quinz or Grand Rapids furniture.

Most of the dwellers in this town have two or three "maids." They used to be called "girls" when I was a boy. "Up stairs girl" and "down stairs girl." How simple and how archaic! Now they are all maids even when their husbands are employed as garueners; just

as an actress of note may marry every few months and she is still "Miss" Rosina Fortesque.

As I say, most of our neighbors have at least two maids but Lacey does not. He says that more than one would tax Mrs. Lacey's strength too much. One every week or so he will have, but this having two at once and perhaps having two leave at the same time is too great a strain on nervous force.

Of course I have to keep two (if I can) in order to keep up appearances, but you see Lacey doesn't go in for appearances. His is an altogether different lay. He knows that we know that it is his pocket book that prescribes the number of girls he may employ but by treating the matter whimsically he is enabled to move on a perfect equality with Senator Fur nival who is a neighbor of ours and who has a retinue of at least ten servants and I don't know how many horses and carriages. *Lacey and the senator golf together, golf being Lacey's only extravagance.* He says he can afford to golf because he swore off smoking when he was twenty one and never smoked a cigar for ten years, and he is using the money he saved for golf, which in return saves him, on an average, ten doctor's visits a year.

Lacey hasn't a single painting on his walls and of course he makes a virtue of that. "I would not want any but the best and as I haven't time to hunt up the ones of merit that are cheap now, and as I haven't the money to buy the ones which had merit some time ago but have only just become masterpieces owing to their creator's death, I content myself with good photographic reproductions of the best here and in Europe."

Now Dolliver, who made his money in oil, has a whole roomful of very large oils, and Lacey says there is not a single worthy picture in the lot, but Dolliver opens his gallery every Thursday afternoon and lets *hoi polloi* come. He deserves credit for the kindness that prompts the action but Lacey says he is disseminating a vast amount of pseudo culture around the country.

All this, however, is away from the point that I wished to make. For once Lacey admits that it is a question of money with him but he has contrived to make people believe that he knows something about art and they rave over his photographs quite as much as they would over the originals. Now I have five or six good oils that kept me back on my rent for

(Continued on Page 25.)

The Coming Municipal Election

Summary of Conditions Under Which Certain Rochesterians May Be Considered for the Mayoralty--Democratic Possibilities

By WILLARD A. MARAKLE

More than ordinary interest attaches to the municipal election of 1907. Rochester was the only city of importance up-state carried by Hearst last year. Some persons are disposed to assign a major part of the credit for this to the staunch support of trades unionists, because of the candidacy upon Hearst's ticket of one of their townsmen and comrades, John S. Whalen, for secretary of state. This is doubtless correct; nevertheless a more plausible reason is that Rochester's rapidly increasing industries have attracted to this city several thousands of workmen and the politics of these were unknown to the old-time political leaders who, resting on the laurels of the McKinley campaigns of 1896 and 1900 and the Roosevelt campaign of 1904, could not scent even possible defeat.

In a purely local election, with the personal magnetism and candidacy of Hearst and Whalen absent, will 1907 be repeated? Will the trades unionists follow the lead of Secretary Whalen in selecting municipal officers? Have the leaders of the republican organization made inroads upon the labor vote? Will the contest be a three-cornered one between the republicans, led by George W. Aldridge, and James L. Hotchkiss; the democrats, led by Thomas W. Finucane and Milton E. Gibb's and the independence leaguers, led by John M. Campbell and Frank Keogh? Or will the contest be between a ticket made up of straight republicans and a fusion ticket, composed of democrats, leaguers and representatives of the "citizens' party", led by James Johnston?

SENATOR DUNN, SHERIFF CRAIG

These are the questions agitating the politicians and the public to-day. The party primaries are to be held on September 17th but the nominating conventions will not come until later; so all those question will not be answered much before October 1st.

Mayor Cutler has served the people for two terms and last spring announced that pressure of business and impaired health would not permit him to be a candidate for renomination. At the time it was assumed that this removed him from the list of mayoralty possibilities. For several months the name of Senator Thomas B. Dunn has been uppermost in the minds of the politicians. It is possible that he may head the ticket; but he has evinced no desire to make the canvass and his intimate friends say they do not believe he could be induced to accept the nomination. Legislative life is congenial to him they say, and he prefers not to change it for the worries and labors which go with the mayoralty.

There is a large and growing element in the republican organization which believes that the time is ripe for a change in the type of mayor-

ality candidate and these urge that choice be made from one who may be said to represent the middle class and one who is in close touch with the workers in the republican organization. These are urging Mr. Aldridge and Mr. Hotchkiss to give favorable consideration to Sheriff William H. Craig. Bluff, good-humored, one of the best hand shakers and mixers who ever played practical politics and an organization republican to the core, his backers say he is a sure winner.

While he is encountering more than perfunctory opposition, the wisecracks believe that Alderman William Ward is to be the nominee of the democrats at least and, possibly, of a fusion movement in which the organization democrats, a great many independence leaguers and



WILLIAM H. CRAIG

the citizens' party will participate. Ward's candidacy is opposed by many trades unionists in the league, by the anti-Hearst democrats and by a few organization democrats. Should Sheriff Craig be the republican nominee, Ward's chances may wane, as the leaders would be likely to choose a candidate who could attract to the democracy voters who might not follow the sheriff. William J. Carey, Joseph B. Hone, Judge John D. Lynn, are all possibilities should the canvass take such a turn.

But if Mayor Cutler should be prevailed upon to reconsider his decision not to run again, the democratic leaders will be forced to take Ward as their standard-bearer and try to weld together and march to the polls on election day the forces which brought about a Hearst victory last fall. Ward is an anti-

organization politician. Of Celtic extraction, he prides himself upon his unbending opposition to anything which, he thinks, savors of encroachment upon the rights of the plain people whose self-constituted champion he is. In short, he might be styled the William Sulzer of Rochester politics and also a complete antithesis of James G. Cutler.

Ordinarily speaking, in a contest between Cutler and Ward, betting odds would be on the former. But it must be recalled that last fall the Rochester electorate gave William Randolph Hearst a plurality over Charles Evans Hughes.

POLITICAL NOTES

The officers to be chosen this fall in New York state are: Two judges of the Court of Appeals to succeed Denis O'Brien and E. F. Bartlett; in Monroe county, a district attorney to succeed Stephen J. Warren and two coroners to succeed Henry Kleindienst and Thomas A. Killip; five assemblymen; a justice of the Supreme court in the Seventh judicial district, to succeed the late James W. Dunwell; in the city of Rochester, a mayor, president of the Common Council, comptroller, city treasurer, two assessors, two commissioners of schools, twenty-two aldermen and twenty-two supervisors.

The people of the whole state will vote on a proposition to reduce the population necessary to entitle a city to rank in the first-class from 250,000 to 175,000. Should the state constitution be amended in this respect, Rochester will become a city of the first-class along with New York and Buffalo.

While all the republican presidential possibilities have been seen and heard in Rochester it is remarked that not since the soldiers' and sailors' monument in Washington square was dedicated has a president visited Rochester. At that time Benjamin Harrison delivered an address. Theodore Roosevelt made campaign speeches here in 1898 and as governor, officiated at the unveiling of the monument to Frederick Douglass. Secretary of War Taft spoke at the Lyceum theater in 1904. Governor Charles E. Hughes spoke in Rochester last fall. Bryan and Hearst on the democratic side are familiar to Rochester audiences.

Politicians are speculating as to whether the present city officers are to be renominated by the republicans. Alderman William Ward, however, is not worrying as to that. He is cock sure the next city administration will be democratic from top to bottom.

Politics is responsible for some queer turns in events. Just imagine Thomas W. Finucane, millionaire clubman, shouting for Hearst, the trust-buster and Jackson the giant-killer.

SOCIETY



Etiquette at Home and Abroad

By KEITH GORDON

What do we mean when we speak of etiquette? Where do we get the word itself? Is it of Latin or French origin? Truly it is difficult to bring it within the usual dictionary parlance. In some of the older English dictionaries it does not appear at all, and Walker, introducing it into his work, does so with apologies, although he gives some authorities for deriving it from *stichos*, *stichetus*, *stichetta*.

For myself, I think the word is a poor one and utterly inadequate to its present wide application. It savors too much of stiffness and punctiliousness, of exaggerated ceremonial and primness of observances altogether out of harmony with our twentieth century ideas. I cordially wish we had a better word that could not be misinterpreted or misunderstood, and that would not be a target for all the ridicule and contempt that has been so mercilessly and so unjustly levelled upon this word of uncertain lineage.

One reason, undoubtedly, for the misinterpretation and the ridicule is to be found in the fact that the subject has so frequently been taken up by incompetent people who, with very hazy ideas themselves, have had the temerity to write rambling and incoherent guides to good manners, misleading and bewildering to one rash enough to follow their uncertain guidance.

There is a sphere in every country where *savoir vivre* reigns and those who write or teach from without that sphere, will invariably become the victims of their sooner or later discovered fallibility.

IN ITS TRUE SENSE

Etiquette in its true sense, embraces the whole gamut of good manners, good breeding, true politeness. The class of persons not accepting it in this sense is a large one, and they see little significance in it. To them the rules appear arbitrary and tyrannical, cramping, so they say, all individuality; so many trammels which should be cast aside by stronger personalities, and pandering to the bug-bear of class distinction. "This is a free country, let every one do as he likes," is a favorite form of expression with them. With these persons, however, we need not concern ourselves, nor would argument convince them. We may safely leave them to that stern-eyed teacher called experience. Some of her reprimands will be certain to prove severe enough to convince them that even in a free country, well regulated society has a quiet way of enforcing her edicts and those who will not obey them are either forced to do so or ignored, and

their places filled by worthier members more amenable to her gentle rules.

Then there is that large class of persons, and it grows larger daily, who are aiming to rise in the social scale. Wealth is increasing so rapidly, bringing so many new votaries to the worship of luxury and beauty, that the charmed circle of the *social elect* is ever widening, and these new arrivals realize they are in want of instruction in a new study. Many of them, however, would not for worlds acknowledge it. They have not the courage to confess they realize the want, but social knowledge they must pick up; so they devour without guidance and in secret, every book of etiquette they can find. Oftentimes it is to them as the reading of an unknown tongue with no interpreter. What, then, is the result in this case? Well, they generally improve to a certain extent. They do not commit so many actual *gaucheries*, are not guilty of quite so many solecisms; but too often they get only the letter of etiquette and the spirit remains a sealed book. Those rules they memorized, "What to do," "What not to do," were but the dry bones of a system that subtle essence that breathing upon those dry bones could clothe them with an ethereal body of beauty and delight, that they altogether missed.

EASE AND GRACIOUSNESS

There is, therefore, an ever growing need for works on etiquette which are reliable and true to its real significance. Individuals who have led secluded lives or whose circumstances have held them in other spheres than those wherein well bred people move, need the information necessary to render them conversant with the manners and amenities of society, for even if endowed with tact and natural gifts, they alone will not give the ease and graciousness which make social intercourse delightful. Even those in the social system to whom these works are entirely unnecessary, like to read them. They derive some amusement from the contemplation of absurdities (to them), which are therein corrected and they feel a pleasant glow of satisfaction in being supported in their own knowledge by well informed writers and to compare notes with customs and observances they have found in other countries. But for all who would read or study these works, one consideration is ever necessary. Be sure the writer or teacher is one who knows his subject and never trust to one who is familiar only with the superficial structure which contains so many pitfalls for the ignorant.

Wrapped in its outward covering of rules and observances lies this eternal truth, that courtesy, unselfishness, consideration for others, are the foundation stones upon which etiquette builds the stately and beautiful fabric of Good Society.

BROADER LIGHT

Is not my first proposition then, a true one, that the word etiquette is too narrow for all it embraces; it must be viewed in a double light and taken from the moral point as well as the conventional. A kindly nature, lovely spirit, must always be the essentials, but the conventions of society are necessary to give finish and completeness to the whole. When the conventional spirit is the stronger, there can be at best a surface polish only, but when unselfishness and kindness of heart are paramount and intercourse with their fellows is marked with the grace of conventional politeness, nothing omitted, nothing overdone, what perfection of charm we are sensible of. How we remember these gracious ones and how often we say, "How charming ——— is, how considerate"; "how courteous"; or of her, "She is the most delightful woman, with most charming manners, I have ever met."

In etiquette there is no uncertainty, no variability of place or persons. Our manners of today should be our manners of tomorrow and the world will take our measures truly and retaining them, assign us to our places.

The present code of etiquette is built up upon the culture, refinement, polish of centuries. Its rules are indispensable to the smooth working of society at large, and taken collectively, they are but the social obligations due from one person to another. Any one point of etiquette if brought to the bar of common sense, must be pronounced reasonable, proper and sensible, and strictly speaking, there is no question of etiquette that is ridiculous, arbitrary or tyrannical.

Why should we not be a well mannered people? Why should we not be refined, polished, in our demeanor and bearing? Why should we not seek to be charming? Why should we not cultivate in ourselves consideration, thoughtfulness and graciousness towards other in the smallest details of daily life.

This, then, is the standpoint from which we shall consider the subject in subsequent articles. Not only will certain rules be given in proper sequence, but each will be thoroughly explained and comprehensive instructions given respecting each and every form and phase of the subject under discussion, so that it may be clearly understood what is done, what is not done, and *how* what is done, should be done in Good Society.

IN LOCAL CIRCLES

Mr. and Mrs. George Bonbright have been in Colorado for more than a month. They are now on a short fishing trip in Wyoming, having gone by motor from Colorado Springs.

Mr. Warham Whitney, Miss Whitney, Miss Pond and Mr. Edward S. Clarke returned the first of September from a three months' trip abroad. Much of their time was spent in motoring.

Mrs. Warham Whitney and Mrs. William Mercer have been at the Edgemere Club, Edgemere, Long Island, during the greater part of August.

Mr. Robert Raulett and Mr. B. Moreau Smith have lately returned from a very brief trip to the other side.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilder have been spending the latter part of the summer at Ontario Beach but are expected in town shortly.

Mrs. Robert P. Bartlett and Miss Robinson have been West for six weeks but will return about the 15th of this month. They have visited Colorado Springs and their ranch in Western Colorado. Miss Robinson has been a member of a large house party at Mr. Dodge's ranch near Denver. At present they are at Tilton's ranch, Saratoga, Wyoming, with Mr. and Mrs. George Bonbright.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Balkam have entertained many of their friends at their place in the Catskills, "Biscuit Brook Lodge." They returned to Rochester September 1st.

Mr. Elmer Adler will return from abroad early in September.

Miss Pond is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harold C. Kimball, at Nantucket. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Pond are also guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Lowenthal and daughter, Miss Mabel Lowenthal, have been traveling in England and on the continent since last May. They are expected back late in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram J. Katz and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac A. Baum have been guests at a house party at Molberne Lodge, Brant Lake, Adirondacks.

Miss Harriet Matthews of Buffalo is the guest of Miss Gladys and Miss Elizabeth Brewster. Invitations have been issued to an informal dance to be given this evening at the Rochester Country Club in Miss Matthews' honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Wile and family have returned from a trip to the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius M. Wile have been summering at Magnolia, Massachusetts. They are now on their way to Spokane, Washington, where they are to be the guests of their sister, Mrs. Samuel Stern.

Mrs. Joseph Michaels has been spending the summer at Magnolia.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Mulligan and Mr. George Eastman leave town on Sunday for Wyoming where they intend camping during September. Mrs. Mulligan returned on Wednesday from a short trip to New Hampshire bringing her son who has been camping at Sherwood Forest.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett H. Jennings, of Avon, have been visiting friends in Newport. Just now they are motoring through the Berkshire Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harris, Jr., returned to-day from their cottage, "The Lobster Pot," at Nantucket.

Dr. and Mrs. Elsner, of North Goodman street, returned last week from an automobile trip.

Miss Laura Hawks is with her brother, Mr. Thomas Hawks, and will spend most of the winter in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chester spent several days of last week with the Misses Hall and Mr. William B. Burke at Forest Lawn. The Misses Hall entertained guests at luncheon in their honor on Thursday.

Mrs. Martin W. Cooke, Miss Cooke and Mrs. Levi F. Ward are the guests of Mrs. William S. Kimball at Nantucket.

Mrs. Charles D. Walcott, Miss Helen Walcott and Master Stuart Walcott of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mrs. Walcott's brother, Mr. Holmes B. Stevens, at The Jenkinson, on Spring street.

Mrs. Morrison, of Oswego, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William S. Roby.

Mrs. J. Breck Perkins gave a small luncheon at the Country Club on Saturday last for Mrs. Charles D. Walcott. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have just returned from a month's trip to the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. Keddy Ray Fletcher and daughter arrived from England last week and will spend the autumn in this country. Mr. Fletcher is now on a Canadian trip while Mrs. Fletcher is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Dupuy, of Park avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus A. Sibley gave an informal supper and dance on Monday evening

for Mr. John Sibley which was a re-union of the members of a house party entertained by them last July at their summer place, Spencer, Massachusetts. On Tuesday evening they gave another dance for their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sibley for which about forty invitations were sent out. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and was kept up until early morning hours.

There are rumors of three engagements to be announced very soon.

Mrs. William H. Ward gave a luncheon of sixteen at the Country Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Cutler and Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Brewster were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Miner at dinner on last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Warham Whitney gave a dinner on Sunday for Miss Charlotte Whitney. Among the guests were Miss Janet Mercer, Miss Osborne of Detroit, Miss Mary Macomber and Miss Louise Devine; Mr. John Weis, Mr. Dewitt Macomber, Mr. Adrian Devine, Mr. Gerald Devine and Mr. Arthur Barry.

Mrs. Leonard L. Allen and Mr. Atkinson Allen have returned from a trip to Albany.

Miss Osborne, of Detroit, is visiting Miss Janet Mercer, of Granger Place. Miss Mercer gave a luncheon for Miss Osborne at the Country Club on Wednesday.

Miss Anne Winchester, of Baltimore, and Miss Marie Louise Ramsdell, of Buffalo, are staying with Miss Dorothy Elwood. Mrs. Walter W. Powers gave a tea for them yesterday including the men as well as the girls of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sloane and family will return to town from Willow Bank on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon are back in town after summering at Nantucket. Mrs. George C. Hollister and daughters have also returned from Nantucket.

Miss Grace Curtice is visiting friends at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Mr. Effingham Burnett and Mr. Erastus Knight, of Buffalo, are in town for to-night's dance at the Country Club. Miss Charlotte Whitney will give a dinner dance to eighteen young people this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Warham Whitney entertained guests at dinner at the Country Club Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith and family are occupying Mr. Castle's cottage at Willow Bank, Lake Ontario.

THE DUSTY ROAD.

There stretches far the dusty way,
So slowly winding in and out,
O'er head the great noonlight of day
Burns, casting shadows deep about;
While golden-rod and riotous weed,
Strive with all conscious colors gay,
To make the road seem bright indeed,
And summer not so far away.



My path my longing heart would see,

Though roadward must not always gaze,
Lest I shut out the sun for me,

And see but dust and far off haze;

Then other souls that walk so near,

I may o'erlook upon the way,

That thought, or touch, or word of cheer,

Might make the road less hard and gray.

Florence Newell Barbour.

EVERY FRIDAY

Every Friday

Rochester's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

EVERY FRIDAY PUBLISHING COMPANY

323 Sibley Building, Rochester, N. Y.

MAX WINEBURGH, - - - - President

RALPH T. OLCOTT, - - - - Vice-President

J. B. WINEBURGH, - - - - Secy. and Treas.

MAX WINEBURGH, Business Manager

RALPH T. OLCOTT, Editor

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This Magazine is on sale at news stands in Rochester and surrounding territory. It may also be obtained by addressing the publishers.

EVERY FRIDAY is the official journal of the (Rochester Automobile Club.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 6, 1907

To Loyal Rochesterians

The advent of EVERY FRIDAY has been anticipated with so much interest, and its scope and plans have been so generally explained during the period of its establishment, that the first issue of the magazine finds itself in the very agreeable position of occupying a place which has been made for it, in large measure.

It has been repeatedly stated by discerning persons that there is a most promising field in Rochester and Western New York for an illustrated weekly magazine of the character of EVERY FRIDAY. It is greatly to the credit of Rochester and surrounding territory that the residents evince a desire for the higher grade of periodical literature and that there is plainly a discriminating sentiment in matters of music, art, the drama, fiction and social events. It is the purpose of EVERY FRIDAY to endeavor to record attractively that which will appeal to our readers, and to this end the management will welcome suggestions from all who are so interested as to offer them.

The contents of EVERY FRIDAY will pertain especially to Rochester and vicinity, with due regard for both the home and the office. It will be independent at all times and will constantly endeavor to interest and to aid in the improvement of its readers. An especial aim will be to advance the interests of the city—social, civic, educational and commercial. The magazine will be free from political influence and will stand impartially for the highest ideals of American citizenship.

With these objects in view, may we ask the support and encouragement of residents of Western New York and of all who, by reason of former associations, are interested in the welfare of this section of the state.

Exigencies of time and methods often combine to affect the best laid plans of publishers; but we pledge our honest effort in our readers' interests.

Tell Us Your Thoughts

We want to make EVERY FRIDAY better *every Friday*; we want to instruct, inform and entertain our readers each Friday; therefore,

tell us your views. We court a frank expression of your opinion of this new young Rochesterian.

Open Season for Deer

Rochester sportsmen who are fond of deer shooting should notice carefully two important changes that have been made in the game laws of this state. These amendments were passed by the legislature last session, and, as they have just been endorsed by the governor's signature, they are now operative.

One of the new measures provides that the open season for deer shall begin on September 16th in each year and end on October 31st; but in other respects the wording of the old law is unchanged. The other law amends the section relating to the transportation of venison to correspond with the change in the dates fixed for the hunting season. Last year the open season was from October 1st to November 15th, and for some years before that it lasted from September 1st to November 15th. The new transportation law reads, in part, as follows:

"Deer or venison killed in this state shall not be accepted by a common carrier for transportation from November 4th to September 15th, both inclusive, but if possession is obtained for transportation after September 15th, and before midnight of November 3rd, it may, when accompanied by the owner, lawfully remain in the possession of such common carrier the additional time necessary to deliver the same to its destination."

Old Home Week Fallacies

Judging by Boston's recent experience, it is to be sincerely hoped that Rochester will not contract the Old Home Week habit. Before the Week was half over, the better class of citizens began to realize that its original purpose had totally miscarried, leaving a result that is calculated to destroy the peace of mind of any and every other large town contemplating a similar celebration. Based on the successes which had been met in many small New England towns and villages in previous years, Boston's newspapers boomed the project for months to the extent of hundreds of columns of advance notices. Thousands of dollars were subscribed for the free entertainment of the Hub's alumni and alumnae.

True enough, crowds swelled Boston's population for the time being; but inquiry showed that they were composed almost entirely of people who lived not very far away and who were merely attracted to see what their metropolis had to offer for their amusement. Those who came from distant sections largely did so with an ulterior purpose that had nothing to do with Old Home Week. Boston's most loyal newspaper and the one that represents Boston's best spirit and maintains its highest interests, both commercial and traditional, characterized it as a "Wasted Week" and says that the thoughtful and responsible citizens of Boston hope the experiment will not be repeated.

"It had its origin," it continues "in capricious motive and empirical purpose and the results have justified neither the shouting nor the expense. It has been a week taken out of the ordinary and organized activity of the city without the substitution of an equivalent. It has temporarily hurt the business of Boston and if it hasn't injured her reputation, it certainly hasn't helped it."

The testimony of leading commercial houses in Boston serves to add to the failure of the Week. One large firm says that its business fell off 33 per cent. from the previous week and the consensus of opinion among merchants is that trade was less than normal, instead of being better during that period.

Several business men of Rochester who had occasion to be in Boston that week formed precisely these opinions and it will be hard to get them to enthuse over any similar project for Rochester. At its best, Old Home Week, in the small towns, is a means of bringing together people who were once neighbors and acquaintances. It presupposes a place where such people will not be swallowed up in a miscellaneous crowd. A fete organized solely to bring people into a town with the endeavor to make them spend money, is bound to degenerate into vulgarity by whatever ingenious name it may be called. Buffalo is "getting hers" this week with a vengeance and the indications are that the Bison City will have a wail to send up similar to that which emanated from Boston. The circus element has held the upper hand throughout the week, in spite of one or two attempts at carrying out a serious programme for an hour or so.

Lusitania's Great Effort

Attempts to lower existing trans-atlantic speed records are always sure to arouse considerable public interest, but nothing in recent years has so stirred up banking and commercial houses on both sides of the "pond," to say nothing of individual travelers who for business or pleasure have frequent occasion to use the great ocean highways, as the departure to-morrow from Liverpool for New York via Queenstown of the turbine-driven Lusitania. As the result of her trial runs last month, during one of which she maintained an average speed of 25 1-4 knots for forty-eight hours, it is reasonably expected that fully one day will be saved in transit and if the Cunarder leaves Queenstown at 9 a. m., the regular hour on Sunday, she should, at the above speed, reach Sandy Hook at 1 o'clock on Thursday afternoon and dock about three hours later. At a speed of about 25 knots she would arrive two hours later at the Hook. The present record is held by the Lucania of the same line which during October 1904 covered the route in five days, seven hours and twenty-three minutes, the approximate distance between the two points being 2800 miles.

The Lusitania's maiden trip is really also the supreme test of the turbine engine, which type, to the general surprise of steamship men, was rejected by the North German Lloyd company in favor of the quadruple-expansion when the engines for their Kron Princessin Cecile, the latest addition to their fleet, came to be ordered; and this, after the German company had closely watched the development of the turbine and after the success of its type had been demonstrated. The Cecile's maiden voyage last month was said to have been handicapped by coal of poor quality and a crew of "green" stokers and five days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes was the best she

could do between Bremen and New York, with stops at Southampton and Cherbourg, an average speed of 21.81 knots an hour for the 3113 knots logged, or nearly 11 hours behind the record for this distance which is held by the Deutschland of the Hamburg-American line. The decision of the Cunard company to remove their headquarters from Liverpool to Southampton before very long has caused the German company to look upon them as their most formidable rivals for rapid transatlantic passenger and mail business.

The Cunard company is reticent about the great effort the Lusitania is about to make. It is known, however, that the British government which loaned the Cunard line \$20,000,000 at 2½ per cent. to build the Lusitania and the Mauretania (the latter now under course of construction) is confident that they are going to do what the builders of her turbines say she will do; that is, average 25 knots on a round trip and when she sails back again on September 21st her mails should be delivered at the General Postoffice, London, by midnight on the following Thursday or early on Friday morning. The mails from the Campania and the Lucania, the fastest British steamships, now usually reach London on Saturday morning. The Lusitania is commanded by Capt. Watt and her chief engineer is Mr. Duncan from the Campania. She carries a complement of 900 men, including 500 engineers and stokers and more than 300 cooks and stewards. As a floating palace of luxuriousness she cannot be outrivaled by the most modern hotels. She is 790 feet in length, 88 feet in breadth and has passenger accommodations for 2350 persons. In compliance with the British Admiralty requirements she is fitted as an armed cruiser with 12 6-in guns and a dozen light firing guns.

Latest advices from Liverpool say that the Lucania will also sail from that port to-morrow for New York, taking a start of two or three hours from the Lusitania. The latter may not be driven at her highest speed all the way on her maiden trip and as her elder sister can easily be relied upon to reel off a 21 knot clip, the Lucania has a sporting chance of reaching the Hook first, should anything cause the new ship to be slowed down to a normal rate. Both vessels are carrying full lists of passengers.

THE TEST

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Twas advertised as "hammock-reading." Gad!
No test of this I fear was ever had.
I took one swing with it to-day. Alas!
The two of us were landed on the grass.



NEW CUNARDER "LUSITANIA" MAKING HER MAIDEN TRIP

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
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New York, Sept. 5.—Have the security markets passed through the worst of the financial storm? Or are they going to be subjected to a still more serious disturbance in the autumn? These questions are asked with much concern by uneasy Wall street.

Without attempting to answer these questions, it will be interesting to give some of the principal indications which point towards or away from a period of financial disturbance. As a preliminary statement, it may be said that no survey of probable developments in the future is complete without considering the effect of the constant and large increase in the supply of gold; for an increase in the gold supply has two effects in reference to depressions. The best authorities generally agree that it hastens them by furnishing a larger stock of money and encouraging extravagant undertakings; but it postpones them in so far as it creates greater buoyancy in business and readier ability to meet obligations.

During the last ten or fifteen years the world's supply of gold has increased by 50 per cent. This enormous increase has caused a remarkable depreciation in the value of currency. In other words, the exchanging value of a dollar has fallen, while wages and prices have risen. And as the dollar has depreciated, interest rates have appreciated. This is one of the reasons why gilt-edge bonds which used to yield 3 and 4 per cent. now sell to yield from 4½ to 5 per cent. and standard stocks sell to yield all the way from 6 to 8 per cent.

INDICATING DEPRESSION

Among the indications at the present time which might be taken to foreshadow another period of depression in the financial markets may be named the following:

1. The active role of speculation in the stock exchanges and of credit in the industries of the world, observant capitalists say, are stretching the economic springs and making them more fragile. The credit collapse in 1890 was preceded by very much such an August as this year, but the crisis did not come until 1893.

2. The prices of iron and steel, which have furnished the best barometer in the past, would seem to indicate that we are in a fluctuating period. Prior to each of the recent depressions, iron has passed a maximum of price and then has fallen or fluctuated for a time before the crisis.

3. There are indications of diminished activity and an absence of equilibrium between some kinds of production in certain branches. A disposition to go slow on large commercial undertakings is noticeable, and a feeling of conservatism generally prevails.

Among the indications, on the other hand, that a depression is not impending, are the following:

1. The excellent financial condition of the country, and the practical assurance of another year of good crops. The money market has experienced several severe shocks, unprecedented losses have been suffered in the stock market, bankruptcies have occurred, and disclosures of business mismanagement and dishonesty have been made without apparently checking prosperity.

2. Indications pertaining to foreign trade are favorable; a feature being the maintenance for several years of an unprecedented proportion of exports. While it is true some kinds of exports show a slight decrease, it does not compare with that which has taken place prior to crises.

3. Railway earnings continue to show a sustained increase, the dry goods trade is active and retail business is good.

To sum up, many indications exist to warrant the belief that the movement is still forward. Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten, conservative bankers say, that a period of trade reaction is undoubtedly ahead.

Rochester Stock Exchange

Securities in the Rochester Stock Exchange have participated in the general depreciation of all first class securities which has characterized the disturbed financial situation at home and abroad since last January and March. In many issues losses have been severe, running from five to fifty points. The following table shows how some of the principal stocks have slumped from last year's top prices:

	'06 HIGH	'07 LOW
American Fruit	134¾	89¾
Consolidated Telephone	30	10
Eastman Kodak	292¾	244
General Railway Signal.....	78¾	25
Lisk Mfg. Co.....	117½	99
N. Y. & Kentucky.....	300	255
Pneumatic Signal	47½	2
U. S. Tel. Stock.....	50¾	¾
U. S. Tel. Bonds.....	78¾	4

With one exception, these large declines were not due to profound modifications or decreased activities in local industries. The telephone situation excluded, all the leading industries of Rochester have experienced an uninterrupted period of successful commerce and prosperous business. Earnings have increased enormously, concerns of both manufacturers and merchants have been widely extended, and accumulated wealth has been judiciously shared with stockholders in shape of liberal dividends. No more eloquent testimony of the soundness of local industrial and financial corporations could be found than the manner in which the unfortunate telephone catastrophe has been weathered.

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Friday is Lucky

Marvin R. Clark, the archivist of the New York City Thirteen Club, collated these historical facts concerning the day of the week called Friday:

Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

Friday, October 12, 1492, he discovered land.

Friday, January 4, 1494, he sailed on his return to Spain, which he reached in safety—the happy result which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage to America.

Friday, June 13, 1494, he discovered the continent of America.

Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII., of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England.

Friday, September 7, 1495, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

Maude Adams will open her season in "Peter Pan" at the Lyceum in this city on Monday, October 14th. When "Peter Pan" was produced here last season, twelve minutes were gained in handling the production over the time required by the Empire theater in New York. This pleased Mr. Frohman, who told Mr. Wolff that he could choose between having Miss Adams in "Peter Pan" early this season or in a new play later on. Mr. Wolff replied that he would take Miss Adams in "Peter Pan" now and run his chances of getting her in the new play after the holidays.

New Plans at Baker

The Baker Theater, originally constructed as a theater of the highest class, will again come into its own on Monday, September 16th, when it will be opened by Klaw & Erlanger as one of their circuit of vaudeville theaters operating in the principal cities of the country, offering their newest form of entertainment "Advanced Vaudeville." It is announced that the opening bill will comprise an offering of American and foreign acts of unusual importance. The theater is being entirely cleaned, renovated, re-decorated and refitted, so that by the opening night it will be practically a new playhouse.

Virginia Earl Coming

One of the interesting persons of stardom is Virginia Earl. Perhaps not a modern American actress is better known as a sincere interpreter of her art, and an intelligent student of the stage and its analogous subjects. Vaudeville is fortunate to claim the services of Miss Earl just now. She left her brilliant career on the dramatic stage to explore the variety field. How long she will be of the vaudeville ranks is not known. But it is certain that she will be in Rochester the week starting September 9th, when she will be the star attraction at the Cook Opera House.

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WERE IT NOT FOR OUR IDEALS

THIS world would be merely a pasture in which we played, grazed and slept our lives away.

It is not necessary to stand on a mountain top to possess an ideal. One's daily expression of ideals is found in their home-life, indicated by a few books and pictures,—even the gown—is a revelation of one's individuality.

It is the taste and discrimination, not the price of the purchase, which denotes the mental index.

In *our* work-a-day life we also have our ideals—the spirit of this store is living up to them.

Our buyers are selected for their past successful experience and this very knowledge makes them alive to Fashion's latest cry, and they are instructed to live up to our ideal, which is, "EVERYTHING GOOD." If *cheap* in price, it must be *good* in value. We classify this ideal as

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FASHIONS

By E. Y. PRINCE

With fall season fast approaching we begin to realize that it is time to think of cool weather raiment and to wonder what to purchase.

Latest advices from abroad tell us that this is to be a strictly tailor-made season and all costumes for public wear, in both suits and gowns, will be constructed along those lines.

The two-piece suit is still very much in evidence, coats of which are almost entirely three-quarter length, though some are still short. It is a question of taste, however, as to whether they shall be loose or tight-fitting, the former being more generally becoming to stout figures.

Suits of all kinds will be heavily braided, soutache braid having sprung into sudden favor—it is seen on everything including furs.

FOR STREET WEAR

Materials most in vogue for street wear are wide wale serges and cheviots, while broadcloth still leads for dressy costumes. They come in stripes and are newer than the plain, though both are equally in demand. Velvets and velveteens will be seen more than ever, as well as corduroys, and are stunning in the new shades.

The large amount of braid and buttons used on everything tends to give a heavy appearance, and for this reason models must be selected with extreme care in order to be simple yet elegant.

Skirts continue to be plaited, but are not so full. Many circular skirts are also shown and are most desirable, especially for wear with long coats.

Walking skirts are worn short but those for house and evening wear rest on the floor all around. The Japanese effect is fast disappearing and with the exception of a few fur coats is seldom seen and cannot be recommended.

SILKS AND EVENING GOWNS

Silks and evening gowns of all kinds are profusely trimmed with lace and ribbons, those in Dresden effect with picot edge being especially beautiful.

Lace gowns will lead for formal occasions, while nets, chiffons, and light weight silks will be close seconds.

"Chiffon Paon" the newest thing in velvet, is a light weight material, beautiful, lustrous and attractive.

Almost every color is shown as being in favor, but one of the most popular is a new shade of purple, only to be described as like the purple of an egg plant. Pinkish lavenders are also beautiful, as are the cherry reds and numerous shades of brown.

Indications point to longer sleeves both in waists and coats. In soft dress materials they are gathered, closely resembling the mousquetaire sleeve of a few seasons ago.

Shirt waists are strictly tailored and are made in silk or French flannel. Those of linen and madras will also be much worn and all will be topped off with the exquisite embroidered collar and a smart little satin bow tie.

WAISTS AND NECKWEAR

Neck accessories were never more numerous or beautiful and are the one feminine touch



Costume of Lavender Mohair; a new cut of Princess Gown, showing the continuation of the back form in Bertha drapery for the bodice. The handiwork of Blanche Levoovier, Paris.

Illustrated by permission of the Duffy-McInnerney Co.

allowed in our otherwise masculine outfits.

Plaid silk waists made on the bias are extremely smart, but all stripes must be perfectly matched or the effect is lost.

Lace waists are to be popular but are twine color in preference to pure white.

An entirely new treatment of voiles and chiffon weight materials is in those showing a velvet pattern. These make extremely handsome costumes both for day and evening wear.

Quite the most decided fad is the scarf of chiffon, several of which must be included in every up-to-date wardrobe. These are draped carelessly around the shoulders.

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EVERY FRIDAY

EVENING WRAPS AND CLOAKS

Evening wraps continue long and full and are most elaborate. A great many capes are shown for this purpose and while most beautiful are not nearly as warm and comfortable as the cloaks with sleeves.

Fur coats of all sorts and descriptions will be worn more than for years past, baby lamb, caracul, pony and dyed squirrel being popular. Fur models are both long and short, loose and tight-fitting, but all are heavily trimmed with braid and fastened with fancy buttons. Storm collars of fur will probably be worn again, although it is a little too early to make an authoritative statement. Military effects are certain, however, and the straight tight-fitting collar will be seen on both fur and cloth alike.



Two-toned plaid broadcloth suit after Paquin.
Illustrated by permission of McCurdy & Norwell Co.

Muffs will continue large.

Of millinery much and little may be said. Little, inasmuch as anything and everything will be in style; and much, were an attempt made to describe the Paris Models. They are either tiny little affairs, or else perfectly huge and are so overtrimmed with flowers and feathers as to look almost top-heavy.

SOME PARIS MILLINERY

One newly arrived model seen to-day was in purple velvet, wide sailor shape brim with crown about four inches high, around which maline was banded in double box-plaits; and at intervals, standing straight up and extending a trifle above the crown, was a row of orchids. It was indeed a "symphony in purple", quite ugly enough to be pretty and on the whole, stunning.

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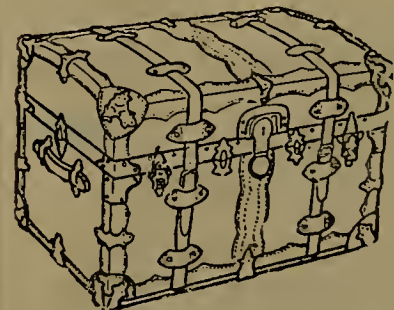
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The STAGE

Week of September 9th

COOK OPERA HOUSE—Vaudeville: Virginia Earle, Edward's Six Blond Type-writers, Callahan & St. George, Raymond & Caverly, Three Leightons, Three Chevaliers, Wotpert Trio, Le Clair & Bowen.

LYCEUM—"The Alaskan," comic opera, first half of week; "Top of the World," musical extravaganza, last half of week.

NATIONAL THEATER—Nat Wells first half of week; "Under Suspicion" last half.

Those for whom the drama embodies something a little more substantial than a matinee idol may seek diversion by anticipating a number of good supporting companies. According to statistics gathered by an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, the theater-going public is interested in women to a far greater extent than in men. It is natural, therefore, that wise managers should have been scouting for promising material with which to bolster up several male stars whose brilliancy seems to be suffering from the effects of a chronic eclipse.

Some of those who will be prominently identified with well-known stars are actors who have developed in the natural way, and have gained more or less distinction by doing conscientious work. Others, less prominent, appear to possess the requisite qualifications. Those who are cast for a part that has been played by another must stand the test of comparison, but the abundance of new material



JANE OAKER

involves the pleasanter task of creating a new role.

David Belasco has said that it sometimes requires a year to select a company of players in which every man and woman will be suited, both physically and temperamentally, to the part allotted to him. Mr. Belasco's theory, it seems, is not extremely popular. In this commercial age it is unreasonable to suppose that the requirements of the various parts are always considered seriously. It is true that the popular form of drama makes no great demands in this direction and specializing, except in the matter of "dress", becomes rather superficial. Possibly that may account for so many actors who play one part as well as another, but who play no part well.

But optimism is a valuable asset and much pleasure may be derived from anticipation. The present season promises a host of new plays, and we await with interest the appearance of those who are cast for prominent parts.

Flora Juliet Bowley, who will support Robert Edeson in "Classmates," made her professional debut three years ago at Springfield, Mass., playing an important role with James K. Hackett in "Fortunes of the King." Miss Bowley had appeared in a number of amateur theatrical performances while at Smith College, Northhampton, and her work attracted Mr. Hackett's attention. Later she was engaged by Henry B. Harris for a small part in "The Lion and the Mouse," and subsequently



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became leading woman in that play. Her success in the part led to her present engagement. Miss Bowley is a sister of Captain Bowley, who is aid-de-camp to General Fred Grant.



FLORA JULIET BOWLEY

Miss Dorothy Donnelly has been chosen to create the new role in Martha Morton's new play, "The Movers," originally intended for Grace Elliston. Miss Donnelly will be remembered for her excellent work with Arnold Daly in "Candida," and more recently, in "The Daughters of Men."

Dorothy Tennant has been engaged for an important part in John Drew's new comedy, "My Wife;" and the plans of Jane Oaker, who has been appearing in Buffalo with the William Farnum Co., cannot be definitely announced at this writing.



DOROTHY TENNANT

OBSERVATIONS

"When Knights Were Bold," recently produced in New York, has failed to elicit any great amount of praise.

"The Alaskan," a comic opera by Joseph Blethen, Max Figman and Harry Girard, has been referred to as a novelty. A novelty in comic opera is really startling. The cast includes Agnes Cain Brown and Edward Martin-dell.

The season of Klaw & Erlanger Advanced Vaudeville will open at the Baker theater on Monday, September 16th.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. Marcus Michaels and son, Mr. Harry C. Michaels, accompanied by Miss Hilda and Miss Regina Garson of East avenue have been traveling abroad since June. They sail for home on September 19th. After a short visit in Rochester Mrs. Michaels will go to New York, intending to make a permanent home there. Mr. Harry C. Michaels will take a post-graduate course at Harvard the coming winter.

Mrs. Richard B. Harris and Miss Mary Harris are at home again after a month spent at Sodus Point. Mrs. Harris' sons have been in camp on Leroy Island, Sodus Bay, with Mr. Joseph Humphrey and Mr. Gloucester Hey-enor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulford Robinson will leave Rochester the middle of this month for a protracted stay in California. Mr. Robinson is to give his valuable aid in the beautifying of California's winter resorts.

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FASHIONS

(Continued from page 19)

However, the hats shown now are too extreme to be lasting and are mostly intended for the edification of the trade. By the middle of September I shall be able to give full description of millinery really to be worn. It seems certain, however, that we shall see plenty of short-nap beavers, many of which will be faced with velvet.

Velvet hats will be as stylish as ever and quantities of flowers and feathers will be used. Maline will still be our stand-by for evening hats; but chiffon is a thing of the past as far as millinery is concerned.

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STYLES FOR CHILDREN

In children's styles there is little if any change, the same smart little models used all summer still being the proper thing.

Peter Thompson suits in navy blue serge, however, are always in good taste and give an air of distinction to a child for either school wear or traveling. In white serge they are dressy enough for informal parties and are frequently used for such.

Jumper dresses are especially becoming to most little girls but for those inclined to be stout, the Russian or plaited model is generally selected.

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LITERATURE



"A Stumbling Block" by Justus Miles Forman.
Harper and Brothers, publishers.

So much in the way of criticism and comment has been written in connection with the popular fiction of the present day that nothing new or novel remains unspoken. It would be contradictory to criticize a style of fiction that has been branded with the seal of public approval, and it is as useless to deny that the demand for this class of reading gives it a place in the field of American literature.

"A Stumbling Block", by Justus Miles Forman, comes under this classification and it would be unfair to the author to consider it from any other viewpoint. As a book of fiction for light reading it serves its purpose and thus establishes ample reason for its existence. The interest in all books of this character naturally centers in the story, and in the present instance the hero chances to be a young author, David Rivers, who, by a combination of circumstances, is placed under the guardianship of a dissipated, disagreeable old uncle.



JUSTUS M. FORMAN

whose chief virtue seems to be regard for books.

An experience of early life aggravated by a narrow environment stimulates the uncle's theory that marriage would be fatal to his nephew's literary aspirations. The boy is sent to tour the continent, ostensibly to acquire the invaluable knowledge that observation and direct contact with the world and its people affords, but primarily to forget his affection for Rosemary Crewe, a lovable, girlish creature, whom the author has surrounded with a halo of Greek beauty.

The result is disastrous. A young woman, worldly in the broad sense and absorbed more or less in her own cynicism, meets David and imagines him her affinity. The marriage terminates unhappily and the story ends in an unusual if not altogether satisfactory manner.

The observing reader will be prone to criticize the lack of style, for it must be admitted that while the book bears evidence of having been carefully written, it contains but few pas-

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sages that indicate unusual constructive ability or the power of dramatic invention. It is the work of a careful, painstaking story teller rather than that of a brilliant, imaginative writer. The people are clear cut and well defined but lacking the breath of life that makes real men and women; and an artificial atmosphere, enhanced by Mr. Forman's verbosity, destroys the spontaneity that is essential to good character drawing.

But "A Stumbling Block" is a readable book nevertheless—a book for an idle afternoon or evening. Its shortcomings differ in no material way from those observed in the great mass of current fiction, and it will find favor among book lovers whose interest is in the story itself rather than in the way it is told. Like other books it has its uninteresting and impossible people, but there is one character well worth knowing—Rosemary Crewe, the fairy-like little creature who, through her love for David, gave him up that he might become a great writer.

Justus Miles Forman is but little more than thirty years old. He was born in Le Roy, Genesee county. After graduating from Yale college he decided to become a painter and studied under Bouquereau, Boshchet and others in Paris. Painting did not long remain the object of his ambition. He felt impelled to write stories. He likes to write of American characters in American surroundings, although he spends half of each year in roaming to the most distant and out-of-the-way parts of the world.

MUSIC NOTES

The citizens of Rochester who have enjoyed the open-air concerts in the parks during the summer season, are deeply indebted to Frank G. Newell, Park commissioner, and to Theodore Dossenbach, leader of the Park band, for the privilege of having music of all kinds brought to them under such delightful conditions. The programmes presented have been varied to suit the taste and musical temperament of all grades of society, and the frequent appearance of numbers from the classic composers shows an appreciation of good music.

The Park band is worthy substantial support from the city, as it is the music of this organization that has helped, in a great measure, to extend our system of public parks.

The dates of the Hermann Dossenbach symphony concerts to be given at the Lyceum theater this winter are as follows: November 18th; December 16th, Beethoven's birthday; January 6th; February 3d, Mendelssohn's birthday; March 16th; April 27th.

Solo artists will appear at each concert—and the program will comprise the best of musical compositions.

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The poet who wrote of the "Ages of Man,"
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For whoever dared of the opposite sex,
'To treat of a subject so tender.

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My Friend Lacey

(Continued from Page 10.)

SIX months, but no one ever raves over them because they do not credit me with any taste. And yet Lacey tells me that I have at least three that are very much worth while. I haven't Lacey's way.

Finally I want to tell one more tale on Lacey. He always shakes his head when the plate is passed in church and he makes no bones of telling people that he thinks that contributions should be voluntary and he never feels moved to give when the plate comes 'round. Well, most of us have thought it was a little out of character, for with all his compelled thrift Lacey is not a mean fellow, as I hope my readers have divined.

It came out last week however—and I make no apology for telling it to the world at large—that for years Lacey has been the largest contributor to the church in the entire membership. What he doesn't spend on pictures and hired men he gives to the church anonymously at Christmas. Now if people spread evil reports of their neighbors—and there are unfortunately those who do—surely the Recording Angel will not lay it up against me if I tell of this generosity on the part of Lacey. And I want to say that I think it is just like him, and the next time I pass the plate to him (for I perform that office when the junior warden is away) I'm going to wink at him and he will know that all is discovered.

"Luck!"

"A great opportunity will only make you ridiculous unless you are prepared for it." Opportunities do not come to the man because he is "lucky," but it is simply the "lucky" man who grasps the opportunity—he's ready for it, he has been storing his brainery with knowledge—for he realizes that "there is no calamity like ignorance."


He has been years cultivating patience, pluck and persistence. He is "lucky" because he appreciates the fact that "luck" is spelled with a capital "P"—that "nothing is impossible to the man who will," and the "lucky" fellow simply knows that "the world will always listen to the man with a will in him."

"Luck" lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out early and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation—the lucky (?) man has been years studying the sweets of labor, the value of knowledge and the habits of concentration. He has simply been intense in this enthusiasm, strong in his self-reliance, loyal in his industry, and this is "luck," "genius." This is success!

I say to you, young men, that success and luck depend on developing the qualities that are in you. Develop them. It was this very quality that made Napoleon. Only recently I read the following in a Chicago editorial:

"When Napoleon Bonaparte was resting from his labors at St. Helena, he used to tell this story:

"One day on parade a young lieutenant stepped out of the ranks, much excited, to appeal to me personally. He said to me that he



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had been a lieutenant for five years and had not been able to advance in rank. I said to him: 'Calm yourself, I was seven years a lieutenant and yet, you see a man may push himself forward for all that.'

The "lucky" man is a life time preparing himself and developing himself for that opportunity which is sure to come to all of us. "Victory belongs to the persevering." It belongs to the courageous, to the ambitious. "Learn to place value," says a brother philosopher. "Mix brains with labor," says another. Read and reap a harvest of knowledge, shape and develop the "luck" that this power is certain to bring you.—Whether in business, in art or science, it is spelled SUCCESS!

Samuel Davis.

Have Plenty of Time

"It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to get at the bottom of that case."

"Why, are Philadelphia lawyers any smarter than others?"

"No—o—o, only they have more time."

George S. Crittenden.

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Right thinking people own their own homes—it means *right living*—it means independence—contentment.

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We sell Rochester and
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— CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH —
HARDWARE FROM A to Z

A is for Axe, to chop down big trees.
B is for Bit, that bores holes with ease.
C is for Chisel and Cutlery keen.
D is for Drills, for both hand and machine.
E is for Emery and for Edge tools too;
F is for Freezers; you know what they do.
G is for Garden Tools, all in a row;
H is for Hammer, and Harrow and Hoe.
I is for Irons, they're both "flat" and "sad"
J is for Jackknives, which make the boys glad.
K is for Key and for carpenter's Kits,
L is for Lock into which the key fits.
M is for Mower which keeps the grass cut;
N is for Novelties, Nails, Netting and Nut.
O is for Oilers, Oil Stove and Oil Can,
P is for Pail, Plow, Pump, Pulley and Pan.
Q is for Quoits, one of the old sports;
R is for Razors and Rakes of all sorts.
S is for Screws, Scales, Shears, Shovels & Saws,
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U is for Useful Utensils—we've more
than a score in this big Hardware store.
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Z is for Zinc, still our tale's incomplete.

At the Old Hardware Corner, you will find first
quality hardware of all kinds, for home, shop and farm

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Your Home is no Place

for the safety of valuables and securities. Put them where you are protected, day and night—whether you are home or away. The loss you suffer to-day won't protect you to-morrow. Rent a box in our steel vaults

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45 STATE STREET

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

FRANK THOMAS

*The
"Quality Cigar"
Man*

Rochester's Finest Cigar THE "EL SIGNITO"

Try one and you will smoke many more—a cigar you pleasantly remember long after you have smoked it. If every man in Rochester, really knew how really good El Signito really is, dealers would have a hard time selling any other cigar

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FRANK THOMAS

"Quality Cigars"

4 STATE ST.

201 MAIN ST. EAST

Perpetuates the
honest simplicity of
olden-time brewing



**Old Stratford
MELLOW ALE**

Brewed after an Old-Country process in vogue at the time when "Merrie Old England" was at its height of Peace, Plenty and Good Health.

No Imported or American Product of to-day compares with it in mellow richness of flavor, sparkling tone and wholesome purity.

The Public is assured that "Old Stratford" is both a revelation and a delightful surprise.

ALL DEALERS, or from
Genesee Brewing Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Genesee
Brewing
Company

Both Phones, 71

J. H. MOORE'S

COOK OPERA HOUSE

High Class Vaudeville

*J. H. Moore has proven conclusively that he alone can give
Rochester the Best Vaudeville.*

WEEK STARTING SEPT. 9th :

VIRGINIA EARL, the celebrated actress.

EDWARDS' 6 BLONDE typewriters.

RAYMOND and CAVERLY, German comedians.

CALLAHAN and ST. GEORGE, in a revival of "The Old Neighborhood."

WOTPERT TRIO, sensational acrobats.

OTHER BIG STARS.

A SEASON OF THE MOST BRILLIANT VAUDEVILLE

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If you are contemplating the purchase of a Motor Car and want one that will give satisfaction, you should consider only the best. A little more money invested in the beginning will save you much annoyance and many dollars in repairs and cost of maintenance.

¶ We handle a line of cars that are without the slightest doubt the best the market affords. They are all of the highest standard of American manufacture and are considered as favorably abroad as they are in this country.

¶ Such cars as the PIERCE-ARROW, STEVENS-DURYEA, STEARNS and LOCOMOBILE and POPE WAVERLEY ELECTRIC all rank among the foremost of American cars and should be carefully considered by the prospective purchaser.



LIMOUSINE OF "LIGHT SIX" STEVENS-DURYEA

¶ For 1908 we shall have the usual number of four cylinder and three makes of six cylinder cars, affording a wide range in size, style and price.

¶ In as much as the six cylinder car has many advantages over the four and is fast coming into favor, it would be well for you to look into the matter and let us show you by a demonstration some good reasons why you might prefer it to a four. We are taking orders for 1908 now and it will pay you to investigate before it is too late to get a good delivery.

Remember, we handle only High-Grade Cars

U.S. AUTOMOBILE CO.

21-29 Plymouth Ave.

247 Park Ave.

Every Friday

Five Cents Each
\$2.00 per Year

September 13, 1907

Volume 1.
Number 2.



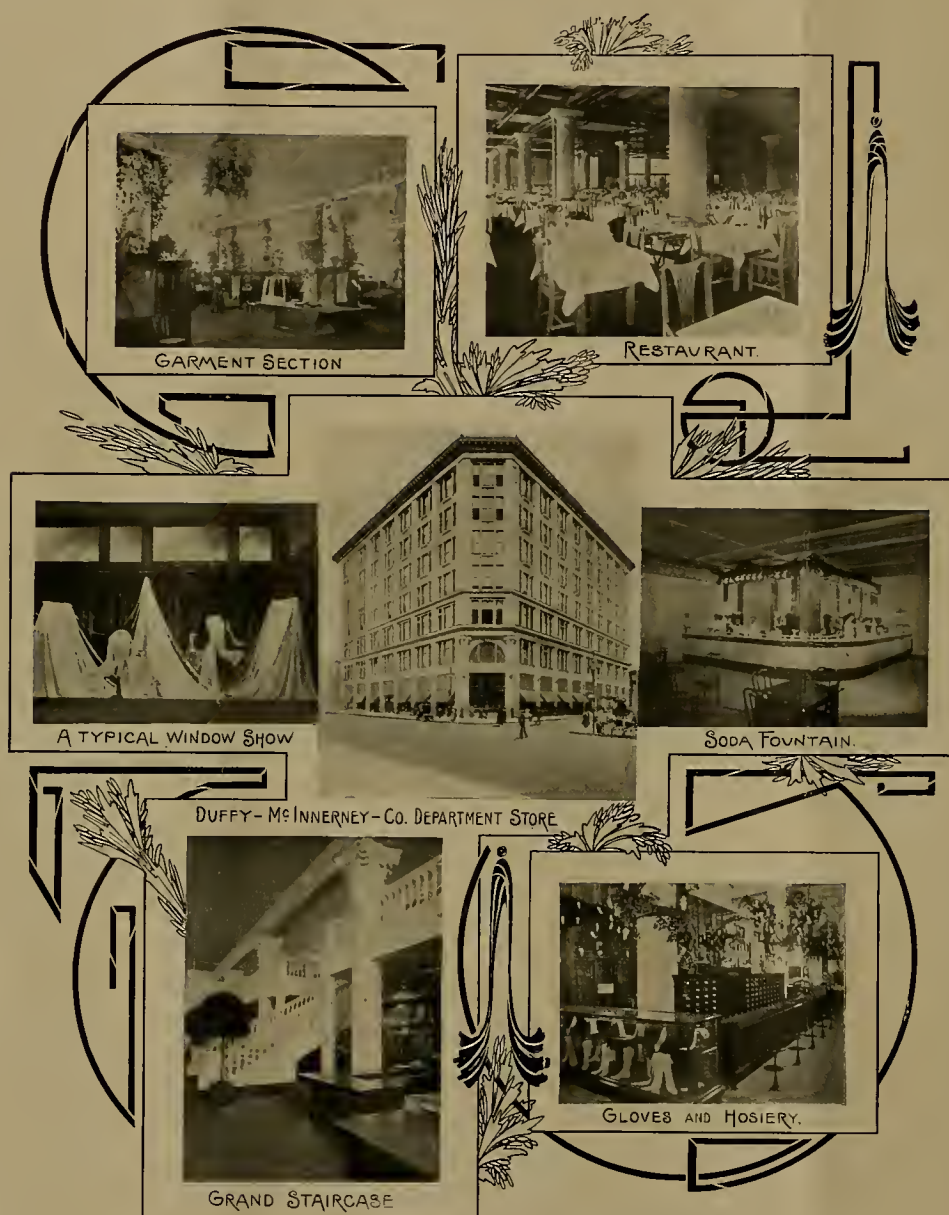
"Why, daddy, this is dreadful!"

"The Making of the Mayor"

By Don Mark Lemon

Page 10

A STORE FOR EVERYBODY



- ☐ The finest merchandise money can buy—and the finest merchandise you can buy for the money.
- ☐ If what you buy is not what you want—exchange it for other merchandise; or have your money refunded—cheerfully.
- ☐ If you cannot get to the store—call Home 7000 or Bell 4760 and ask to be connected with the department you want. One hundred and fifty phones at your service.

Duffy-McInnerney Co.

Greater Rochester's Largest Retail Store

Right Living and Right Thinking

SLOWLY but surely we are learning, that the secrets of Health lie neither in medicine, mountain air, nor in wild goose pursuits after the "Font of Youth" but rather in right living and right thinking, which means that we keep our dispositions serene and sunny, and not overtax the body with heavy foods. With light eating the food elements concentrated in Rienzi beer, are ample to keep the pulse strong and the body vigorous. Rienzi daintily flavored refreshes, restores energy and rejuvenates.

Appreciated by the best families in Rochester to an extent gratifying to us and with results equally gratifying to our patrons.

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Bottling Department

In Bottles Only

Phone No. 10

THE REPUTATION of the Standard Brewing Co.'s bottled India Pale Ale and Stock Porter is second to none, and wherever used is highly praised, for its fine flavor, character and general excellence.

Chemists commend it for its purity, Physicians prescribe it for the sick and feeble, and in thousands of homes it is used as a nutritious and health-giving beverage.

It is made from the choicest hops and malt, best yeast, and the purest water.

Absolutely Pure and Standard

We can recommend our product to any one who desires and appreciates a fine article. For the use of the sick, or as a tonic for a person whose system is run down, the health-giving and nourishing qualities will be found very beneficial.

STANDARD BREWING CO.

Both Phones', No. 740.

FRANK THOMAS

*The
"Quality Cigar"
Man*

Rochester's Finest Cigar
THE "EL SIGNITO"

Try one and you will smoke many more—a cigar you pleasantly remember long after you have smoked it. If every man in Rochester, really knew how really good El Signito really is, dealers would have a hard time selling any other cigar

JUST TRY

FRANK THOMAS

"Quality Cigars"

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201 MAIN ST. EAST

It is Your Duty

To Appear Young

Restore your gray or faded hair to its natural color by one application of

The Queen

Gray Hair

Restorer

THREE SIZES
25c, 50c and \$1.00

The Queen is a liquid preparation that is simple to apply, and leaves the hair soft and fluffy. One package makes any desired shade. Full directions furnished.



GUGGENHEIM'S

The Leading Hair Store of Western New York
17 Clinton Avenue South



It writes your bills with double the speed of the pen.
 It writes bill and charge sheet at one writing—no more need for separate charge entries.
 It writes, at the same time, any additional charge or order copies that your system may require.
 It adapts itself perfectly to your system or the needs of any business.
 It improves system, insures against errors—makes short cuts which were impossible under former methods.
 It extends the field of the typewriter to form and tabular work of every kind and description, and always with an immense saving of time, labor and expense.

Send for our illustrated booklet on the Remington Billing Typewriter

Remington Typewriter Company
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 44 East Ave., Rochester

Perpetuates the
 honest simplicity of
 olden-time brewing



Brewed after an Old-Country process in vogue at the time when "Merrie Old England" was at its height of Peace, Plenty and Good Health.

No Imported or American Product of to-day compares with it in mellow richness of flavor, sparkling tone and wholesome purity.

The Public is assured that "Old Stratford" is both a revelation and a delightful surprise.

ALL DEALERS, or from
 Genesee Brewing Co., Rochester, N.Y.

**Genesee
 Brewing
 Company**

Both Phones, 71

It's mighty difficult to write an ad about a printing business.

A printer's best advertisement is **a good job**—which means a satisfied customer.

Before you place your next job of printing, let us show you samples and quote prices.

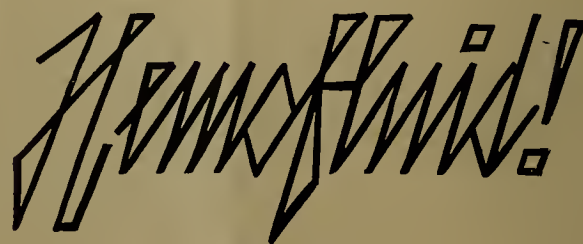
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Our specialty is big editions—the bigger the better.

We have facilities possessed by no other firm between New York and Chicago.

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HEMOFLUID	Makes New Rich Blood in a few Days	Hemofluid Does
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HEMOFLUID	When it Enters the Stomach Acts Without Delay	Hemofluid Does
HEMOFLUID	Invigorates the Bloodless and Regenerates the Entire System	Hemofluid Does

HEMOFLUID--Liquid Life
 ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. ONE DOLLAR

Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Devoted to Interests of Rochester and Western New York

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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., September 13, 1907

No. 2



Louis S. Foulkes

The Well-Known Hubbell Class

THE City of Rochester has within the last twenty years become known far and wide for its large Young Men's Bible classes.

The largest of these is the well-known Hubbell class, of the First Baptist church, at Fitzhugh and Church streets, Rev. James Taylor Dickinson, pastor.

This class was organized about fifteen years ago with fifteen members, its quarters being a corner of the gallery of the Sunday School room. The class grew rapidly from the start

and it was soon compelled to move to more commodious quarters. The membership numbers about eight hundred, the average attendance being about 250. The largest attendance for one Sunday is 460.

Since its organization nearly 3000 men have been members of the class and these men becoming settled in different parts of this country have spread the fame of Rochester and the Hubbell class. This fact is shown not only by the hundreds of inquiries received every year for information concerning the class and its methods, but also by the number of visitors representing every state in the Union as well as Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Loyalty is the key note of its members and every man feels that he is in a measure responsible for its success. A large number of its members are present every Sunday of the year. One member, H. H. Scheele, has a remarkable record of being present every Sunday for fifteen years.

Great stress is laid upon its music and the class is fortunate in having among its members Prof. Hermann Dossenbach and his quintette, and a male quartette consisting of the following well-known singers: Herbert Tracy, J. W. Singleton, J. D. Benson and J. G. Curtiss.

A class of young men, in order to grow and prosper must be active. While the class was organized for spiritual and moral improvement, it has social and athletic features, such as baseball, basket ball and bowling teams. The two main events of the year are the mid-summer picnic, usually held in August, and the annual banquet in February.

Walter S. Hubbell, the teacher of this class, is one of the most prominent attorneys of Rochester, and has been its teacher since the class was organized. Through his personal work and efforts the class has gained its success and present position in the religious world.

Mr. Hubbell talks on regular International Sunday School Les-

sons, a good practical discussion, that appeals to men, and which they can easily understand and appreciate. His arguments for religion are full of force, are practical, and strike home. Anyone hearing Mr. Hubbell's talks never forgets them.

To appreciate fully the work Mr. Hubbell is doing, one must visit the class. There is an atmosphere of good-fellowship that is contagious. He takes a great interest in his class and gives much of his time to the work.

The present officers of the class are: W. S. Hubbell, teacher; L. S. Foulkes, president; F. E. Bickford, vice-president; W. H. Barnes, secretary; F. A. Parmenter, corresponding secretary; F. Palmateer, treasurer; A. H. Lauterbach, assistant treasurer; E. M. Jarvis, librarian; Owen Blake, assistant librarian.

Attendance Committee—R. J. Strassenburgh, H. R. Lewis, Elmer J. Cronk, G. M. Waldron, W. Spears, W. Brink, W. J. Muckle, R. O. Cook, Chas. Sunderlin, A. Gomminger, R. B. Brown, Geo. Thomas, J. L. Wentworth, B. R. Ewart, Frank Reynolds.

Social Committee—F. J. Cross, R. H. Lord, Nelson Sage, Nelson Sanford, Dr. W. E. Bowen, W. P. Webber, W. Lengenman, A. Vogt, W. Fonda, John Denny, Jr., Ed. Morgan, W. W. Spragge, Horace Jones, Chas. Ewart, W. Foulkes, S. Bryant.

Devotional Committee—H. D. Shedd, M. A. Vickery, J. E. Sweeting, J. F. Forbes, C. E. Ratcliffe.

Music Committee—H. Dossenbach, J. B. Paddon, Chester Schutte.

Athletic Committee—C. C. Beahan, Wm. McDowell, Phil. Avery.

Visiting Committee—C. A. Mathews, H. Loder, W. H. Barnes.

Employment Committee—J. A. Hart, H. W. Sabin, C. Altpeter.

The election of officers takes place in January of each year and if possible an entirely new set of men is selected as candidates, in order to give all a chance in the management, and to bring out new talent. Great care is also taken to select men who are popular and willing to work. For work there is to do, and plenty of it.

A bachelor usually has singular ideas.

The fellow who sets a fast pace seldom makes a very creditable finish.



WALTER S. HUBBELL

Prominent attorney of Rochester and teacher of the large Hubbell class of the First Baptist church.

COMMERCIAL ROCHESTER

An Appreciation of Rochester

At the very top of the imposing Chamber of Commerce building, commanding a composite view in all directions of wholesale, industrial, commercial and residential Rochester, are the offices of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, presided over by S. R. Clarke, the secretary of the organization. There, with the inspiration afforded by this wonderful panorama of industry, activity and phenomenal progress, the interests of the city are studied and protected and there plans are formed and executed for the purpose of aiding in the growth and development of Greater Rochester.

Mr. Clarke has not been here long. He comes from California, the Golden State, in that Empire of the Far West, where pride of country and promotion of interests of city and state are synonymous with citizenship, and where the work of upbuilding and "boosting," as it is more frequently termed, is indulged in to a marked degree.

Mention Rochester and Mr. Clarke is interested at once. Suggest Greater Rochester and a responsive chord is touched that brings into play all the enthusiasm and fire of this enthusiastic young man from the West. He is one man of a few who thoroughly realize the advantages of this city, past, present and—greatest of all—future. This is because he has studied the advantages of conditions in various parts of the country and knows by experience and observation just how far in advance of other cities Rochester stands.

ALMOST SPEECHLESS

Asked what was the best thing about Rochester Mr. Clarke was almost speechless for a moment. "That is the hardest question you could have asked. There are so many best things. Everything is 'best.' There never was another city so favorably situated, so wonderfully developed, and yet one that had as many opportunities for further development and growth along ideal lines.

"Look at our present wonderful growth. It is without a parallel in present day history. It is the biggest, steadiest and healthiest growth I have ever seen, and indications are that it will continue indefinitely, in spite of any adverse outside influence that may or can arise. Everything is teeming with life and action in all sections of the city and in every line. There is no inaction or backwardness anywhere.

"And yet I think the best thing about Rochester is her extraordinary advantages for manufacturing. By this I mean several things. First the immense water power that is being and can be developed. This water power is an immense magnet, compelling the establishment and operation of countless industries,

grouped and bunched and crowded about it on every side, and necessitating the employment of thousands of wage earners of both sexes.

"Then there are the advantages afforded for securing and maintaining a full quota of these wage earners, and the influences which contribute to make their services of so much more value to their employer. I refer to everything that has an effect on their daily lives from the beginning of the year to the end. The large number of beautiful homes that are owned by wage earners, the modern construc-

highest class recreation for the masses at comparatively small cost.

"The worst thing? Oh, let's not talk about that. And yet—yes, I think the worst thing about the city to-day is the lack of available homes for the many persons the expansion of the city is bringing into it, and the want of workers to properly equip the industries of the city—particularly women. Help is needed constantly all over the city, and homes to house the new families who are needed are not to be found. But these conditions are natural and are to be expected. Strenuous efforts are being made to remedy them and the only trouble is that the growth is too fast. The building operations this year amount to more in dollars and cents than ever before in the history of the city, and yet no perceptible relief can be noticed.

ROCHESTER'S FUTURE

"Rochester's future? Who can say? It will undoubtedly exceed all our greatest expectations. In fact, it is going that way now as fast as possible. Traveling salesmen say it is a pleasure to sell Rochester goods, and a sort of an advantage as well, as 'Made in Rochester' is recognized all over the world as a stamp of unusual excellence. It would seem as though the younger generation should study the situation and try to realize the importance of this city, and by putting their shoulders to the wheel and telling the world what they themselves have learned, make it a world power of commercial influence to a degree not hitherto imagined.

"One of the greatest projects under way to benefit Rochester now is the plan to make it a convention city of the first magnitude. With the new convention hall and the large hotels now building, it is planned to bring many large conventions and gatherings of national importance here each year, and nothing that can be done will equal this in benefits that are bound to accrue from the visits of persons who attend gatherings of this sort. Next year will see many of them, and each succeeding year will show an increase in the number."



S. R. CLARKE, SECRETARY
Rochester Chamber of Commerce

tion of the factories, the many recreation parks, the free band concerts and other high class features for their relaxation; the lack of contamination in the air and water of the city and the general healthy condition of the entire section cannot fail to have their effect on the men and women of the city and make their services more valuable to their employers in the amount and value of the work they perform.

MORE HOMES NEEDED

"Along the same line, but a step in advance, is the large number of beautiful summer resorts in or near the city. They afford the

The Plea of the Oyster

In all the months that have an R
We're expected to appear,
But we're given a vacation
The remainder of the year.

Now when people spell September
Without an R—(Sept)—just so
Does that give us another month
To sport, I'd like to know?

Alma Pendexter Hayden.

EVERY FRIDAY

MUSIC

By M. URSULA ROGERSON

Educational Value of Music

"Our world is a college, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point, character is the diploma God gives man."

With the re-opening of our public schools, teachers and parents are confronted with the problem that should be the main object of life; namely, *the formation of character* through proper study and discipline.

By discipline is meant that influence which brings mind and body under control until right habits are formed, thus enabling children to recognize and obey certain laws that have reference to their own good, as well as consideration for the rights of others.

A good teacher will study the children more than books, and try to awaken in them "the *love of learning* which is better than learning itself." She will fill the atmosphere of the schoolroom with cheerfulness and joy, so the education gained therein will be one of the pleasures of life; and the process of acquiring knowledge, a privilege and a blessing. If children are given a wholesome variety of mental food, which will cultivate the mind without straining the memory; but at the same time convey to them ideas that bear relationship to their daily wants and occupations, they will do much to educate themselves.

Pestalozzi tells us that: "Real interest taken in the task of instruction, kind words and kinder feelings—the very expression of the features, and the glance of the eye, are never lost upon children."

They are naturally eager for information; which, if brought to their minds in a simple, truthful way, will give them the wish to observe, and to think rightly about what they observe. Minds thus awakened will become interested in nature, art, music, poetry and history; for, by giving the *love of learning*, "the learning itself will follow."

In some of our schools are many children of foreign parentage, who do not speak, or readily understand the English language. This condition adds to the difficulty of the teacher's task; but it may be overcome, if music or song be made the basis of instruction. Music is a language understood by all nations. It gives joy and happiness to a child and quickens his imagination. It not only charms his ear, but touches his heart. It has been said: "If we fill a child full of song, there will be no room for sense of wrong."

While music is of value to the intellectual development of children, its greatest good comes through the emotions. Every touch of noble emotion lifts them nearer to God, broadens their sympathies, and kindles love for all that is good, true and beautiful.

In this age of commercial strife, our children

need this influence to arouse in them a deeper regard for humanity; and reveal to them the fact that, although money and its influences are not indispensable to this life, they are not always the sources from which may be obtained the greatest good or happiness. Music like all education is a creative force; which if properly used, is capable of awakening in the individual latent powers that might otherwise remain dormant and useless.

The exercise of singing is a physical bene-



LUDWIG SCHENCK

fit to children. To sing well, they must breathe well. This alone, would prevent the formation of the bad habit of "open-mouth breathing" which is the cause of much throat and lung trouble. Singing also stimulates the circulation of the blood, and increases the powers of observation and concentration, thus enabling the teacher to accomplish better results.

It is in childhood that the ear must be trained. A child may sing from a very early age. He cannot learn the technical qualities of a musical composition; but he can learn by imitation the simple melodies of the great masters that are found in hymns, folk songs and national airs, and which constitute the foundation of a musical education. From daily practice of these hymns and folk songs he may gradually be led to understand a symphony, an opera, and an oratorio.

Our public school rooms are often over crowded, thus depriving each child of its right-

ful portion of fresh air, causing fatigue.

"When a child is fatigued, he is not himself; a part of him has temporarily gone out of existence. What remains is something that belongs to a more primitive state of civilization."

He needs to be aroused; to be given recreation that shall put him in harmony with his surroundings. How may this be done? By admitting a supply of fresh air, and allowing him to stand on his feet, to hold his body erect, with head up; and to sing a simple melody. This act would require but a few moments' time, and the result would be of inestimable value to both child and teacher.

Let the child begin every school day by singing a hymn of praise to his Creator. What a majestic wave of spiritual significance would sweep over our city, if at the same hour every morning all the children in our public schools were to sing the same words in praise of God. This would not, in any way, interfere with the sect or creed of the child; for God is in all Christian beliefs and the Creator of all life.

On the other hand, it would serve to blend and harmonize the various beliefs that are gathered within the school walls; and awaken a chord of sympathy between child and teacher, home and school, that would help to overcome many of the obstacles that now hinder social progress. When a child has become familiar with one simple hymn of a great composer, has learned something of the life of the composer, and accompanies the hymn with words of an inspired poet, he has taken a step toward an appreciation of all great musical compositions. Simple story and song may be made a part of the language lesson for the day, thus adding interest to the exercise of reading, writing and spelling. Children may become better mathematicians by the study of music, for it is ruled by mathematical laws.

As these laws constitute "the supreme order of the ideal which reason alone conceives," they develop the reasoning powers of the child. Since music is a reflection of the best that is in a human being, its broad culture may become a great power in our land. It is not made up of clans and castes, and this leads one to believe that if there is ever equality in the world, music will be one of the agents to bring it about.

"Music is an art that God has given in which the voices of all nations may unite their prayers in one harmonious rhythm." As parents and teachers, we can do no better work than to encourage this art as the basis of our public school education. The souls of little children inspired and awakened by the story and song of the great masters, will become the future power of harmonizing this life and enriching the Kingdom of Heaven.

EVERY FRIDAY

MOTORING



By BERT VAN TUYLE

Sec'y. AUTOMOBILE CLUB

Young Driver of Experience

There has been much discussion in this and other cities in regard to the younger members of a family driving cars. There is no doubt that there are a number of young folks driving automobiles who should still be playing with their express wagons and toy trains and should not be allowed to venture out on the streets alone with a machine. There are also a number of older people who should have the same restrictions. Women driving cars usually

course there are exceptions, and some drivers will fly past a machine in trouble with no more than a look and a laugh. This class comprises those who are the first to look for assistance when the trouble is on their side. The writer had an experience with one of this kind a few weeks ago. We stopped at the side of the road with some minor trouble, when a large touring car came shooting by with but a glance in our direction. A short time afterward we came in sight of a car

And Then They Cranked Up

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it suddenly came upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sickly looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move, until he was struck; then it was all over.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and went forward. He had once paid a farmer ten dollars for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will ten dollars satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are."

He handed a ten-dollar bill to the man with the gun, and added pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't goin' huntin'," replied the other as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Goin' down to the woods to shoot the dog."



KARL W. HIBBARD, YOUNG ROCHESTER DRIVER

are careful, and an accident to a car with a lady driver is an uncommon occurrence. But those of the younger generation who drive cars about the streets do not use the judgment and caution needed to drive an automobile, especially through the business section of the city. Accidents and damage to the cars caused by these inexperienced persons are a matter of everyday occurrence.

Of course there are exceptions. One of whom is Karl W. Hibbard, son of W. W. Hibbard, a prominent broker of this city, shown in the accompanying illustration. The writer recently had the pleasure of a 200-mile drive in his car and was pleased to note how completely the machine was under control throughout the entire trip, and the good judgment used where needed. One other point noticed was that young Hibbard thoroughly understands the mechanism of the car and this point is what many older drivers should get interested in.

Courtesy on the Road

It is a pleasure to note the good feeling existing among most users of automobiles on the road, and the willingness to lend a helping hand to a fellow motorist when they come upon him down and out by the road side. Of

and a man in the road waving his hands for us to stop. We recognized the party in the large touring car and found that it had a blowout and no tire irons. We heaped coals of fire by putting on the tire. This class of motorists, fortunately, are in the minority, and if you are in trouble on the road and a car passes, you usually hear: "Can we help you?" "Do you need anything?" Even if you do not need any help it is a pleasure to know they are willing to assist. The accompanying illustration shows a case where he was indeed a "friend in need."

Motorists going to Buffalo or Batavia will find it advantageous to take the Churchville road instead of the Scottsville road at present.

The water system of a car should be cleaned after a period of continued service. It can be flushed out by breaking a joint in the piping and attaching a hose to the end. This will remove the rust and mud from the radiator, engine jacket and piping.



A FRIEND IN NEED

Will This Plan Succeed?

Movement Under Way to Force George W. Aldridge to Become Republican Candidate for Mayor of Rochester

By WILLARD A. MARAKLE

With the primaries but a few days off—next Tuesday—the local political situation is as full of kinks as it was a month ago. There is no avowed mayoralty candidate on either side. True, there is talk of Mayor Cutler for a third term, of Sheriff William H. Craig, Justice John M. Davy, of Senator Thomas B. Dunn, of Richard Gardiner on the republican side; but talk is all there is to it.

If George W. Aldridge and James L. Hotchkiss, who will have the casting vote in the selection of the republican mayoralty candidate, have agreed upon a choice, they are keeping their own secret well. None of the underlords have the slightest definite idea as to who will head their ticket.

But there is a movement to force Mr. Aldridge to accept the republican nomination for mayor. Varied are the forces behind this. They may be divided into three elements.

First, personal admirers of the man who believe he would make as great a mayor as he has a clever state politician. Second, those who would like Mr. Aldridge for mayor because with him in charge in the City Hall they believe practical politics of the old school would be the vogue and the practical politicians would be in clover. This class, playing politics from the selfish and the personal standpoint, cannot see, or learn, or be made to understand that civil service reform, a half-way decent respect for the conventionalities, at least a simulated regard for orderly procedure, is to prevail in public life for the next few years. Either they do not care or they lack the judgment which foresees that to make Mr. Aldridge mayor and then ask him to "go the limit," would be tantamount to inviting the republican party, leader and organization, to commit political hari-kari.

The third element in the Aldridge mayoralty movement is made up of republican and democratic enemies of Mr. Aldridge who are riding him, as they hope, for a fall. Could they but succeed in placing him at the head of the republican ticket, every one of them would enroll as a republican and vote the democratic ticket on election day. If the republican ticket were defeated, they would rush to the front and seize the reins of republican leadership. These are praying for Aldridge's nomination in city convention and defeat on election day.

Mr. Aldridge is a shrewd politician and should be able to distinguish between honest desire and thinly veiled dissimulation, between gold and dross. Probably, to him as to every other political leader has come a dream of how differently he might govern were he in control instead of an intermediary, and he

has figured on what might happen if he put it to a test. Even a seasoned campaigner like Senator Platt, was well-nigh swept off his feet by the gubernatorial boom launched for him at a republican state convention not so many years ago, and it took the combined persuasion of all his friends to convince him that, even if elected, his prestige as leader would be likely to wane steadily.

A leader may solicit favors from or proffer advice to a president, a governor, a mayor. If refused, he does not bear all the blame, and his leadership is not impaired, necessarily. But let him be the dispenser of patronage, the fountain-head of power, and no matter how excellent an official he may be he will be con-

Of course all this is premised upon republican success with Mr. Aldridge as the candidate. There is always present the alternative of defeat. Unsuccessful contest for the mayoralty, and the turning over to the democracy of the municipal administration and patronage would be likely to cost Mr. Aldridge his leadership.

Nevertheless, one of the contingencies Mr. Aldridge may have to face inside of a month, unless he puts his foot down hard, is that the republican city convention may be stampeded for him as was the democratic state convention for David B. Hill in 1894. If that happens, and Mr. Aldridge accepts, then the battle of 1907 will be a memorable one in local political annals, as George W. Aldridge is a skillful political campaigner.

POLITICAL GOSSIP

If the democracy adopts as its battle cry, "Down with Aldridge," the republicans could parry neatly by "Up with Hughes!"

Reformers and theorists would divorce local and state and national issues, but that is impossible so long as municipal nominations are made by party conventions and municipal patronage is the reward of successful party workers.

Uncle Jacob Gerling is not worrying over municipal politics. He has his umbrella, his state committeemanship and his state land appraisership.

Congressman James B. Perkins is not lying awake nights figuring whether Taft or Hughes will be president. He has broken latter-day records in Monroe county and bids fair to go to Washington until he lands in the speaker's chair if Uncle Joe Cannon ever relinquishes it.

It is expected that Monroe county's delegates to the Seventh judicial district convention will be for County Judge S. Nelson Sawyer, of Wayne county. The other leading candidate is County Judge William Carter, of Livingston county.

"The Call of the Wild"

How loudly calls the wilderness,
There's many a man can tell,
Though in a city's busy life,
For long years, he may dwell
But in his heart, so sweet and clear
He hears the restless sea,
Or feels the forest atmosphere,
Forever wild and free.
Beyond the touch of counting house,
Beyond the clink of gold,
The wilderness still calls him home,
Her beauty to unfold.

Esther Wirgman.



GEORGE W. ALDRIDGE

demned if he does and condemned if he don't. Croker, Murphy, Connors, McLaughlin, all repelled aspirations to tempt fate by running for high elective offices.

If Mr. Aldridge has drunk his fill of the leadership cup, he may be drawn into the mayoralty net. Undoubtedly he would make as good a mayor as any man he might name and control, but could he retain his leadership and hold the mayoralty? Odell as governor and state chairman did not make a popular combination. Could Mr. Aldridge succeed where Odell failed? Could Mr. Aldridge lay down the leadership temporarily and be permitted to resume it at the close of his term? What increase in prestige would the mayoralty net him, anyway?

An International Episode

First Official Explanation of Controversy Attending Recent Contest for Canada's Cup —Rochester Yacht Club's Review.

By CLUTE E. NOXON

Now that the smoke of the recent battle for the Canada's Cup has blown away, and the excitement that marked the occasion has died out, a more sober-minded view of the controversy which led to not a little unpleasantness, may be taken. The crux of the whole affair rested on a technicality, insignificant so far as the real test of merit was concerned, yet of sufficient importance in the eyes of the offensive force as to afford ample opportunity for the display of hair-splitting maritime law as applied to yacht racing. The Canadians were the aggressors, and granted certain premises, they were acting entirely within their rights. The Americans, being absolutely unable through no fault of theirs to comply with the letter but acting within the implied spirit

sentatives of both the Royal Canadian and Rochester Yacht clubs. Innocently enough, and with scarcely a passing criticism, the clause which proved to be the cause of all the difficulty, crept into the conditions. It specified that each club should submit plans of its representative yacht to a referee on measurement of displacement and L, and whose decision in the matter should be final.

The races were to be sailed under the Yacht Racing Union Rules, with such additions as were provided for in the special agreement, and those rules called for the ascertainment of displacement and L measurements in three ways, viz: 1st, By weighing the boat; 2nd, By accepting the designer's certificate for them; 3rd, By taking off templates from the boat,

would be unavailable. So far as the writer knows, there existed not a doubt as to the designer's willingness to furnish the lines of the boat he was constructing to the referee for the purpose of measurement when called upon to do so. The first intimation the Rochester Yacht Club had of the approaching difficulty, was when Mr. Hanan, Seneca's skipper, came to Rochester a few days before the races and stated that he had been unable to secure Herreshoff's plans; that they would not be given up under any circumstances. The earliest Canadian arrivals, who were clothed with authority to act, were appraised immediately of the dilemma in which the defending organization found itself. They were informed frankly, that owing to unforeseen conditions, the Rochester Yacht Club was in a position that made a strict compliance with the racing agreement an absolute impossibility; that in consequence of Mr. Herreshoff's refusal to submit plans of Seneca to a referee, the clause in the conditions calling for such a procedure, was a stumbling block that halted further progress unless an expedient could be mutually agreed upon which would nullify the technicality. They were told that the R. Y. C. stood ready to do anything possible that the R. C. Y. C. could suggest to satisfy them.

CANADIANS CAUTIOUS

The Canadians were inclined to be cautious. They were prepared to divulge the secrets of their boat; why were not the Americans also? The answer was but a reiteration of the former statement. Because they were powerless to compel the Wizard of Bristol to violate a company rule. Would it not be wise to telegraph Mr. Stephens, the referee, to go to Bristol and endeavor to take off Seneca's lines from the drawings? That had already been done, and Mr. Stephens had replied that he was unable to go to Bristol. Could not someone else do it? Perhaps so, if the challengers would agree on a substitute referee. They would, and named Mr. George Owen of Massachusetts, a former employee of the Herreshoffs, and a close friend of Nat G. Herreshoff. Mr. Owen's name was agreeable to both sides. Instructions were immediately telegraphed and telephoned to him. He consented to act and went to Bristol. The designer was away on a cruise and the plans were not to be seen. Mr. Owen came to Rochester prepared to measure the yachts. Mere measurement of the racers was not what the Canadians wanted; they demanded the plans from which to take the measurements. They desired to know if Herreshoff's figures were correct; whether the defender's



YACHT ADELE

YACHT SENECA

of the rules, were equally in an impregnable position. The challengers insisted strictly on the letter of the conditions being observed, arguing, and with reason, that the spirit was but a corollary of the letter. The dispute was settled after a long discussion, by the suggestion of the neutral judge, Oliver Cromwell, who considered that the defending organization was able to make its boat meet every qualification, and that the technical question should be waived.

CONDITIONS SIGNED

The conditions governing the Canada's Cup races were signed nearly a year ago by repre-

sentatives of both the Royal Canadian and Rochester Yacht clubs. Innocently enough, and with scarcely a passing criticism, the clause which proved to be the cause of all the difficulty, crept into the conditions. It specified that each club should submit plans of its representative yacht to a referee on measurement of displacement and L, and whose decision in the matter should be final.

AS TO SHOWING DESIGNS

Not until late in January, 1907, was it definitely known that Nat G. Herreshoff stood ready to produce a cup defender. Never for a moment did the opinion prevail in the minds of the committee that plans of the new boat

displacement corresponded with her sail area.

A designer's certificate, everywhere recognized as sufficient guaranty of a yacht's eligibility to sail in a prescribed class, afforded them no satisfaction. The more they saw of Seneca, the more skeptical they became. Local officials offered to do anything in their power to convince Canadians that the Herreshoff boat would measure into the class for which she was built. They volunteered to go to any trouble and any expense to demonstrate the eligibility of their boat, if the clause pertaining to production of the plans were waived from the conditions. Their eagerness to do this found favor with but a few. Disobeyance of cup conditions was a grave mistake; one that could not be pardoned nor condoned.

OPEN CHARGES MADE

One official, Aemilius Jarvis, high in authority, openly charged that the defenders never intended to live up to the agreement from the moment it was signed; moreover, that members of the building committee knew long beforehand that they could not get plans from Herreshoff. This quickly precipitated an argument that marked the crisis. The Rochester Yacht Club was branded with a libel. It still lacked twenty-four hours to the time set for the first race.

The Canadians claimed plans of their boat were ready. The challengers had qualified for the contest, and if the Rochester Yacht Club had not done so, it was through the fault of no one but the officials of the latter organization. Unless Seneca's plans were produced, no matter what her measurements actually were, and the yacht was at the line ready to race by 1:30 p. m. Saturday, the cup must be surrendered. No postponements would be granted. Then for the sake of the sport, and in order not to disappoint the crowds, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club would put up a cup of equal value or a trophy flag, and race for either. To this proposition, Americans indignantly refused to accede. They had been preparing for this contest for nearly a year. They had gone before the business men of Rochester to enlist support of their endeavor to retain the cup, and in doing so they had made no misrepresentations. They would sail for the Canada's Cup or not a halliard on Seneca would be touched. They would enter into no compromise that had for its object forfeiture of the Great Lakes championship. It was for the judges to say whether conditions warranted such a procedure as demanded by the Canadians, and if in the opinion of the former, the Rochester Yacht Club, was attempting to be unfair, or take any advantage inconsistent with honor, then the club was willing to accept defeat without a race and lose the cup by default.

JUDGES APPRECIATED SITUATION

The judges appreciated the local club's situation. It had been placed in an awkward position by the idiosyncrasy of a great designer. In their opinion, there was but a single barrier—figures of Seneca's displacement. They could be obtained only by weighing the boat or accepting the designer's certificate, or by taking off templates, which

could not be done in the required time limit. The certificate, in the eyes of the Canadians, was valueless. Rochester officials believed it was impossible to weigh the defender. They had made many inquiries with regard to securing scales capable of registering the tonnage of Seneca without success, telegraphing to both Buffalo and New York for large steel-yards. Had there been any in this neighborhood within the knowledge of local members, the dispute over displacement would have been settled days before.

The Canadians were aware of this fact as well as Americans, but it was not until the day before the race that they imparted the information that in Toronto there were five pairs of steelyards capable of registering weight up to twenty tons. The local committee offered to send to Toronto for a pair if a postponement of the race were granted, but to this proposition the challengers would not assent. Finally the idea was conceived of dismantling Seneca, stripping her of all rigging, hoisting her on a flat car and running



COMMODORE T. B. PRITCHARD

the car to the platform scales of an ore foundry at Charlotte. It meant a night's work and no sleep for those who were willing to engage in the undertaking, but it had come to a point now where scores of the members were anxious to see the boat qualify.

WEIGHING THE SENECA

The meeting adjourned after 10 o'clock Friday night, and active preparations were made to have Seneca weighed. Every official connected with the ore foundry pledged his assistance. It had been rumored late in the evening that a firm in Rochester possessed a pair of steelyards that would register ten tons. This rumor resolved itself into a happy reality after midnight, when it was learned that the Hydro-Press company owned a pair of steelyards capable of doing the desired work. They were secured and taken to the lake in the early morning hours of Saturday,

August 10th, the day of the first race. A gang of men was hired, a government crane and scow borrowed, and at seven o'clock Seneca was towed across the river for the weighing-in. Instead of being under weight as the Canadians had suspected, she went fifty-three pounds over the designer's figures, showing her displacement to be greater than anticipated and therefore entitled to carry more canvas than could have been allowed if Herreshoff's figures had been accepted.

Such is the history of the controversy that for a few days engaged public attention. It is written mainly to correct an impression that the Rochester Yacht Club, in some mysterious way, was trying to take an unfair advantage of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in manifesting no disposition to observe the rules of contest. It is written with the authority of the Rochester Yacht Club, but with no intention of attempting to gloss over any apparent misdeeds of that organization. Every statement that appeared in public print, calculated to cast disfavor on the local club, was inspired by individuals antagonistic to the American side. Rochester Yacht Club officials were close-mouthed, but Canadians talked volubly. They talked not wisely but too much. Several newspapermen grabbed at every morsel thrown them, and the result was misstatements daily from unreliable and unauthentic sources. Some of the newspapers, unable to verify rumors that had an ugly aspect, employed conservative methods in treating such news; others looking for a scoop, swallowed everything and the public got a fine mixture of fact and fancy.

R. Y. C. HANDICAPPED

Simmered down to a thumb-nail summary, it is true that the Rochester Yacht Club was unable to produce plans of Seneca as called for in the conditions; the club did not know, however, that Mr. Herreshoff would not give up these plans until five days before the race. Two Canadian officials were informed of this fact as soon as they arrived Tuesday night, August 6th. It is not true that any member of the club knew at any time prior to August 5th that Herreshoff would not produce plans. It is not true that the Rochester Yacht Club did not intend to live up to conditions from the moment they were signed. It is not true that any official of the club knew of the existence of a pair of steelyards in Rochester before Friday night, August 9th, that would weigh as heavy a boat as Seneca. It is not true that any official of the club or member of any committee attempted at any time to conceal Seneca's measurements. The whole affair was carried out with as much diplomacy as possible and the Canadians only yielded in what they termed a spirit of courtesy, when they were confronted with a proposition from which there could be no backing away, and a boat that met absolutely every requirement called for in the Canada's Cup agreement.

Auto E. Moxon

The Making of the Mayor

By DON MARK LEMON

For a moment the members of his family gazed in spellbound admiration at Colonel Anson, then with a general exclamation of unalloyed enthusiasm they gathered around and fairly bore him down into the big morris chair by the window.

"You to be mayor of Sunnyville!" cried Miss Flora, the beauty of the family, tall as her father and handsomer than her mother. "Oh you dear daddy mine, ain't I proud of you!"

"And we are proud of you too," cried the younger Misses Anson, pressing still closer about the colonel's chair.

"And, girls, your mother is as proud as all of you put together!" beamed the colonel's wife.

Harry Anson now seized his father's hand and rung it heartily.

"Let me congratulate you, dad! When you're in office I shall drop around occasionally and help you compose your off-hand speeches."

Colonel Anson lifted his hands. "Quarters! quarters!" he cried. "I'm not elected yet! I'm not even nominated! My name has only been mentioned for the slate." He arose and stood amidst his family in white-haired, beaming protest. "My dear soldiers and fellow officers, there will be two nominations, and even though I should gain one of these nominations, my election is far from a certainty. Act with confidence, I beg, but be prepared for defeat."

"Why, daddy," cried Miss Flora, "that epigram alone should elect you!"

"Indeed it should!" chorused the two younger Misses Anson, and the colonel's wife beamed another "indeed!"

SETTLES THE MATTER HIMSELF

"Consider that I have already filed my application as your secretary," insinuated the bland Harry, whereupon his two younger sisters congratulated him upon his good fortune.

"How nice it sounds!" exclaimed the younger of the younger Misses Anson. "Secretary to the mayor! You must have it engraved on your cards, Harry."

"I certainly shall, sis."

"When do you begin to run for mayor?" questioned the colonel's wife.

"Yes, daddy, when do you begin to run for mayor?" demanded the younger Misses Anson, placing a delicious emphasis on the mayor.

"Why, as soon as I am safely slated," laughed the colonel. "But again, I beg that you do not place your hopes too high, to fall and be broken like poor Humpty Dumpty. Keep your heads level and cheer the band wagon along, and maybe one of these times I shall sit in the mayor's chair for a little season, and perhaps that will prove a stepping-stone to gubernatorial honors, who knows?" and the colonel placed himself behind the big morris chair to escape a second and even warmer ova-

tion, when his family had pictured him as governor of the state.

The seed of political ambition once sown, it took fast root, and in a few days it had grown to a tree of such proportions that it quite overshadowed the entire household of Colonel Anson.

"It means so much to your father," observed Mrs. Anson. "Perhaps it will end in him being elected governor of the state, as he himself thought possible."

"And when he steps down from the governor's chair, what will prevent him running for the United States' senate!" suggested the darling Miss Flora.

DREAM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

The two younger Misses Anson fairly hugged one another in rapturous delight at the



DON MARK LEMON

thought of their father moving on Washington, and even the cautious Harry was carried a little farther towards the open sea of political schemes and dreams.

"And once I am a United States' senator," cried Colonel Anson from the open doorway, "who knows but that a fierce, running fight might seat me in the chair of the President of the United States!"

He entered the room, laughing, accompanied by a well set-up young fellow of eight-and-twenty, whose presence brought a sudden glow to the cheeks of the handsome Miss Flora, and an agreeable feeling of surprise to the others.

"One of my staff," said the colonel, presenting the younger man. "I brought him

along to let him see for himself how interested my family has become in my election."

Young Thornton bowed in easy confidence. "The colonel has consented that I may do a bit of electioneering for him. I believe I shall be of some service."

"I am sure you will!" beamed the colonel's wife.

"And we know it," smiled the younger Misses Anson.

"You'll line up the second ward solid," nodded the knowing Harry.

Only Miss Flora was silent, but an hour later, as young Thornton was taking his leave, her reserve fell away a delicious moment as she offered him her hand.

"If daddy is elected," she said; then hesitating, she pressed a hanging branch of bloom to her face.

Thornton bent forward eagerly. "If he is, what then, Miss Anson?"

"If he is, why, then, perhaps—perhaps—" "Perhaps?"

FENCING WITH HER WORDS

The hanging bloom could no longer conceal the glow that had mounted to the cheeks of the colonel's daughter. She hastily withdrew her hand and stepped back. "Here comes Harry! I meant to say, if daddy is elected, perhaps Harry will get to be his secretary. Good afternoon, Mr. Thornton."

The eager young fellow watched the mobile figure till it had turned into the house, taking a subtle fragrance with it, then he accosted Harry, who had just come up, and the pair went out through the garden gate.

As election day approached, Colonel Anson was forecast to win the mayoralty by a slight majority, for the political map of Sunnyville was nicely shaded, and its lines distinctly drawn, and it was not hard to gain a clear idea of how things would be the day after election. But this happy state was suddenly threatened by an indiscreet act upon the part of the colonel himself.

One evening at a club banquet he came out with the statement that he was personally opposed to the renewal of the franchise of a certain electric branch street-road. At the most it was merely a side issue, but the shrewd Thornton foresaw that as sentiment then stood the opposition could make the matter appear of sufficient importance as to win over a small but dangerous dissatisfied vote.

He cautioned the Colonel to stop where he had begun, but the latter was in one of his positive moods, and when next day the opposition's paper charged him with harboring sentiments against the renewal of the franchise, the old soldier threw down the gauntlet.

"I shall inform the public exactly how I stand in this matter!" he exclaimed to Thornton. "And to make sure that it shall be fresh in their minds, I shall incorporate these senti-

ments into my speech of the night before election!"

HER FEARS ARE AROUSED

When Harry came home that evening with a long face and reported the matter to Miss Flora, she clasped her hands tensely.

"I feared it!" she exclaimed. "Daddy is so self-willed at times. Oh dear, if only he would listen to Mr. Thornton!"

"What shall we do?" appealed the younger Misses Anson, in great alarm. "Can't you think of something, Harry?"

That young fellow shook his head gloomily. "It will only make dad more hard-hearted to reason with him. Better lay low, and perhaps he'll overlook it." But it was a hopeless face that he bent over his cup of coffee.

"Did daddy say he would not speak of this till the night before election?" suddenly demanded Miss Flora.

"That's what he told Thornton. Why?"

"Oh, just because," replied the other indifferently, but shortly afterwards she excused herself, and going to the phone called up Thornton and commanded him to come at once to the house. "Important business about my father," she condescended to explain.

When a little later Thornton arrived at the Anson home in answer to the phone summons and was met at the gate by Miss Flora, that young fellow wore a rather clouded face; but when a half hour afterwards he took his leave, it was with a light heart and a cheerful countenance.

As he turned to go he hesitated a moment, as if he would speak of other matters than politics, but there was something in the face of the colonel's daughter that warned him to capture the enemy before speaking of the rich reward, and lifting his hat he hurried back to headquarters.

EVE OF THE ELECTION

The evening before election day arrived, and Colonel Anson had been prepared to proclaim himself against the renewal of the electric street car franchise. He had the notes of his speech in his pocket, written out by his son Harry, who now saw his rosy dreams as secretary to the mayor fading into the thin, cold air of a rude awakening.

Again Miss Flora protested, begging her father 'not to hold such a little ten-cent issue so close before his dear nose that it blotted out matters as big as the moon.' But the colonel only shook his head.

"Very well, daddy," said Miss Flora, a dangerous firmness showing in her chin, "be sure you're right, and then fill your dear old ears with cotton, and harken neither to men nor the angels!" and she smoothed her father's white hair fondly.

Just then the bell rang and a message was left for Colonel Anson. Opening the envelope, he read.

Colonel Anson: Come at once to my law office. Will detain you only five minutes. Important business. Don't fail me.

Thornton.

"What can he want at this hour?" reflected the colonel. "I'm due at the hall at half past. Well, come along, Harry; we'll drive by and see."

Twenty minutes later, accompanied by his son, Colonel Anson entered the handsome arched doorway of the Monix Building, a new down-town structure where young Thornton had his law offices, and stepping into the waiting elevator, the two men were shot upwards.

When the car had reached an elevation between the third and fourth floor, it came to a sudden stop.

"Hallo!" impatiently cried the colonel, "what's wrong?"

"Somethin' matter with the power, boss," explained the grinning elevator boy. "Jest don't git restless; she'll start up in a bit."

AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT

But the delay proved so considerable that Colonel Anson drew out his watch. "I'm due at the hall now. Let the car down to the street and let us out. Thornton will have to wait."

The elevator boy attempted to do as he was told, but it seemed that the carriage was out of fix on the fall as well as the lift, for it refused to move.

"We're stuck, boss, I reck'n."

"Hallo there!" called Colonel Anson, as through the bars of the car he espied Thornton descending the stairs from the fourth floor.

"Hallo!" answered the young lawyer.

"What's wrong with the elevator?"

"The power has given out," explained Harry.

"Why don't you let the car down to the landing?" demanded Thornton of the elevator boy.

"It won't go."

"Then wait a moment, and I'll see what's wrong." Thornton hurried down the stairway.

Ten minutes passed, when the young lawyer returned accompanied by a mechanic in overalls.

"The shaft rod is broke and jammed," explained the latter. "It will have to be sawed out."

"How long will it take?" demanded the impatient Colonel Anson.

"Well, sir, likely three hours or so, for you see—"

"The devil, man!"

"Can't be helped, gentlemen. Sorry!"

Thornton now took out his watch. "I'll have to report the accident at the hall, colonel; you're overdue now."

"Do so. By the way," called Colonel Anson, "what is the nature of that important business you wished to speak with me about?"

But Thornton was already out of hearing, descending the steps three at a time.

TIME FOR REFLECTION

"It would be of no use to give him my notes about that electric road franchise," reflected the colonel. "He is opposed to my sentiments, and might lose them on purpose. Well, my good man," this to the mechanic who was regarding the elevator from the fourth flight with a super-critical eye, "see how quickly you can start the car. It may not be as bad as it first appears."

"Pretty bad, sir; pretty bad!"

The man now descended the stairs, and Col-

onel Anson occupied the next half hour in the stopped elevator in meditating his speech. Perhaps, after all, he would be freed in time to deliver it.

Suddenly there was a hurry of feet on the stairway and Miss Flora and her two sisters appeared on the scene.

"Why, daddy, this is dreadful!" cried the former. "I met Mr. Thornton and he said that you were detained here, but I thought he was jesting."

"Indeed we did!" chorused the younger Misses Anson.

"The joke is on us," growled Harry.

"Does your mother know of this?" demanded Colonel Anson.

"No, daddy,—you poor, dear fellow!" There seemed to be actual tears in Miss Flora's handsome gray eyes.

"Then go home like good girls, and tell her that Harry and I may be detained by business over night, in case we are not released before."

"Yes, daddy,—you poor, dear fellow!"

"Say, sis," called Harry, "couldn't you manage to drop me down a pillow and a few cigars? I haven't slept a wink for two nights and I'm as hungry as a chimney for a smoke!"

"Of course we can!" volunteered the younger Misses Anson, and they hurried off to return a little later with a box of cigars, a pillow, and a paper sack of fruit, all of which, after considerable labor, they got through the roof of the elevator car.

CONTEMPLATING THE SCENE

Miss Flora now seated herself on the stairway and watched the scene with her determined chin in her hands, while from below came the sawing of steel and the hammering of iron, as the mechanics labored to free the carriage.

"Go home, daughter," commanded Colonel Anson, after an hour had passed and the car still remained jammed.

"No, daddy," replied Miss Flora, firmly. "I shall stay right here till you and Harry are released. You poor, dear, patient fellows!"

"And so shall we!" chorused the younger Misses Anson.

"Very well," yielded the colonel.

Two more hours passed and Harry and the elevator boy had fallen fast asleep, when young Thornton returned.

"The meeting is over, colonel," he called from the third landing. "I thought best not to say anything of your present predicament, but stated that—"

"Start the car up there!" shouted a voice from below, and aroused by the colonel the colored lad let the newly freed carriage to the street landing and threw open the door.

Gathering up his pillow and remaining cigars the sleepy Harry followed the little party to the waiting carriage, wondering as he went if his father's chances to be elected mayor on the morrow had not been greatly augmented by his detention in the elevator.

A good night's rest found Colonel Anson in cheerful spirits on election day, which he spent for the most part at home with his family, solicitously waited upon by the handsome Miss

(Continued on page 27)

SOCIETY



Introductions

By KEITH GORDON

Perhaps no point of etiquette requires more nicety of discrimination, a more delicate exercise of tact than this one of introductions; for definite as are many of the rules, there are also many important exceptions. There are introductions ceremonious and unceremonious, premeditated and unpremeditated; but in no case should one err on the side of indiscriminate ones, as many thoughtless but good-natured persons often do.

A lady should never introduce two of her own acquaintances who reside in the same small city or country town unless both have expressed such a wish. Such an introduction may for some reason be extremely unwelcome to one or the other and would place both in an embarrassing position.

When two ladies are to be introduced the wishes of the one least known to the person making the introduction should be the first consulted. When a younger person is to be presented to an older, the wishes of the latter are to be the first consulted. A gentleman is not usually consulted before introducing him to a lady, for while gentlemen are generally particular enough as to the acquaintances they form with their own sex, it is generally understood that in society they seek rather than avoid the acquaintance of ladies, irrespective of the particular set in which they move. There is, however, an exception. In a ball-room where an introduction means that the gentleman is expected to dance with the lady to whom he is introduced, it is better to ascertain whether the introduction is desired; otherwise it would not fulfill its purpose and might prove for the lady a disappointment.

DUTY TO THE HOSTESS

Men are very often entirely negligent of their social obligations in this way and ignore their duty to the hostess, which points so plainly to the importance of assisting her in keeping her guests provided with partners. No gentleman, unless some strong reason exists, should refuse the offer of an introduction by his hostess nor shirk the duty it imposes.

A gentleman wishing to be introduced to a young lady should ask his hostess, or failing her the chaperone of the young lady, or an older married friend. Introductions in ball-rooms and indeed elsewhere should not be made between gentlemen and ladies by young companions.

The wishes of a lady are always ascertained before a gentleman is presented to her; but here, too, we find an exception. At a dinner party the gentleman who is to take her in to dinner is introduced to her a few minutes be-

fore dinner is announced without her previous consent, it being quite safe as a rule for any lady to leave herself in the hands of her hostess.

An unmarried lady is introduced to a married lady unless the former is very much older or is a person of individual distinction when the order is reversed.

An introduction is made by mentioning the name of the person to be introduced first, as, "Mrs. A. Mrs. B."—or with some little informality of speech as "Mrs. A. allow me to present Miss B." In introducing strangers from distant cities, or a person very shy and timid, something may be said to put them at ease, such as, "This is Mrs. A.'s first visit to America" or "Miss B. has just come North." The introduction is acknowledged by a bow and the person to whom it is made should be the first to speak, doing so without hesitation and with a sufficient suggestion of friendliness to put the person presented entirely at ease. Nothing more quickly shows the fineness of breeding, the thorough acquaintance with the best of social life than the manner in which this is done.

ON SHAKING HANDS

In many parts of this country it is the fashion to shake hands on being introduced, but this is more the practice of a less complicated order than that of society as at present organized and the simple bow is better form.

Of course in her own house a hostess should shake hands with any person introduced to her, as should the host also.

All ceremonious and premeditated introductions are made with the purpose of bringing two persons hitherto unknown to each other into direct acquaintanceship; but casual or unceremonious ones are made merely to dissipate any awkwardness or embarrassment and to place at their ease persons unknown to each other who are thrown together temporarily by social exigencies; and these introductions do not entail any necessity for further recognition beyond the moment and form no basis for an acquaintance unless such is mutually desired. Such are the introductions made at garden parties, tennis, in the hunting field, and in such public places as an opera box or the promenade of a watering place.

A young hostess is sometimes embarrassed, when two or more callers arrive simultaneously who are unknown to each other, being uncertain whether she should or should not introduce them. Unless she knows of any reason to the contrary it is much better to introduce them, which may be done directly or indirectly. If, however, she knows that for some reason the introduction would be unwelcome, she must direct her conversation be-

tween them and as far as possible prevent it becoming too general.

TEAS AND RECEPTIONS

At afternoon teas and receptions a hostess does not introduce her guests to anyone except to her daughters or ladies receiving with her or to guests who are visiting at her house; but at dinner parties it is desirable that a hostess should make her guests known to each other and the care which is exercised in bringing congenial people in contact makes the difference between the dinner recalled with a shudder of *ennui* and the delightful remembrance of one permeated with social pleasure and charm.

A gentleman or lady introduces two of his or her intimate friends usually without asking permission of either; a father or mother introduces son or daughter; husband his wife, or wife her husband without formality, and these introductions should be acknowledged with a little more than ordinary suggestion of cordiality.

In a new country like this where the rapid accumulation of wealth is continually bringing new people to the front, there must inevitably be those who are vulgar enough to "push" into every perceptible opening which they think may lead into the charmed circle of exclusiveness. These will demand introductions right and left with no hesitation. But the well-bred hostess or woman of society will protect her guests and friends from undesirable acquaintances and when she finds it necessary in order to avoid rudeness to make some of these introductions she will confine them to those who, secure in their own social positions, will be able by their tact and social prestige to keep the "vulgar rich" without the circle of the social elect.

In moments of doubt, the young hostess may remember that if it is a question of hurting some one's feelings, of snubbing a too eager aspirant for social recognition, a simple introduction hurts no one, and the one who finds it undesirable if she has tact and breeding will be quite able to protect herself.

In seeking introductions one need never be afraid of being considered pushing as long as one's self respect is fully sustained and when one brings to the social mart the ever acceptable gifts of good manners, good breeding and good will.

The points on official introductions, as in Washington, will be considered under "official and diplomatic etiquette; also English, Continental forms and usages."

Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

IN LOCAL CIRCLES

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Otis Poole have returned from the Adirondacks.

Professor and Mrs. Clarence Moore are in their Girton Place home. Mrs. Delano, who has occupied their house during the summer, is now at The Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bonbright and family, Mrs. Robert P. Bartlett and Miss Dorothy Robinson will return from Colorado Springs on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jenkins gave a dinner on Friday evening.

Miss Mary K. Harris gave a small luncheon for Miss Harriet Matthews on last Friday.

The Misses Brewster's dance at the Country Club was very much enjoyed by about thirty-five young people. The piazza and grounds were decorated with colored lanterns, and the dining room with flowers and greens. Supper was served at 11 o'clock, and dancing continued afterward until 1 o'clock.

Miss Marguerite Hamilton and Miss Elizabeth Hamilton of Buffalo have just made a visit to Miss Helen Wile. Miss Wile went last Tuesday to spend a week in Buffalo.

Mr. Atkinson Allen, Mr. Harold Jenkins and Mr. John Weis returned to Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., the first of the week.

Miss Julia Griffith sails for home on the fifteenth from Boulogne by the President Grant, of the Hamburg-American line. She will join her sister, Miss Frances Griffith, and they will be at The Oxford after October 1st.

Miss Leighton and Miss Booth will go from The Oxford to Miss Emily C. Smith's house on South Washington Street about the first of next month.

Miss Mary Anstice gave a supper at Rush on Saturday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Cruikshank of Plainfield, N. J.

Twenty-four young people motored to Mrs. Gray's at Rush Reservoir for one of the famous cod-fish suppers and returned to town afterward for an impromptu dance at Miss Elizabeth Sibley's.

Miss Grace Brickner and Miss Bertha Leiter are spending the month of September in New York.

Mrs. Theodora Olcott and Miss Olcott spent several days of last week in Albany.

Mrs. Keddy Ray Fletcher is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Granger A. Hollister.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Landsberg returned last week after spending two months at the Crawford House, White Mountains.

Mrs. Thomas J. Morgan, who has recently paid a visit to her brother, Dr. Charles S. Starr, has decided to spend the winter in Rochester, and is now at Mrs. Humphrey's, Avenue B, Vick Park.

Mrs. Miner, of Wilkes-Barre, Penna., is the guest of Mrs. Sidney B. Roby, Culver Road.

Mr. V. Moreau Smith and Mr. Robert Ranlet will arrive from abroad on Sunday.

Miss Adelaide Lindsay sails for Europe in about two weeks. Miss Lindsay will spend the winter at Miss Shelton's school for American girls, in Florence, Italy.

Miss Francis, of Troy, is visiting Miss Grace Curtice.

Miss Laura Griesheimer, who has been away from Rochester for six months, returned home last week. Miss Griesheimer interested herself in settlement work in New York last spring and later went to the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Henry F. Huntington and the Misses Huntington arrived early this week from Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward B. Angell, Mr. Montgomery Angell and Miss Montgomery have returned from Canada.

Mrs. John H. Brewster, Miss Mary K. Harris and Mr. E. Franklin Brewster motored to the Falls and spent Sunday and Monday there.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Dunn of East Avenue entertained guests at the Country Club last Saturday.

Miss Julia Hamilton went to New York yesterday for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Friedlich of Westminster Road gave a luncheon to twelve on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston L. Stone who have been at Richfield Springs for the summer, returned to town last week.

Miss Elizabeth Averill gave a small dinner on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Balkam, who are making a Western trip, are at present in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clifford Buell and family, who have been camping in Canada, are at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Townson are occupying their East Avenue house which Mr. Townson recently bought from Mr. George Eastman.

Mrs. Baker and family are visiting Mrs. Baker's mother, Mrs. Dupuy. Dr. Charles Dupuy is also the guest of Mrs. Dupuy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Broadhead returned home on Monday.

Miss Grace Loomis is the guest of Mrs. Robert P. Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Boswell who have been spending a few weeks at Cherry Valley came home last week. Mr. Foster Boswell has lately returned from Germany, where he has been studying for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hedstrom of Buffalo are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gurney T. Curtis. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell J. Curtis gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Hedstrom on Wednesday evening.

Miss Cornelia A. Buell is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulford Robinson go to California to-morrow. They are to take the Northern route, and will spend some time at Victoria, British Columbia, Seattle, Washington and at San Francisco. Mr. Robinson will devote most of the winter to the work of beautifying Los Angeles.

A number of prominent members of the Rochester Country Club went to Toronto today to play a golf match with the Toronto men.

Practical Physical Culture

PENELOPE GLEASON KNAPP

Practical physical culture, or in other words "American Delsarte," is a system complete, because it is based upon that surest of all foundations, Nature's laws. By assimilating the principles of the system and practicing the gymnastics we may make of ourselves just about what we choose to be. The work attunes both mind and body, training them in perfect harmony. Consequently it is philosophical. In this system there are no set methods. Set methods rob the individual of all spontaneity and make of him a mere machine. Physical culture does not (as many seem inclined to believe) teach its followers to walk, talk, sit, stand and breathe a certain way; but it does teach the fundamental principles underlying correct methods of life, and emancipates them from the bondage of ignorance regarding themselves and opens their spiritual eyes.

The student of practical physical culture learns to abhor everything vulgar and demoralizing just as strongly as he learns to love everything elevating, ennobling and refining. Practical physical culture means mental, moral and physical growth. It means freedom of muscle and control of nerves. It means vitality, activity and development of the entire being.

The late William R. Alger, of Boston, described the system as "Something as high as the zenith, as deep as the nadir and as boundless as eternity. Yet, something so simple that even a child may comprehend it."

Through the deplorable ignorance of many would-be exponents of the work it has been widely misrepresented, therefore, unjustly censured. There should be a law prohibiting unqualified persons from imposing upon the public. The main purpose of the work is not merely to develop either muscle or grace, but to stimulate the sluggish mind and to aggrandize the human family generally.

Back of every gymnastic rests a why and a wherefore, a meaning bearing directly upon the law of cause and effect.

It is not expected that all who undertake the work will master it; but all may be benefited in some degree. Even one hour spent in investigation will help to overcome some pernicious habit acquired through ignorance of Nature's laws. When we live as God intended us to live, we will have no place in our hearts for envy, hatred or malice. We will have no time to indulge in petty gossip, gross spectacles or fits of anger, all of which tend to lower the individual both in his own estimation and the estimation of all with whom he comes in contact. The margins of time are two precious to be wasted in unseemly passions. "E'en as a man thinketh, so is he."

Her Decided Views

He—"Don't you sometimes love to roam over hill and dale, Miss Pretty, with no particular object in view?"

She—"No, I detest golf."

George S. Crittenden.

Every Friday

Rochester's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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This Magazine is on sale at newsstands in Rochester and surrounding territory. It may also be obtained by addressing the publishers.

EVERY FRIDAY is the official journal of the Rochester Automobile Club.

"THE WEEKLY THAT IS PROUD OF ROCHESTER"

"THE WEEKLY THAT ROCHESTER IS PROUD OF"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 13, 1907

Thankful for Appreciation

We are grateful for the many expressions of approval incident to the appearance of the initial number of EVERY FRIDAY. As soon as the scope of the magazine was fully appreciated, with the sale of the first copies from the press, messages of approval and of well wishes commenced to come in by telephone and otherwise, and the opinion was freely expressed that a new field had been occupied.

The press of the city unanimously welcomed and praised the latest arrival in local journalism; herewith we express our cordial appreciation therefor. The *Post Express* added the courtesy of the following editorial expression:

"EVERY FRIDAY is welcome! There is a good field for a magazine of that sort in Rochester and we hope it will prosper."

The demand for the new magazine was so great that the entire edition of 10,000 was practically exhausted on the day of issue and after 48 hours not a copy could be obtained. This fact led many to subscribe at once and thus make sure of the regular receipt of the magazine.

Commercial Development

"Greater Rochester" has been our slogan for several years, but from now on the campaign takes on an aspect of stern reality.

Freed from the administrative shackles of the uniform charter for cities of the second class, which compelled the assent of six other municipalities, three of them with not over half our population and three scarcely a quarter as large, to charter changes, Rochester will soon enter the rank of cities of the first class. A constitutional amendment, designed to permit Rochester to join New York and Buffalo, has passed the Legislature, and will be submitted to the people of the state next fall. Inasmuch as it affects only Rochester, it is sure to be adopted. Anticipating release from the second class trammels the Monroe County legislators secured from the Legisla-

ture of 1907 the enactment of a new charter drawn to fit the first class habiliments the city will don next January.

When Rochester becomes a city of the first class, it cannot retrograde, it must go forward. Swift as has been its progress during the last six years, from now on the pace will be faster. Rochester business men have no circumscribed goal, no limit to their ambition; their market is to be the known world.

Their city to-day is the municipal garden of the world, and its people have the prettiest and most comfortable homes in the world. Its industries are housed in up-to-date and modernly equipped factories. Its water supply is unsurpassed as to quality and quantity. Its streets are the cleanest in the state. Its park system is beautiful, comprehensive and easy of access. Thanks to the firm, but fair administration of Mayor Cutler, Rochester's street railway system, urban and suburban, is operated for the convenience and comfort of passengers fully as much as to declare dividends for the company's stockholders.

During the next year Rochester will be the field for one or more of the big political conventions. In the remodeled Armory, the city will have an up-to-date convention hall, capable of accommodating a large gathering. Two new modern commodious hotels will reinforce the city's list of excellent hostleries, and these accessories, added to Rochester's natural advantages, will make her a formidable bidder for the big gatherings of state and country.

Its Effect on America's Cup

As a corollary deduced from the recent failure of Canada's cup challenger Adele, to wrest the trophy from the Rochester Yacht Club, New York yachtsmen feel convinced that the sorry showing made by the Toronto boat has had a tendency to check British aspirations in regard to the America's cup. Certain it is that a "painful silence" is the attitude assumed by the British amateur skippers and critics since August 13th, although a few irresponsible Canadian newspapers have vainly, and with considerable bad taste, sought to palliate the humiliating outcome of the three races which were sailed off Charlotte last month. That Seneca, the Herreshoff defender, defeated more than Payne when she defeated Adele seems quite evident. For Adele, during the trials off Toronto to select a challenger, beat the best creations of Fife and Mylne, even although Fife was on the scene during these contests, having crossed the Atlantic to do all he could to insure that his boat would, at least, carry the challenger's pennant to this side of the lake.

Thus the triumph of the blind Rhode Islander over the pick of European draughtsmen is potent. As the performances of these small boats of British design, evolved under the uniform rule, paled before that of Seneca, so, it must be argued, would a large sloop from the loards of these designers go down before an American defender of the historic "mug." The ever-obliging Lipton has promised that he will decide shortly whether he will make another bid for fame and glory, and by the time this magazine is in the readers' hands his ultimatum may have been issued, though there is no concealing the fact that yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic would have preferred that another than the "grocer-knight," whose commercialism has hitherto played so prominent a part in his connection with the America's cup races, would have come forward as a contender over the Sandy Hook course. The chief interest in the decision of Sir Thomas, if affirmative, will be to learn the name of the designer who has had the temerity to undertake the work of forming the lines of the new challenger.

Comment and Congratulations



LILLIAN BEDDARD

Shakespearean actress, tragedienne and playwright whose latest society drama, "The Crimson Curtain," is about to be produced in a leading New York theater

"Wish You all Kinds of Success"

56 W. 105th St.,
New York City,
September 5th.

To "EVERY FRIDAY":

To-morrow—the 6th—being your *first birthday*, I wish you all kinds of success and very many returns of the day—with a fortune for your editors.

Faithfully,

LILLIAN BEDDARD.

Will Fill a Field

"Rochester's Own Magazine" is the inscription on the escutcheon of the new weekly, *EVERY FRIDAY*, which is to be launched this morning. Rochester has never had a distinctly "home" periodical of the character of this, which will fill a field if the publication is kept up to the standard set by the advance copy which came from the press yesterday.

While topics of national and even universal interest are discussed in the pages of *EVERY FRIDAY*, the real *raison d'être* of the magazine is never lost sight of. Rochester and its manifold excellences are exploited and in such a readable way that one forgets that the new venture is a daring experiment and wonders why somebody didn't think of starting such a paper long ago.

The initial copy of *EVERY FRIDAY* is almost exclusively devoted to local activities. A page is devoted to "Commercial Rochester," and special reference is made to the work of the Chamber of Commerce and the West Side Improvement Association.

Motoring, tennis and the myriad forms of sport in which the Rochester public is interested, are treated. Willard A. Maracle writes entertainingly of the political situation and speculates about prospective candidates for the mayoralty.

The local financial situation is not forgotten in the melange of description, and music and the drama, in so far as the Rochester situation is concerned, are given plenty of space.

Presswork is a strong point with the new magazine and the advertising is not too obtrusive. Illustrations are scattered through

the thirty-odd pages without the suggestion of space-filling which is apparent in many of the cheaper weekly magazines.

EVERY FRIDAY is published at Room No. 323, Sibley building.—*Democrat and Chronicle*.

Bright as to Contents

There is much of interest to residents of Rochester in the initial issue of *EVERY FRIDAY*, a weekly publication which makes its appearance to-day, attractive in appearance and bright as to contents.

EVERY FRIDAY is published by Rochester men, and, although their basic idea is to make it a magazine especially for Rochester, the first copy contains discussion on topics of national and even world interest.

A page devoted to "Commercial Rochester," contains reference to the growth of the city, to the Chamber of Commerce and to the development of the West Side. Music and musical events of local savor are presented in a bright way and there are several pages devoted to motoring, recreation, boating, tennis, golf and football; all cleverly but concisely treated.

"The Coming Municipal Election" and political notes are summarized by a well known political writer, and current news of society is given generous space. There is an editorial section in which the beauties and advancement of Rochester are emphasized.

Finance, fashions and the theater are accorded due consideration, and literature is not forgotten, even to the incorporation of a short story by a well known author.

Illustrations add to the general attractiveness of *EVERY FRIDAY* and the advertisements are not made to encroach to the exclusion of reading matter.—*The Post Express*.

Fully Up to Expectations

It was with considerable interest that the public this morning obtained their first copies of *EVERY FRIDAY*, "an illustrated weekly devoted to interests of Rochester and Western New York," which made its initial appearance to-day. Judging by the favorable comment, it is only necessary to maintain the standard of the first number in order to make the new venture a success, for the magazine occupies a field that has never been satisfactorily filled heretofore as far as Rochester is concerned.

While the publication is primarily a local affair, the scope of its contents is universal, and in the twenty-odd pages of the first issue a wide range of topics are attractively presented. Fiction, commerce, music, sports of all kinds, recreation, politics, society, finance, fashions, the stage and editorial comment are all contained in the new magazine, while fine half-tone cuts appear on nearly every page, adding greatly to the appearance and interest.

EVERY FRIDAY has been awaited with much interest by Rochesterians, and now that it has appeared it has come fully up to expectations and gives promise of becoming another institution of which Rochester may well be proud.—*Union and Advertiser*.

Promises Increasing Success

EVERY FRIDAY, Rochester's new magazine, to-day makes its first appearance. If the first number is to be taken as a criterion of the standard to be maintained by the new magazine it will deserve, and undoubtedly meet with, not only immediate, but permanent and growing success. *EVERY FRIDAY* is prettily gotten up, printed on handsome paper tastefully illustrated and full of interesting reading matter. The magazine is described as, "an illustrated weekly devoted to interest of Rochester and Western New York." It certainly is that, but it is more, as it is a magazine which is full of interest and which will hold the attention of readers, aside from its claims to local recognition.

One of the features of the new magazine which will make for its deserved success is the large number of points of interest, of interesting features which it possesses. Its various departments are

(Continued on Page 17.)

EVERY FRIDAY

FINANCE



{ Wall Street Bureau
of EVERY FRIDAY
September 12, 1907

In spite of its reactionary tendency, this week's stock market has reflected no little investment buying, with some enlargement of speculative trading. The decidedly easier monetary conditions, with the more favorable trend of foreign exchange, has convinced many shrewd buyers that the market has turned the corner and is now at a safe level for investment purchases. Some very rich men have been buying, and the "strong box" contingent of millionaires that generally acts with great discrimination, has picked up the high grade dividend paying shares on every recession. In this way the support of the "odd lot" buyer has been a decided factor, and since his orders for ten, twenty or fifty shares have aggregated a considerable volume, the floating supply of stocks has been materially reduced.

BEARS ALERT

These odd lot orders have been distributed mainly in Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, United States Steel preferred, Pennsylvania, and what are known as the Hill shares. Against this support there has been some fresh short selling on the unsettling reports affecting the solvency of some mercantile interests and one large drygoods house. The bears have been quick to knock the market at any weak point, and because of its unsettled condition and the difficulty of effectively contradicting disquieting rumors the trading public has sometimes been frightened into selling stocks when there was really no need for such sacrifices. While sentiment is undeniably better, the improvement has not reached the proportions of a bull market and it may be doubted whether the great banking interests of Wall street that are always influential in stock market operations favor a prolonged advance at this time.

The situation has been immensely benefited by the broad inquiry for the new issue of New York city $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds and the indications that foreign buyers may ultimately receive a good portion of the \$40,000,000 issue brought out this week. Every bond sold by us in Europe increases our chances of getting gold on the other side. Then, too, the Treasury's effort to place a large amount of government deposits with the banks of the great distributing centers has done much to allay the fears of borrowers lest the supplies of loanable funds should prove so inadequate as to force a violent advance in money rates.

SITUATION STRONGER

There can be no doubt, however, that the market is selling at bargain level for many

income producing securities. There may be further recessions, with erratic fluctuations in a few highly speculative shares, but in the judgment of very competent men bottom prices for most of the list have been reached. There are still some weak accounts to be sold out, and the misfortunes of a few rich men were again brought to the attention of prominent bankers this week in the effort to secure loans on collateral which was not readily marketable. The same applications were made during the Rich Men's Panic of 1903, and while the situation is immensely stronger to-day than it was then, there has been no little millionaire selling of the stocks that were "ballooned" so successfully during the remarkable rise following the increase in the Harriman dividends a year ago. In the judgment of many shrewd Wall Street operators the worst of this liquidation is over and most of the large speculative accounts weakened by the March decline have been strengthened to a point where there is now no danger of forced selling at tremendous sacrifices.

Local Stock

The local monetary and business situation continues to be unaffected by the unfavorable conditions which have prevailed in the security market, and there seems to be no reason why the fall trade shall not be fully equal in volume to the most sanguine expectations. While money cannot be called plentiful, in the sense that it is superabundant, there appear to be supplies ample for present requirements. Bankers say regular customers have no trouble in securing accommodations. The comparatively easy conditions now prevailing at the metropolitan and at the principal Western money centers are indirectly due to the depositing of funds by the secretary of the treasury.

In the Rochester Stock Exchange a general improvement has taken place in security prices. In sympathy with the rally in the New York market securities have moved upwards as the selling pressure has been removed. The recovery so far in most securities from the recent low level has been small, and it is generally remarked that many of them are selling below their intrinsic value.

Brokers say there is a difference of opinion as to the probable course of stocks. While the worst in the respect to liquidation is believed to be over, the market may be exposed to further flurries. Nevertheless, it is generally acknowledged that the market is righting itself, and local industrial conditions continue inherently sound.

Legal steps are now being taken to straighten out the telephone situation. Action has been brought by two members of the Bondholders' Protective Association against certain directors of the United States Independent Telephone company in an effort to recover losses due to the depreciation in the price of the bonds of the company. A hearing was held before the referee yesterday.

Curlers Will Miss Him

Players of the "roarin'" game in the United States and Canada have lost an enthusiastic comrade by the death at Hamilton, Ont., recently of James Simpson at the age of seventy-five years. Few men had a more enviable record for skill at the manly game on the ice and his general nature gained him hosts of friends at every bonspiel in which he took part, covering a period of over half a century.

Music Notes

Scandinavia has met with a great national loss in the death of Edward Grieg which occurred September 4th. Grieg was distinctly a Scandinavian composer, but his works have found appreciation throughout the world. His principal compositions are songs and piano-forte pieces; also orchestral and chamber music, the best known of which are two sonatas for violin and piano, opus 8 and 13. Piano sonata—opus 7; some charming lyric pieces for piano; a piano concerto—opus 16; and the "Peer Gynt" suite. He was to have visited England in October to conduct some of his works at the Leeds Festival. The numbers chosen for the occasion being the first "Peer Gynt" suite, the piano concerto and his unfinished dramatic work "Olaf Trygvason."

Karl Klein, son of Bruno Oscar Klein, the well-known composer, is a new violinist who will appear on the American concert stage this season. He will play in the New York Symphony Orchestra concerts. He brings from Europe the highest praise of critics of Leipsic, Vienna and London, and his appearance in our country is deserving a hearty welcome.

Cazouran is the name of a new tenor to be heard at Hammerstein's opera house this season.

A new "Life of Liszt" is being prepared by A. W. Gottschlag the 80-year-old court organist of Weimar.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been recently arranged as a stage play, by an English society. The music consists of psalm tunes.

The McDowell fund has now reached \$50,000 and the aim is to double that sum, by the devoted admirers of this worthy American composer who has been stricken so early in life.

EVERY FRIDAY

COMMENT AND CONGRATULATION

(Continued from Page 15.)

well selected; the subjects are well handled. The first number opens with an article of especial interest to Rochesterians on "Where Douglas Studied Law," by Frank A. Wood, long a valued member of the staff of *The Evening Times* and now one of the editors of Rochester's new magazine. Rochester has had few more eminent citizens than Stephen A. Douglas and in this article Mr. Wood describes in a vivid and interesting manner some of the early experiences of Douglas when he was beginning his career. The article is not a long one, but it is written in Mr. Wood's characteristic style and holds the attention of the reader from start to finish.

VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

Another feature of *EVERY FRIDAY* that will make a hit with Rochester readers is its various departments, each on some subject of more than ordinary interest. First comes "Commercial Rochester," in which the present and future development of this city are well presented. The next department, "Music," by M. Ursula Rogerson, is of interest not only to local musicians, but to music lovers generally. The department on "Motoring" is under the supervision of Bert Van Tuyle, Secretary of the Rochester Automobile Club, and will hold the attention of Rochester's big and rapidly growing class of automobile enthusiasts. After a general article on "The Progress of Automobiling," these features are discussed in the department—"If Your Motor Mis-fires," "The Good Roads Question," "Unnecessary Wear of Tires" and "Posting Road Signs." The article is illustrated by a number of pictures which will make hits with motorists.

SPORT AND FICTION

In the "Recreation" department, sports of all sorts are interestingly touched upon. Tennis has tremendously increased in popularity within the past two or three years, not only throughout the country, but especially in Rochester and Western New York. Accompanying the article is a lot of interesting information about the Rochester Tennis Club and its players, and illustrations of the Tennis Club grounds and F. K. Ward, Rochester's fastest player. The illustration of the Tennis Club is especially clear and distinct. Other subjects treated under the general head of "Recreation" in the initial number of *EVERY FRIDAY* are Football, Golf and Rowing.

Everybody wants good fiction in a magazine nowadays and *EVERY FRIDAY* has set its own standard in this respect. The leading fiction article is an amusing short story by Charles Battell Loomis, a well known short-story writer, on "My Friend Laey."

A MOST INTERESTING ARTICLE

Rochester always takes its politics seriously and just at present, with a municipal election coming on, the interest is more than usually intense. To *EVERY FRIDAY* Willard A. Mar-akle has contributed a most interesting article on "The Coming Municipal Election." Prob-

ably no one is better informed on local political conditions than Mr. Marakle, or knows how to put his information into more readable form. His article throws new light on the political situations. State and national politics are also interestingly touched upon.

Keith Gordon contributes an interesting article on Society, in which social topics in general and Rochester society events and people in particular are discussed.

The editorials in Rochester's new magazine are not long. But they are up-to-date, interesting and right to the point. In the editorials, as well as in the rest of the magazine the policy of treating subjects of both local and general interest is carried out. Finance, the Fashions, the Stage, and Literature are all treated in a way to hold the attention of the reader.

WELL RECEIVED

The new magazine has already been well received. It is a magazine of which Rochester may well be proud, and it is safe to predict that its success will not only be immediate, but permanent. It is evidently the intention of the publishers not to be sparing of expense, but excellent taste and judgment have also been displayed. The reception given the initial number by both advertisers and subscribers was all that could be desired. It is safe to say the reception accorded successive numbers will be increasingly cordial. Rochester has long needed such a magazine and there is little question that the general public is prepared to give *EVERY FRIDAY* loyal support.

Congratulations

MAYOR JAMES G. CUTLER—"I think *EVERY FRIDAY* is a very interesting publication and should succeed."

WILLIAM CRAWFORD BARRY—"The magazine is a valuable and interesting publication. In my opinion it will supply a want."

WALTER S. HUBBELL—"I congratulate you on the fine appearance of the new publication."

R. A. BADGER—"My best wishes for you and the 'baby'—*EVERY FRIDAY*."

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SENATOR T. B. DUNN—"I am very glad such a magazine as *EVERY FRIDAY* has been started here, and I wish it success. It is very presentable."

SOL WILE—"EVERY FRIDAY should receive the cordial and generous support of the citizens of this city for two reasons: It represents

the culture and educational side of a great manufacturing center; it fills a place that heretofore has been passed practically unnoticed. Please enter my subscription."

REV. J. W. DINEEN COOPER, THE RECTORY, EAST AURORA—"I wish you every success."

JUDGE ADOLPH J. RODENBECK—"If you maintain the high standard indicated in the initial number, *EVERY FRIDAY* should be welcomed in every Rochester home. The short fiction story will be a popular feature. People won't be bothered with serial stories nowadays."

EUGENE C. DENTON—"I am much pleased with the first number of *EVERY FRIDAY*, and all loyal Rochesterians will wish it a successful career."

J. B. BRYAN, VICE-PRESIDENT AND CAPTAIN OF THE OAK HILL COUNTRY CLUB—"I am glad to notice that you are paying attention to matters of recreation, especially to golf. We wish *EVERY FRIDAY* all good luck, and I take pleasure in handing you my subscription for the first year."

A. C. WALKER, OF SCRANTON, WETMORE & Co.—"The first number of *EVERY FRIDAY* is highly creditable to Rochester enterprise, both in its editorial work and general 'make-up' of the magazine."

Varsity Outlook

As the personnel of the entering class at the University of Rochester becomes more definitely known, 'Varsity prospects on the gridiron begin to brighten. While last year's squad lost only three men by graduation, they were men whose shoes it will be no simple task to fill—Captain Steere, fullback; former Captain Sullivan, quarterback, and Goldstein, halfback. Present indications are that there will be a number of candidates, however, who will be eager to take up the burden.

From Medford High school, Medford, Mass., will come Saulsman and Pray, two stars of the team which established an enviable "prep" school record on Eastern gridirons last fall. "Eddie" Zimmer, formerly captain and aggressive end of the local Varsity, coached that aggregation to victory, and was no doubt instrumental in obtaining his two stars for his alma mater.

Captain W. R. Dunn, of the Starkey Seminary eleven, who played most of the game for his team against the local high schools last fall, is also registered and should make a strong bid for a backfield position, as should Yale Parce, the whirlwind halfback of the Fairport High school. In addition to these experienced men, there are said to be one or two stocky men, of considerable avoirdupois, in the class, who, although comparatively new to the game, are anxious to play and may be pressed into service in the line.

Of last year's regular squad, the following are expected again to don the moleskins for the Yellow: Captain Jordan, tackle; Maccherein, and S. D. Smith, guards; Pierce, center; Roberts and Conner, ends, and Fowle and Grant in the backfield. Grant gave great promise at quarterback during Sullivan's absence last fall, and should fill in handily at the driver's position.

EVERY FRIDAY

The STAGE

Week of September 16th.

LYCEUM THEATER—First half of week, George M. Cohan's comedy with music, "George Washington, Jr." Thursday and Friday, Sarah Truax in "The Spider's Web." Saturday, Marie Cahill in "Marrying Mary."

BAKER THEATER—Opening week of Klaw & Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville, presenting "Stars of all Nations."

NATIONAL THEATER—First half of week, Williams and Walker. Last half of week, "Texas."

COOK OPERA HOUSE—Hilda Spong, Amelia Summerville, James Thornton, The Zanettos, Daily and Austin, Iossi, Rossi and Pauli, Kennedy and Rooney, Geiger and Walters.

What promises to be the greatest season in the history of the local stage, will be in full swing next week. By that time with the opening of the Baker Theater Monday night, all the theaters will be running, and judging by the business so far, and the general conditions of prosperity in the city, success of generous proportions would seem to be assured to those engaged in catering to the wants of the patrons of the theater. A much better line of bookings than the ordinary has been presented at the Lyceum so far, and more than the usual number of good things are promised. The competition between the Cook Opera House, presenting Keith & Proctor bookings, and the Baker Theater, offering Klaw & Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville, is bound to keep up a high standard of attractions at these places.

Business at the Lyceum since the opening has been large, and the Cook has been playing to its usual capacity business since its opening on Labor Day. There are many reasons why this should continue. According to the best figures and estimates obtainable there are 5,000 more persons in the city this year than there were last, as the city has been growing at that rate for the last two or three years. New suburban trolley lines and better transportation facilities have added thousands of others, and the number of transient visitors to the city is larger than ever before and constantly growing. All these persons want high class entertainment, and naturally add to the theatergoing population of the city. The larger the attendance at the theaters the better the attractions offered. Preparations are being made for a great first night at the Baker Theater next Monday, when prominent men interested in the Advanced Vaudeville movement will be present.

This Week's Bills

"The Alaskan," a new idea in musical shows, with the scene laid in the frozen North instead of the Orient, as has been the case with most musical shows ever since they first came into existence, came to the Lyceum Monday night for a stay of three days. This is one of the first new productions of the season to be shown here with a New York run to its credit. It closed at the Knickerbocker Theater on Saturday night and made this



BLANCHE RING

Under Shubert Management in "The Great White Way"

city the first stop on its way Westward. "The Alaskan" is different in several ways—its composer plays the leading role, it introduces sentiment and dramatic action to a musical play, and is the first effort of its sponsors. As a novelty and as a good show it pleases.

Nat M. Wills, sometime vaudeville favorite and everlasting portrayer of vagrant American character, appeared at the National in his new play "A Lucky Dog," and won his usual enthusiastic reception.

In Vaudeville Circles

There is a scarcity of actors! A declaration of so startling a nature will surprise the most enthusiastic student of the drama, and were it not for the fact that the information has been volunteered by several New York managers, there would be just grounds for skepticism. But there are valid reasons that suggest the existence of such a condition, in a mild form at least.

The development of the vaudeville idea leads to the conclusion that this style of entertainment has caused more or less desertion from the dramatic ranks, and while not sufficient in itself to warrant any great alarm, it is one of several conditions that have combined to stimulate anxiety among eastern theatrical agencies. Those who have read the season's announcements need not be reminded that vaudeville managers have more good material at hand than can be found in the field of drama; and according to some of the salary figures that have been quoted it is not at all surprising to note the names of Grace Van Studdiford, Aubrey Boucicault and Henry E. Dixey among the headliners.

The strife occasioned by the entrance of Klaw & Erlanger into the vaudeville circle probably has a great deal to do with the rise in values; but it is a significant fact that the popularity of the vaudeville show is steadily increasing, and people who care little or nothing for the serious drama seek diversion in a theater that presents a varied programme of specialties.

The personnel as announced for the season includes a number of well-known people. A few of those who are familiar to the vaudeville stage have been engaged for dramatic and musical plays, but they constitute a small minority. Others in the group are what might be termed periodical players, and their appearance is not assured for any length of time. But the majority seem to have made rather elaborate preparations; and there is a noticeable increase in the number of acts that require special scenic embellishment and larger companies than has been the rule in the past.

Taking all the facts into consideration, the vaudeville season promises much more in its particular field than the dramatic, and even a brief list of those who are numbered in the assemblage indicates that there will be plenty of variety and talent.

Blanche Ring and Truly Shattuck are among the vaudeville deserters, the former having been engaged for a new musical production in which Jefferson De Angelis will share the stellar honors.

The new features include Aubrey Boucicault in a sketch, "She Loves Me, She Loves

Me Not;" Joseph C. Miron, last season with De Angelis, in a burlesque on "Camille," written by George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert; Margaret Fealy and Harrison Hunter, in a dramatic skit. Franklin Ritchie and Rose Coghlan will present "The Higher Life;" Templar Saxe, the baritone, will appear in a musical turn called "Sixty-seven Varieties," and Charlotte Lambert, who supported Louis James last season, has joined Valerie Bergere. The operatic contingent is particularly strong with Grace Van Studdiford, Della Fox, Eva Tanguay, Mac Sailor, Katie Barry, Harry Bulger, Julius Steger and Arthur Dunn.

A number of conflicting reports have been circulated regarding the plans of several shining lights. Henry E. Dixey is said to have engaged Amelia Summerville to support him in a vaudeville version of "Adonis;" Trixie Friganza is supposed to be considering the vaudeville proposition; and Harry Kelly, who has been featured in "His Honor, The Mayor," may appear in a sketch based upon his work

in that comedy. Jessie Bonstelle, favorably known in Rochester, has entered upon the Klaw & Erlanger circuit, and it is a safe prediction that practically all the vaudeville stars will visit either the Cook Opera House or Baker theater during the season just opened.

Was Popular in Paris

Instances are many where persons have discovered some talent they possess purely by accident. This is true of Ida Fuller, sister of Loie Fuller, an American girl by birth and yet one of the European stars brought here for the first American season of Advanced Vaudeville.

It was through the medium of a photograph that Miss Fuller discovered how really clever she could be if she desired in impersonating others. Two years ago she was being featured among a number of celebrated artists at the Marigny-Revue in Paris. It was at just about this time that Madame Sarah Bernhardt was at the zenith of her success in the play "The



MARY BOLAND

Sorceress." Miss Fuller being known on the stage as "La Sorciere," it was natural that her name should be associated with that of Madame Bernhardt. But it was not until friends recognized in a photograph of Miss Fuller in costume an almost exact replica of Madame Bernhardt in the role of the Sorceress, that the knowledge came to her. The resemblance soon came to be talked about in Paris and Madame Bernhardt herself at one time went to see her stage "double," and it is said herself remarked upon the likeness. Miss Fuller was what might be termed the piece de resistance at the Marigny-Revue for five months. The act with which she created a furore there is the one in which she will appear on the opening bill of Advanced Vaudeville at the Baker Theater next week.

Miss Boland's Experience

If critical opinion is to be relied upon, Miss Mary Boland, who journeyed from London to assist Dustin Farnum in "The Ringers," is making the best of a colorless part. Mr. Frohman, it seems, conceived the idea that his new star should have a play something akin to "The Virginian." Evidently it mattered little whether Augustus Thomas had the material and inspiration at hand. A certain kind of play was wanted and, in the vernacular of the present day, it was up to Mr. Thomas to turn it out. And he did.

It chanced that Fate happened to take a hand in the proceeding and Miss Boland was called upon to create the feminine role of Dorothy Osgood. All went well until the opening night, or, to be more exact, the following morning. Then the trouble began. The industrious critics, who revel in the season of openings, found plenty to busy their caustic pens. Some were kindly disposed but their friendliness seemed a trifle strained. And Miss Boland, who is credited with being a good actress, is suffering the humiliation of a two-line press notice.



IDA FULLER, SISTER OF LOIE FULLER
Coming to the Baker Theater in her Parisian Success

Hermit of Hemlock Lake

In a tiny, low down board cabin, some ten by sixteen feet, made of undressed hemlock boards, with a floor of the same material, a roof of paper interspersed with pieces of old tin and steel, with two small windows to admit the light, some six miles from Springwater and five miles from the village of Hemlock, may be found Prinny Chesbro, the Hermit of Hemlock Lake. His home could not be in a

and comes of Scotch parentage. With the exception of an impaired hearing the hand of time has dealt gently with him. For many years the Hermit was a sailor and is the only man for miles around who can perfectly splice a rope. His home has been about Hemlock Lake for many years, in fact he was among the first to locate in this region and is its last living landmark. Chesbro is more than 100



PRINNY CHESBRO
The Hermit of Hemlock Lake

more lonesome or picturesque place, about fifteen rods from the lake and a short distance from the highway.

None but a close observer would note the cabin among the trees and underbrush on the south side of a deep ravine, midway between Bert Miller's Mineral Springs hotel and the old Half Way House, two resorts that years ago were famous the state over. Since the City of Rochester purchased the land around Hemlock Lake the fame of these places has waned.

Prinny Chesbro was born in Erie County

years of age and attributes his longevity to his simple diet of fish, eggs and bread.

The aged man seldom ventures far from home and for long periods he does not see a person. He is still hale and vigorous and an expert oarsman. He employs his time making Scotch gill nets. In the course of a year he makes a fairly good living by this means. He gives a hearty welcome to a caller and fishermen annually hunt him out, seldom leaving without a goodly catch, if they follow his advice.

Women's Tennis

In the opening lawn tennis tournament at the Nyack Country Club last week, Miss Bessie Moore, the four times national champion and present indoor champion, had one of the hardest battles of her career on the courts before she was able to defeat Miss Marie Wagner, the young Hamilton Grange expert, who was runner-up to her last year on the boards. It took no less than thirty-four games to decide the contest in favor of Miss Moore, although she won in straight sets, 11-9 and 8-6.

The pair fought each other nip and tuck, each finding her opponent practically invincible on the service, and it was only Miss Moore's superior stamina and experience that enabled her to pull out triumphant. Old time tennis players characterized it as a most remarkable game and without parallel in women's competitions for high-class play drawn out over such a long period.

GOLF

Something New In Links

With the opening of the Salisbury links at Garden City, L. I., American golfers have the use of the first public course to be planned and completed since the spread of the natural hazard as the true test of the game. The revolt against the 'cross-course bunker and kop hazard has brought about the remodeling of several links, but at the Salisbury course the object from the start has been to provide holes that an expert can play in par, yet one that will also please and encourage the player who feels proud of a card of 100.

Links of this character are prosperous in Great Britain and Devereux Emmet, who planned and laid out the Salisbury links, has made the best use of his European experience, with the result that the veteran Walter J. Travis, who drove the first ball and subsequently turned in a card of 75, declared him-

self delighted with the arrangements and other experts have formed the same opinion.

IN REASONABLE LIMITS

The course is laid out for par 73, 37 out and 36 home, and the entire round covers 5,838 yards, by no means an excessive length and some 200 yards shorter than the Oak Hill 18 hole round.

Players may become subscribers by the day, month or year, the rates for men being as follows: Annual, \$35; six months, \$25; monthly, \$10; weekly, \$5, and daily \$1. Reductions are made for women. A commodious club house has been built near the first tee and no private club offers better entertainment or better links.

TRAVERS' GREAT FEAT

Jerome Travers, the amateur champion, made a phenomenal score on the Montclair links last week. After handing in the best gross score of 75 in a handicap, Travers set out again. Bogie is 40 out and 37 in, but Travers was in superb form and after a 39 to the turn he came home in 31. Even this would have been less by one had he not been caught in the bunker on his drive from the seventeenth tee.

Findlay Douglas, the St. Andrews veteran, is still to the fore. In a thirty-six hole medal play handicap at Apawamis, he won despite the fact that he was penalized at plus three. His gross card was 71. In a driving contest on the same links he sent his second ball 226 yards and would easily have won had he not sent his third out of bounds.

Notes

The exhibition matches between the golf professionals Gilbert Nichols and Percy Barrett which were announced for to-day and to-morrow have been cancelled owing to Lambton "professor's" somewhat unexpected entry into the field of matrimony this week. However, definite arrangements have since been made for Nichols to meet Alex. Ross, the open champion of the U. S. A., next Friday and Saturday on the Oak Hill and Genesee Club's links respectively.

A large contingent of the Park Club of Buffalo will visit Oak Hill to-morrow, when some twenty golfers from the Bison city will be paired with local players for an inter-club contest. They will tee off at 2:30 p. m.

A Rochester Professional

Harold McDonald is the first Rochester boy to adopt golf as a profession with success. For some time past he has been employed on the Genesee Club's links, but has just received a more lucrative appointment in Boston, where he will be associated with Robert Stronnar, who first taught him the elements of the game.

Proof Positive


Diner—"Waiter, there is a hair in this soup."
Waiter—"Yes, sah, dats de pure oxtail."

George S. Crittenden.

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Tennis Matches To-Morrow

Members of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club will be guests of the Rochester T. C. at the University avenue grounds to-morrow afternoon, when six players from each club will meet in singles and three pairs of doubles will play for the honor and glory of their individual cities. The Buffalo-Rochester series, scheduled for to-morrow, has been postponed until the 21st inst.

Ward and Miss Otis Win

After an extended series of competitions, Miss Otis and E. K. Ward met Miss Hooker and E. B. Cook in the final tie of the mixed doubles on the Rochester Tennis Club's courts. The first-named pair won somewhat easily by 6-2 and 6-1.

Otis Skinner will open his season in Baltimore on Sept. 30th, presenting "The Honor of the Family," a French play.

Rochesterians will be interested in the announcement that Florence Busby is playing in London in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

One of the most important dramatic productions of the season will be made by Klaw & Erlanger at the Lyceum theater in this city on September 23d, when Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Galilean's Victory," will be presented with Howard Kyle in the role of Sylvanus Rebbings, a revivalist. Mr. Kyle has been spending some time in London rehearsing the part under the personal direction of Mr. Jones.

If London critics are any criterion, Rochester is assured of a musical treat on September 27th and 28th. Henry W. Savage announces that the eagerly anticipated production of the Franz Lehar operatic gem, "The Merry Widow," will be made in Syracuse on September 23d; and four days later it will visit the Lyceum in this city. All England has been singing the tuneful waltz music, and no comic opera of recent years has come across the water with so long a list of flattering press notices. Robert E. Graham, who has appeared here in a number of musical plays, has been engaged for that part that George Graves created in London; and Marion Armstrong will also be featured among the principals.

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EVERY FRIDAY



By E. Y. PRINCE

In order to be well dressed and classed among those "who know how" it is not necessary to be wealthy; but one must be wise and above all have a good idea of the "eternal fitness" of things and then live up to the idea.

Have we not all known some pretty girls, who after their actual living expenses are paid

wind disarrange. With this is an equally neat face veil to hold all stray locks of hair firmly in place and secured in the back by a barrette of gold or any other plain material.

The afternoon gowns being more elaborate with a much longer skirt, more latitude is allowed in our head gear, and we may array ourselves in larger shapes and more elaborate trimmings and pile on as many flowers, feathers, etc., as we can find places for; for this is indeed a season when millinery is laden down with everything imaginable.

Marabout will be a popular trimming this fall, one full enough to extend entirely around the crown of a hat may be obtained for \$4.50. No other trimming is necessary and such a pretty, soft result is obtained.

Shaded maline is the newest thing in that line and is beautiful, shading from a deep tone on the outer edge to the lightest shade on the inner. Made up into ruffs they are captivating.

FALL MILLINERY

A number of new hats shown for fall wear are of silk, usually with facing to match the feathers or other trimming, and both in contrast to color scheme of crown. Extremely large tam crowns with wide brims are also popular, but require a good size head with plenty of thick fluffy hair to carry them off well. One recently seen is of dark blue velvet, the only trimming being the double set of owls' heads and wings, shading from blue to many shades of green.

Another stunning chapeau had huge crown of velvet with mushroom brim of satin. Quite the other extreme was the dearest little tailor-made hat seen in a Fifth Avenue shop. Made of soft satin beaver plateau, it was folded into a tiny little toque, with just two very large stiff quills and a pretty buckle on the side. Nothing prettier or more stylish could be found.

PUFFS FOR THE HAIR

Of course we all know that whatever the hat may be this year, it is quite necessary for the wearer deftly to pin in the hair the cunning little puffs so much in evidence, as no head is now correctly dressed without them. Formerly we filled in vacancies between the hat and hair with maline but now it is with puffs; and so general has the custom become of wearing false hair, that no one hesitates to admit it or tries to conceal the fact that the beautiful mounds of hair were not all bestowed by benevolent nature.

Street suits, as I wrote last month, are to be severely plain, strictly tailored and as manish as it is possible to make them.

Gowns on the other hand, are most elaborate and admit of much variation and trimming.



36-INCH CUTAWAY COAT

Illustrated by permission of Doyle's.

have scarcely anything left for clothing and yet who always look immaculately gowned? The woman with truly good taste is she who will always wear a trim little hat with her short skirt suit, one that is plain and with nothing on it that the rain can spoil or the

INCORPORATED 1850

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An exquisite importation just shown was of black chiffon velvet, the skirt falling from the waist in full graceful folds and absolutely devoid of all trimming. The waist, of the same material, was made surplice effect, the wide yoke and "V" in front being filled in with rose point lace. Sleeves were mosquito-taire with full puff at the top, the lower part being closely gathered and continuing into a point over the hand. To be worn with this was three-quarter length coat, of the same velvet, falling loosely from the shoulders and double-breasted, fastened with silk braid frogs down the front. The shoulders extended far over the dress sleeve in kimona effect, but the cloak itself was sleeveless. Heavy silk braiding was used and completed the most gorgeous, as well as unusual costume, imaginable. The only touch of color was the cherry velvet band appearing on the collar.

HABIT BACK SKIRTS

The old time habit back skirts are once more with us and very pretty and graceful they are too, to a well-rounded figure. Gored skirts are very popular in checks and plaids. Large double plaids are being shown in silks as a late novelty.

Most beautiful robes in white chiffon are being displayed for evening wear. Around the bottom and extending up the skirt for fully a yard in depth is a most exquisite border of flowers in several different colors. In some there is a ribbon interwoven, the whole effect being that of indefinable loveliness. There is material enough for waist and sleeves all showing the same floral design and to be worn as a sash with long ends are the gorgeous floral ribbons, of various widths. Such a gown would certainly fill the strongest of us with envy and lucky are the women whose purses will permit of such an addition to their wardrobe.

A dainty little house gown shown by a Fifth avenue house is of pale blue chiffon cloth. The fullness of the waist is confined across the shoulders in front by two box pleats on either side of plain panel from which to arm hole were two more pleats, the last one extending into upper part of sleeve and making it one in part with the waist. The sleeve extended to the elbow, the upper portion being cut open irregularly to display tucked white Paris muslin, made in a decided puff at top and ending in a narrow cuff of fine tucking. The shallow yoke was of the tucked muslin, outlined with narrowest band of black satin and handsome applique. The skirt carried out the panel effect as on waist, with side pleats around from front, with a second skirt (pleated) of graduated length, extending to knees giving the effect of a double skirt. A crush belt of black satin topped off this stylish model.

BELTS, BUCKLES AND COMBS

Belts are of leather or soft kid, according to the purpose, also of ribbon belting with large buckle. Belts generally match the skirt and never contrast. Buckles are worn in front altogether and perfect beauties are being shown in silver, gold and jewels.

The same may be said of combs for the hair, and the old fashioned designs of our grandmothers' days are the ones most sought after.

The newest boots for fall and winter wear are fully three inches higher than worn before and are either laced or buttoned. This style applies to both women and children, and are extremely becoming and comfortable. For skating and long walks they will be a great protection to the ankles.

Pumps for evening wear are in black with a half inch band of kid matching the gown around the top, finished with tiny bow of same in front. Heels of these pumps are much higher than formerly.

University Prospects

By HUGH A. SMITH

Present indications point to hopeful conditions when the University of Rochester opens its doors on Thursday morning, September 19th, for its fifty-eighth year of activity. Registration figures, as far as obtainable now, warrant the hope that attendance at the local institution is in the ascendancy. Registrar Lamson states that he has already received applications from 104 new students, as compared with 89 at the corresponding date last year. He also knows of several other prospective freshmen, who will doubtless swell the final figures to exceed last year's total of 118. This will be the fifth successive year in which the entering class has gone beyond the century mark in numbers.

Of the 104 applications in the office, 60 are from men and 44 from women. While it would seem that this proportion is swinging in favor of the feminine attendance, it is the experience of the office that the women usually register earlier. Enough more men are expected to apply to bring the figures up to the normal ratio. In last year's class of 118, the ratio was 71 men to 48 women.

The registrar is experiencing no little difficulty in housing the incoming students. The need for a dormitory system is no longer a mere sentimental one, with the fostering of college spirit as its basis; it has become an urgent necessity. It is no simple task for the registrar to locate adequate boarding places for the forty or fifty new students who annually seek them, and the office is facing a real problem.

PLANNING A DORMITORY

Last spring President Rhees announced that Grant Hugh Brown, of New York, a Rochester alumnus, had offered \$20,000 for the erection of the first section of a dormitory. The section was to accommodate twenty-four men and to be erected so that subsequent sections could be added from time to time. Plans are under consideration by the architect, and it is hoped that the foundation for the much needed system may thus be laid during the coming year. It is further hoped that the new college year will witness the realization of the long sought Carnegie fund for the erection of a school of applied sciences. Last June President Rhees announced that about \$40,000, of the \$100,000 needed to take advan-

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How You Feel About Your Own Teeth

While it distresses you to see other people with defective teeth, the mortification is tenfold when the case is reversed, and it's your own that are out of condition. Especially is this so if there happens to be a missing tooth in front, where you know everyone can see the gap.

I bridge teeth in the same color, and the same shape as the natural ones and that's what every dentist can't do.

DR. R. Q. MILLS

104' MAIN STREET EAST
COR. WATER STREET

tage of Mr. Carnegie's offer had been raised, and he was hopeful that the remaining subscriptions would materialize before another June.

With the acquisition of dormitories and engineering courses a possibility of the near future, the outlook of the university seems bright. Already the institution is attracting students from all parts of the country. The new entering class numbers men from Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and many points in, or near, New York state.

The present growth in attendance is attributed largely to the recent establishment of the pretechnical course, by which a student is enabled to go through the leading technical schools of the country in two years. He thus completes his college and technical training in six years, instead of eight. The policy of the present administration is to appeal more to the practical needs of the hour, particularly along the lines of science, at the same time maintaining Rochester's traditional standards of broad culture. Local commercial interests are thus being aroused and a closer relationship established between the college and the city.

READY FOR OPENING

President Rhees has been away on his vacation but was to have returned to the city yesterday. Practically all of the other members of the faculty have returned from their vacations, including Professor William C. Morey, who was obliged to leave his work last spring through ill health. He will have an assistant this year, who will relieve him of the work in economics.

The buildings have been thoroughly renovated for the opening, the new Eastman building having just been completed through the finishing touches of the decorators. The class rooms for Anderson Hall have also been redecorated, and improvements installed in the Alumni Gymnasium.

Nestor of the Violin World

A remarkable professional life, covering a period of 68 years, closed August 15th, when Joseph Joachim, the "Nestor of the Violin World," died of asthma. Besides being the founder and head of the celebrated Joachim String Quartette, he was the teacher of many celebrated artists. For thirty-five years he has been Director of Music at the famous Royal High School of Berlin. His compositions are chiefly for the violin.

The Joachim String Quartette has maintained the reputation of being the highest exemplification of Chamber-music-playing. Although Joachim never visited the United States, he prophesied that his grandchildren would live to see this country lead the world in music.

He was born in Hungary June 28, 1831.

Changes of Time

Love is fleeting and dies of satiety,
The married man hastes to his doom.
His wife first waits up with anxiety,
And then she waits up with a broom.
J. J. O'Connell.

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EVERY FRIDAY

FOOTBALL

Within a week at the most, strict training rules will be in force among the football squads of the leading colleges and chief interest at the moment centres upon the talent that will be available for the season of 1907, a matter which is not so difficult to determine as formerly, now that the one year's residence rule, eliminating all freshmen, will be enforced.

Last year's freshman team, which fortunately was an exceptionally good one, will have to be drawn upon largely to fill the ranks of Yale's eleven. She lost by graduation practically every man who played either as a regular or substitute last year. However, in Coy, Cooney, Murphy, Cutler, Rowen, Smith, Eames and Brides the nucleus of a really first-class team of players is at once available as successors to the 1906 champions.

HARVARD MORE FORTUNATE

Harvard is somewhat better off than her New Haven rivals in the matter of old hands. Fraser, Kersburg, Osborne, Pierce and Foster have gone but the rest of the team remains as well as all last year's substitutes. Of the new material, Brown, an end, Talbot, a tackle, and Pierce, a brother of her lost tackle, are the most promising.

Pennsylvania is the most fortunate of the "big fellows" this year, having no less than nine of last season's eleven available, the absentees being Levens and Lawrence. She has, in addition, an unusually fine list of strong players to draw upon, including Regan, the freshman quarter, Macklin, of St. Paul's School, for full back. Pike of Swarthmore for tackle, and Sommers of the Central High School for end, besides Braddock for half back. Miller, Pauxtis and Dietrick are also sure to be prominent in the trial games.

CORNELL'S BRIGHT PROSPECTS

Cornell will, of course, miss the services of Glenn Warner who has gone back to coach the Indians, but his successor, Lyle, the old Ithacan end, has ten of last year's team to start work with, Newman being the only loss, and he has some fine talent among last year's freshmen to fall back upon. The Indians are always somewhat of an unknown quality at the beginning of each season for reasons best known to themselves though they are sure to be well up to their usual high class standard, while West Point and Annapolis promise to be stronger than last year.

Princeton retains the best part of her 1906 team but a new line will have to be developed. In this, unfortunately, lay her greatest weakness last year. She has fine new material in McFayden, of Exeter, and Seiling, of Lawrenceville for guards, and Fryer of Hill School, Waller of the '05 team and Buckingham are good men for tackle or end and among last year's freshmen Jones and Gill are sure to carry the Tigers' colors in more than one match.

Different Results

Millicent—"Most cases of asphyxiation are the result of turning the gas down low. It's a very dangerous habit."

Hortense—"Pshaw! The last time I turned the gas down low I got engaged."

J. J. O'Connell.

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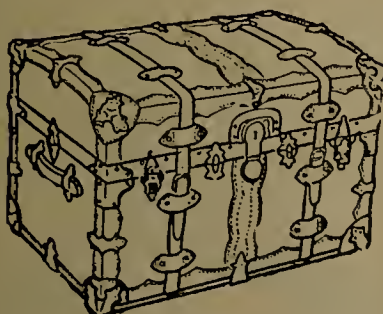
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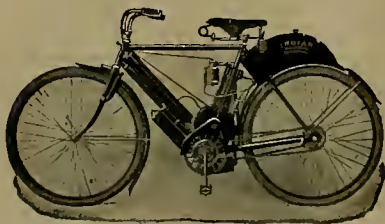
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By KENNETH S. HOWARD

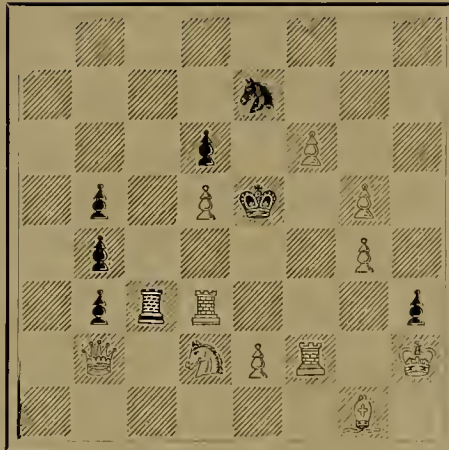
PROBLEM NO. 1

Composed for EVERY FRIDAY

BY F. GAMAGE

Westboro, Mass.

Black—8 Pieces



White—11 Pieces

A continuous handicap tourney has just been begun at the Rochester Chess Club. It is a "Thumb Tack" tourney similar to the one held at the club two years ago. Each player starts with six thumb tacks which are placed on a board opposite his name. Every time a game is played the loser gives the winner a tack and the player who has the largest number of tacks at a stated time wins the tournament.

AN INTERESTING GAME

There is an attack in the Ruy Lopez opening for which the well known master, Wolf, used to have a partiality as he had been quite successful with it. In the tournament at Ostend last year, however, he tried it against Marce with disastrous result. The latter player had doubtless expected it and found a satisfactory defense which gave him the game.

RUY LOPEZ

H. WOLF	G. MARCO	H. WOLF	G. MARCO
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	11. Kt-R 3	O-O (a)
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12. Q-Kt x P (b)	B x Kt
3. B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	13. P x B	Kt-K R 4
4. B-R 4	Kt-B 3	14. P-Q 4	B-Kt 4
5. O-O	B-K 2	15. P-K B 4	K Kt x P
6. Q-K 2	P-Q Kt 4	16. B x Kt	B x B
7. B-Kt 3	P-Q 3	17. P-B3	P x P
8. P-Q R 4	B-Kt 5	18. P x P (c)	Q-Kt 4 ch
9. P-B 3	R-Q Kt		
10. P x P	P x P		

White resigns.

NOTES

- This is the point where Black was supposed to come to grief, for if he tries to save his QKt pawn White gets a good attack. But Marco fearlessly gives up the pawn and gains time to develop his pieces.
- Wolf will now have to lose another move if he gets his knight to a place of safety. If he leaves it where it is his queen is tied up until he can guard the knight with another man.
- Wolf overlooked that after 18.---Q-Kt 4 ch Black can win the knight. But the game was lost anyway for White has no satisfactory line of play.

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The Making of the Mayor

(Continued from page 11)

Flora. It was she, too, who had the honor of bringing her father the first positive report of his election as mayor of Sunnyville.

MAY MEAN HIGHER HONORS

"I'm so proud of you, daddy," she said. "You poor, dear fellow! you deserve it, after spending half of last night in that dreadful elevator. And mark my word, you'll be made governor of the state one of these bright election days."

"You're safely in line for it, colonel," affirmed young Thornton, shaking the hand of the new mayor.

"If I ever am governor," laughed Colonel Anson, "it will be owing to my detention in that elevator carriage. I see now that I was a bit too hasty in proposing to oppose the renewal of that franchise, and if I had made the speech I intended to, I would not be mayor to-day, and consequently out of the race for still higher preferment. But I want you two young people to promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"If ever I do run for governor and get hard-headed about some issue, I beg that you will lock me in my library, and not trap me again in an elevator carriage."

Miss Flora gasped and sat down weakly, while Thornton retreated, a bit staggered.

"Then you knew it all along, daddy!"

"No," laughed Colonel Anson, "not till you came and sat on the stairway, you minx. Then I knew it was a trap. But don't think I am

offended; that delay was just what I needed to clear my head. Now I'll leave you to your further schemes, while I receive the congratulations of my townsmen." He turned and left the room, still laughing.

Some moments later Thornton did what no man save Colonel Anson himself had ever dared to do. He took the handsome Miss Flora into his arms and kissed her.

"I wonder if your father knows of *this!*" he smiled, gazing fondly into the level gray eyes.

Miss Flora returned the gaze, unabashed. "I don't know," she said, "and—I—don't mind!"

Motor Boat Racing

Commodore E. J. Schroeder, of the Motor Boat Club of America, having won the British international cup for motor boats with his challenger, Dixie, the race next year will take place in American waters, and the holders of the cup are already planning to have a course somewhere on Long Island Sound. The British international cup, as it is now called, was formerly known as the Harmsworth cup. It was given by Lord Northcliffe when he was Sir Alfred Harmsworth and it has been raced for several times. Once it was won by the French on a technicality, but was recaptured by the British the next season.

The *Yachting World*, of London, in giving a full description of the recent race for the cup says: "Last Friday Mr. Schroeder's racing 40 footer, Dixie, representing the Motor Boat Club of America, beat Lord Howard de

Walden's Daimler II. by 1 minute 41 3-5 seconds in the race for the British international cup, running the distance of thirty-five nautical miles in 1 hour 15 minutes 44 seconds, that is to say, at a speed averaging 27.6 knots throughout. The speed of Daimler II. was exactly half a knot less, her total time being 1 hour 17 minutes 25 2-5 seconds."

The British are already at work building the fastest possible boats which are to be finished by early spring. These will enter a series of contests among themselves and the winner will come to America as the challenger for 1908. The sport of motor boat racing is an expensive one, but has become very popular with the public in England and France in recent years, and is fast growing in favor here.

Some Fairy Tales and Others

Marion (aged seven years)—"Mother dear, do *all* fairy tales start with 'Once upon a time?'"

Mother—"No, childie, many of them begin with, 'Detained at the office; shall not be home until late!'"

Extra Illustrated

Beulah—"He is inconsolable over the loss of his hatbox."

Myrtle—"No wonder. It had the loveliest collection of foreign labels pasted all over it."

J. J. O'Connell.

The man without a sense of humor is usually the one who has to be humored.

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Rochester's Leading Cloak, Suit, Costume and Millinery House



Beautiful Tailored Suits—Early Fall Models—Selling Fast—Correct beyond Question—At our Usual Moderate Prices. New Things in Suits and Coats—by every Express. Cleverest Ideas from "Waistdom" in Waist Department await your pleasure.

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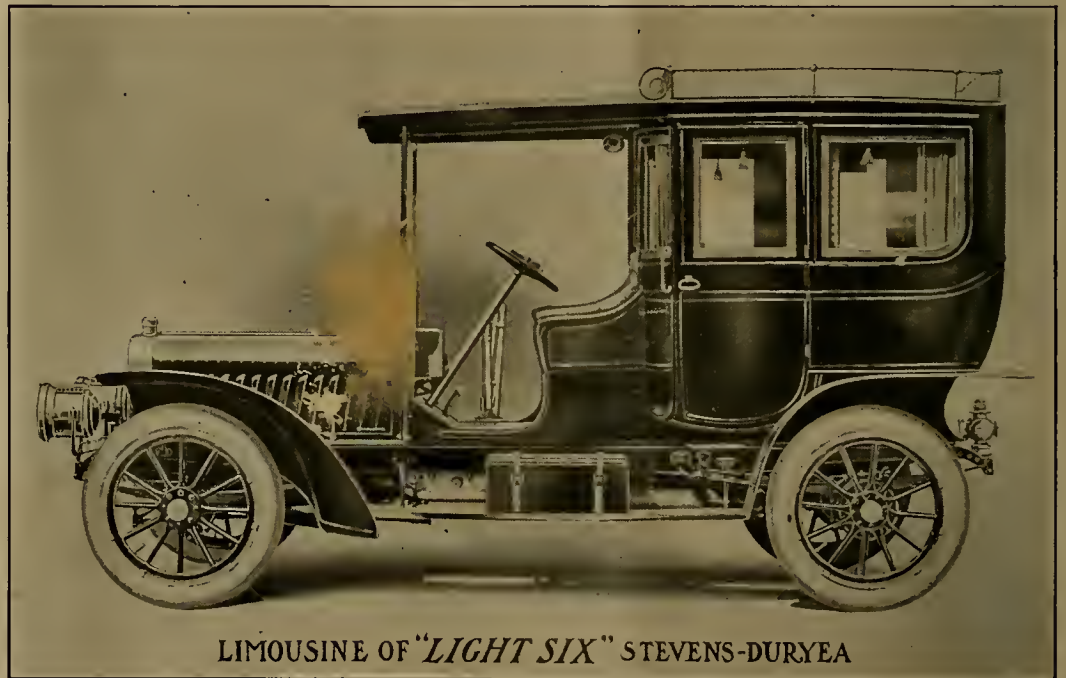
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¶ We handle a line of cars that are without the slightest doubt the best the market affords. They are all of the highest standard of American manufacture and are considered as favorably abroad as they are in this country.

¶ Such cars as the PIERCE-ARROW, STEVENS-DURYEA, STEARNS and LOCOMOBILE and POPE WAVERLEY ELECTRIC all rank among the foremost of American cars and should be carefully considered by the prospective purchaser.



LIMOUSINE OF "LIGHT SIX" STEVENS-DURYEA

¶ For 1908 we shall have the usual number of four cylinder and three makes of six cylinder cars, affording a wide range in size, style and price.

¶ In as much as the six cylinder car has many advantages over the four and is fast coming into favor, it would be well for you to look into the matter and let us show you by a demonstration some good reasons why you might prefer it to a four. We are taking orders for 1908 now and it will pay you to investigate before it is too late to get a good delivery.

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September 20, 1907

Volume 1.
Number 3.



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"At Journey's End"—*By J. N. Hilliard*

"Batavia's Bloodless Battle"

"Royal and Ancient Game of Golf"

A STORE FOR EVERYBODY



- ¶ The finest merchandise money can buy—and the finest merchandise you can buy for the money.
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Chemists commend it for its purity, Physicians prescribe it for the sick and feeble, and in thousands of homes it is used as a nutritious and health-giving beverage.

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Absolutely Pure and Standard

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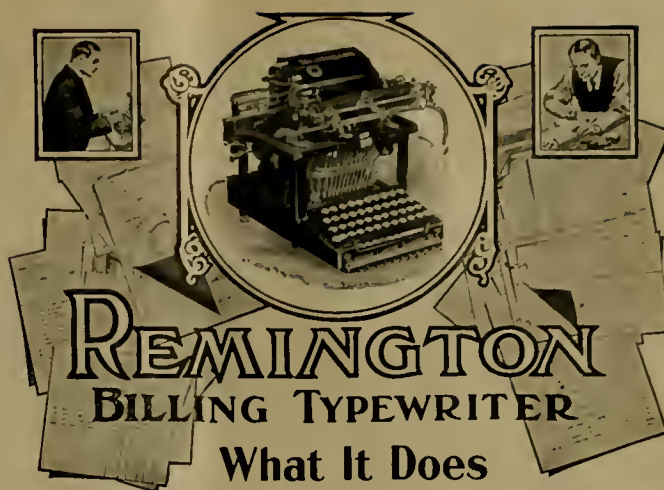
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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., September 20, 1907

No. 3

Bloodless Battle of Batavia

HARRY JEROME DODGSON

AMONG the treasured relics of the early history and development of the Western New York is a plain, square, one story and a half structure, dignified in its simplicity, that stands on West Main street at Batavia. Above the entrance is a small tablet which reads: "Erected in 1801. Dedicated in 1904 to the memory of Robert Morris." Antedating as it does the harnessing of steam, the telegraph and the telephone, the small dormer windows to the quaint old-fashioned building look down upon the hundreds of the speed god's cars that flash past on their course between Rochester and Buffalo.

The quaint little pile of stone is revered as the Holland Purchase Land Office and owes its origin to that great Revolutionary patriot and financier to whose memory it is dedicated. In 1791 Robert Morris purchased of Massachusetts the western tract, 44 miles west of the pre-emption line, on the Pennsylvania line, and extending north along the Genesee River to Lake Ontario. In 1793, however, Morris was ruined as the result of the Revolution, and he disposed of his purchase to men in Holland who formed the Holland Land Company. The title of the Indians to this vast territory was relinquished by them at the convention, in 1797 at Big Tree, the present site of Genesee.

The present Land Office was the third of similar structures to be erected by the Holland Company. The preservation of this silent monument to the fame of the builders of Western New York is due in no small part to the Holland Purchase Historical Society which has converted it into a museum where is exhibited a valuable collection of ancient relics and curiosities of the pioneer days. De-on-go-wah Chapter, D. A. R., has the care of the building and assists in its maintenance. Its dedication, thirteen years ago, was attended by President Grover Cleveland and his cabinet.

An exciting incident in the life of the Land Office was the bloodless conflict in which the venerable structure was the *casus belli*. In 1836, a time contemporaneous with the retirement from office of Joseph Elicott, the first agent of the company and the founder of Batavia, the Holland Land Company decided to transfer its interests. The Holland company held mortgages on a majority of the farms in the southern tier of counties. With the dissolution of the land company, most of these mortgages went into the hands of trust companies and evidences of trouble became apparent. The first overt act in this initial clash between capital and labor

in Western New York occurred the night of February 6, 1836, when a determined party of farmers from Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Allegany and Wyoming counties marched upon and destroyed the building and records of the Mayville Land Office in Chautauqua county.

The successful event greatly elated those directly benefited by the destruction of the books and an attack was planned on the great head center of Land Offices at Batavia. Rumors of the proposed invasion spread rapidly and Batavia's independent company of militia, recruited from the rank of the leading citizens of the towns in the vicinity, polished their army muskets and in other ways prepared to defend the town.

It was not until three months later that the call to arms came. At midnight of May 12, news was brought by a mounted courier that the farmers, 1,000 strong, had organized at Attica and were marching

on Batavia. The alarm was sounded and the local company of militia prepared for a desperate defense of the old building. Four six-pounders loaded with grape and cannister and one twelve-pounder, commanded the approach to the building from the bridge nearby. Skirmishers were despatched to meet the enemy. The march on the town, however, was not made until the next morning when a band of 700 men armed with rifles, clubs and crowbars, trooped across the old bridge. In front of the Land Office they halted and gazed with unconcealed surprise and disappointment at the barricaded windows bristling with a half hundred shining muskets.

Sheriff Townsend, in command of the defense, ordered his men to "present arms" followed with "take aim." He then informed the leader of the "invaders" that unless they marched on their lives would not be worth fifty cents on a dollar. The leader of the attacking party was quick to grasp the situation and had hardly given the command, "Shoulder arms; march," before his army was crowding one another in an attempt to promptly execute the order. The "mob" marched outside of town and finally returned crestfallen to their homes. Yet it was many days before the town recovered from the excitement.

The historical society is considering the advisability of holding an annual banquet and reunion to perpetuate the memory of the stirring events connected with times when the land office was at the height of its usefulness.

One Difference

Bobby—"Pa, what is the difference between a feather weight and a heavy weight?"

Pa—"A feather weight doesn't talk as much, Bobby."



FAMOUS OLD LAND OFFICE IN BATAVIA

COMMERCIAL ROCHESTER

Ask any ten persons to-day what "Commercial Rochester" means and scarcely an adequate answer would be received.

Why? Principally because there is a trick in the question. Few realize the vastness of the subject.

Another thing. A man might have been thoroughly posted on the subject last year and yet be deficient in knowledge of it to-day. For

This is not as rash a statement as it appears at first reading. Consider the operation of the trolley systems which radiate from the heart of Rochester. To all intents they are a continuation of the city car service, bringing scores of small cities and villages into active participation in our everyday life. There are thousands of persons affected by these changes, and there will be thousands added from time

has not far to go to reach the 300,000 mark. But leaving out those outside the city lines, there is only one thing to prevent the city reaching that figure in the time stated, and that is lack of living accommodations. Going back again to the year 1900, the value of the building permits in that year was \$1,705,178. In 1906 their value was \$6,175,499, while so far the present year they have reached almost five and a half millions. Think of it!

MANY NEW HOMES

The greatest increase in these values began about 1904. Previous to that year the cry had gone out that we must have more houses before we could grow more. After two years of this state of affairs the agitation of the subject began to have its effect. In 1904 many homes were built; that year the demand for houses was greater than ever. The next year more building was done than ever before. Still the demand grew. Last year the building operations were the heaviest in the history of the city, and this year they are far ahead of last year; and yet at the present time the need of more medium-priced homes, both to sell and rent, is felt in every part of the city; and according to representatives of some prominent industries is serious. That there is also a great demand for help is shown by the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily papers, particularly for young women and girls; but this condition cannot be remedied in a moment, particularly as long as the conditions obtain regarding the scarcity of homes.

WHAT COMMERCIAL ROCHESTER MEANS

Thus it will be seen that "Commercial Rochester" means more than the casual thinker gives it credit for. Not only the immense wholesale district, with its hundreds of heavily-laden vans and its thousands of busy employes; not only the unlimited manufacturing interests, the thousands of wage earners, the busy retail stores, the great financial resources, the building operations or the wonderful shipments of manufactured products by rail and water; but the great army of salesmen who explain the merits of Rochester-made goods to the world, the wholesaler and retailer in all parts of the world who repeat this praise to every buyer, the rural merchant who tells Farmer Brown "that lantern was made in Rochester"; the man in Canandaigua, Alaska or Australia who wears Rochester clothes, boots or shoes, sits in a Rochester chair and breaks bread that was made from Rochester flour in the oven of a Rochester stove, or the tourist who presses the button of a Kodak on scenes all over the globe—all are a part of a world-encircling influence that can be summed up under the one head—"Commercial Rochester."



MAYOR JAMES G. CUTLER

Whose administration has been marked by much permanent betterment of public works, ably supplementing private enterprise

we do not stand still; we advance all the time. For instance, take population: In 1900 less than seven years ago, Rochester's population was 162,608. In 1905, it had grown to 181,666, an increase of about 4,000 a year. To-day, it is nearly 200,000, showing a considerable gain in the proportionate yearly increase, while by 1910, considering the wonderful prospects and a corresponding rate of increase, Rochester should be a city of 300,000 or more.

to time in the coming year. They transact their business here in person, they do their shopping here and come here for their recreation and amusement. Our theatres are filled with them in the winter and our resorts are crowded with them in the summer. They attend the baseball games here and will fight in support of the Rochester players as earnestly as any fan who lives in the city limits. If these are counted, Rochester's population

MUSIC



M. URSULA ROGERSON

Music in the Home

"Music is the harmonious voice of Creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the Divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound."

MAZZINI.

Much has been written and said about music in the church, school, and public places, as a means of liberal education.

Rapid strides are being made in these directions throughout the land, but it is in the home that music culture should derive its impulse and inspiration.

The home is where the child receives his first training. It is the mother who sings beside the cradle and produces the first sounds to impress the infant's ear. There is no mystery in her song, she does not practice any particular form of breathing exercises, or adopt any method of holding the tongue to give out the tones of the simple lullaby; but trusts to nature and mother-love to produce a desired effect upon her child. Her song is usually a relic of her own childhood, a golden thread that stretches from one generation to another, bringing with it a message of love, that cannot be expressed by any instrument but the human voice, tuned by the human heart.

Ruskin was not far wrong when he said: "All greatest music is by the human voice, as all greatest painting is of the human face."

There is no home so poor, but may possess this human instrument, and no child so dull but may be influenced by its power.

As soon as a child has reached the age of understanding the language of its parents, it is ready to learn something of the story of another child, who has lived in this world and left an influence of good in poetry or song.

Every child is a hero-worshiper, and will listen with delight to a simple story of another child who has grown to be a "great man," as statesman, inventor, philosopher, artist, or musician. He will adopt for his guide, one of these heroes, and his own life will, in a measure, be influenced by the choice he makes. Development must begin with the child's view-point. When he has expressed a choice of his musical hero, he should learn something of his music, and the wholesome thought, happiness, and joy of living it brings.

Mozart and Mendelssohn are the favorites of the average child, because their music brings a message of love and life.

They are the apostles of the sunshine, that forms an important element in child-life.

Following Mozart and Mendelssohn, in the child's selection, are Handel and Haydn. With these four great names may be laid the

foundation of a musical education that will comprise all others who have contributed to this noble art.

As the child advances in school, he may enlarge his knowledge by studying each nation

portrayal of musical myths and fancies, while its architecture finds a shelter for mankind and all the liberal arts."

This simple plan of study would help both teacher and child, besides adding a two-fold interest to the study of geography.

This fund of knowledge would form a valuable portion of a liberal education and give to music the important place it should hold in the development of the human mind and soul.

In Wales, whose music fame is world-wide, there is scarcely a home without a musical instrument, and at least one member of the family who can play it, while every one sings. As soon as a Welsh child can talk, he is taught to sing, and often when a mere babe, will follow the lullaby of its mother, as she tries to soothe him to sleep.

His real training, however, begins when he attends Sunday School, (for the Welshman is as devoted to his religion as to music,) where he receives instruction from a juvenile choir-conductor, who teaches him to sing in harmony with other children.

In this way he is prepared, step by step for the National Eisteddfod, where hundreds of persons, young and old, meet at a central place to take part in musical competition, but this preparation received its first impulse in the home.

In every human heart there is a desire for musical expression of one kind or another.

When he have learned to take our music naturally, as we take our conversation, we will have done much toward gratifying this desire, and creating a musical atmosphere in our homes.

It is in the home that music may do the most good and have its true place in harmonizing our lives.

Include all the family, young and old, in the musical education, instead of bestowing the gift upon one member who is supposed to possess talent.

Have *ensemble*: music in the form of duets for piano, voice, and other instruments, thus giving each one something to do. In this way a taste for the beautiful may be developed and a love for music awakened, that will make the home what it is intended to be—"the dearest spot on earth."

Rochester Singer's Success

One of Rochester's daughters of whose fame as a pianist we are so justly proud and who has also won a splendid reputation by concert work outside of her native city, is Mrs. Maud Lee Bissell. Her father is the noted surgeon John M. Lee. Among her notable engagements was that with the Rochester Symphony

(Continued on Page 19.)



MAUD LEE BISSELL

and country from a musical point of view. In doing this, he will learn that geographical position has much to do with temperament. "The customs of a nation furnish an idea of the dances and festivals, its religion and literature, the sacred and secular music-dramas and songs; its paintings, the scenic background for such musical works, and the

MOTORING

BERT VAN TUYLE

Sec'y. AUTOMOBILE CLUB

If you have an automobile you must be interested in automobile life. I would like to give you the reason for the existence of automobile clubs. They are not organized for social reasons, but for the betterment and protection of automobilists' interests.

What pleasure would there be in running an automobile to-day if it had not been for the New York State Automobile Association fighting the adverse laws in the legislature? If it were not for the various clubs throughout the state there would be no state association, as that great body is composed of and supported by these local clubs of which the Rochester Automobile Club is a decided factor.

Out of each member's dues paid to the local club one dollar is sent to the New York State

More members in the local clubs means more members in the State Association; therefore more influence in the legislature.

What funds are left in the club are used to pay running expenses such as printing, postage and getting local benefits. The club is erecting road signs on all roads leading out of Rochester. These signs are of iron and placed upon posts by themselves. Each sign, post and placing, cost \$4.85, so you can easily see that more members means more road signs, which are a great benefit to all persons using country roads.

You probably visit New York during one of the automobile shows. The club has secured a rate of a fare and one-third for the round trip for members and family. Figure this up and see the amount you will save on the trip

On the social end of the club there are the annual banquet and the smokers throughout the winter months at which there is an expert talk on some part of an automobile. There are also the gymkhana, and the club runs. The secretary is in his office from 8:30 o'clock to 9:30 o'clock each morning and from 1 to 2 p. m. and is willing to give his help or any information which he has, or can procure, for the benefit of the members. The club rooms at 25 Plymouth avenue, are open all day. The late editions of the automobile journals are on file; also route books and general information on the automobile question.

Why don't you become a member, and thereby contribute your mite to the good work accomplished, and at the same time share in the other benefits? If you have only an electric you should join. If it were not for the associated clubs defeating the taxation bill last year you would now be paying more annual taxes on your electric than your yearly dues in the club would aggregate.

There are many local objects that could be accomplished with a larger membership. The membership of the club at the present time is 396 persons and, if by next season, we can increase this number to 800 the Rochester Automobile Club could make itself heard in a great many ways.

If "in union there is strength" who is in more need of an organization than the motorists, with the feeling that exists toward this class from a large share of the less fortunate public?

As you are an owner, in what better way can you protect your interests and the interests of your fellow motorists than by paying an annual fee of five dollars and becoming a member of the Rochester Automobile Club.

You may not, from some personal reason or otherwise, wish to join the club, but you, as an owner and driver of an automobile, should not let that interfere with doing your share to protect yourself and to help in the good work being done and to be accomplished by the clubs of the country, as each member added to any club, means a little more influence and protection national, state and local.

The secretary will be pleased to receive your application for membership.

An easily procured "dope" for gasoline joints is soap.

When the front tires show unusual wear, the wheels are probably out of alignment. Have them trued up.

Don't operate your engine with too rich a mixture. It will lead to a deposit of carbon on the cylinder walls.



SECTION OF EAST AVENUE SHOWING URGENT NEED OF REPAIR

Association as the dues to that organization. This money is used to retain able attorneys to fight obnoxious bills which are introduced in the state legislature. The same amount goes to the American Automobile Association which takes care of the national laws and interests of automobilists. This last named body is composed of state associations, and so by becoming a member of the Rochester Automobile Club, you also become a member of these two great organizations, the state and national.

One bill to be introduced in the next state legislature is the Brooks bill compelling all machines to have a fender on the front of the car similar to a street car fender. This bill will be difficult to defeat, and if you do not have to carry one of these arrangements on your car, it will be through the energy and influence of the associated clubs of the state, and as in all other organizations, the influence is due to the number and activity of its members.

with your family. Is that not alone worth the \$5 dues you pay yearly? Is not the pleasure of knowing you belong to an association that gives the orphans of our city such a day as they had recently worth something?

The associated clubs are mainly responsible for the new state roads, one of which has just been opened in this vicinity and of which there will be a number more, next year.

Other benefits derived from being a member of this club are: It will prosecute any one who steals your car; it obtains for you reduced rates in automobile insurance; it gets you low bonding rates into Canada without the trouble associated with a tour into that country; it makes up routes for you wherever you wish to go; it gives you privileges of other clubs when on tour, and there is always a brotherly feeling for fellow members when one is in trouble on the road. There is material in and around Rochester to make the Rochester Automobile Club one of the largest in the state, in fact the largest outside of New York city.

Fine Week-End Trip

The editor made the following run a short time ago and found it to be a very interesting and enjoyable trip; if it is made as an all-Sunday run you should get a very early start as there are several stops of interest; the route and roads as follows:

Go to Pittsford by either the East avenue or Monroe avenue route; if by East avenue go straight through Pittsford, by the Monroe turn right at four corners, bear left at forks outside of Pittsford into Mendon, turn left at hotel to state road about a mile from the village. From Pittsford to Mendon will be found quite poor roads; but when the state road is reached one forgets it in the enjoyable run over the improved road into Canandaigua. Pass directly through Canandaigua to the lake, taking the left turn which very shortly will bring you on the improved road. Follow this road direct to the Pre-emption road about a mile outside of Geneva; turn left then right into Geneva, 45.8 miles.

When leaving Geneva, go out Main street past Hobart College, through hollow by the cemetery; take second right which brings you on the Pre-emption road again which you follow to the end of the road. This road is quite dusty but fair as to road bed. Turning left, two miles out of Penn Yan, keep straight on to Main street, Penn Yan, 61 miles; turn left into business section; turn left with street car tracks on Elm street; follow car tracks directly into Branchport; turn left here and keep to the lake into Hammondsport, 85 miles. This road is up and down continually, but the road-bed is good and the scenery is fine and is really the most enjoyable part of the trip.

After leaving Hammondsport, go up street on opposite side of park from where you came in, taking first left to monument, then right, passing by several wine cellars where you will be a welcome guest, and farther on the State Fish Hatcheries where you can see some fine specimens of the finny tribe, including the Albino trout. Keep on this road until you reach Bath, 91 miles. While here you should visit the Soldiers' Home. When leaving Bath, turn left at the town clock and go to railroad crossing where you bear left at the forks, going directly through Kanona, Avoca, Wallace and Cohocton. Continue up the valley about four miles, turn left into North Cohocton, then directly into Wayland, 118 miles. Turn left at hotel and go directly into Dansville, 124 miles. You can coast nearly the entire distance between these towns. When leaving Dansville do not let anyone send you by the way of Mt. Morris to Geneseo; but go north on the Main street, passing through Groveland into Geneseo. Keep going north to Avon, passing through this place, turning left to Canawagus; then right to Scottsville, to Rochester.

The entire trip covers 175 miles and should not be taken directly after a heavy rain.

Inspect universal joints frequently. If there are indications of wear resulting from too much play, have them fixed before you venture out on the road. This precaution will prove a wise one.

The Six-Cylinder Car

Whatever theory one may have, the six-cylinder car is a proposition winning its own way in practical demonstration. After one good ride behind a six-cylinder engine, men seem to be converted to the support of this type, no matter what their previous prejudice. It is safe to say that the six-cylinder will cut quite a figure in 1908.

Repairing Valve Stems

One method of repairing valve stems which have been worn short by continued use and which in other respects are still serviceable, is to cut a piece of tool steel of the proper diameter to the end of the stem and while the metal is hot chill it by holding it in cold water. This having been done, the stem can be ground to perfect length and it is good as new. The repair costs but little and can be made by any repair man with ordinary facilities.

Rules of The Road

Every driver of an automobile should be thoroughly familiar with the following "Rules of the Road" as established by the Common Council:

"Vehicles shall keep to the right and as near the right hand curb as possible, and when meeting shall pass each other to the right.

"Vehicles overtaking others shall in passing keep to the left, and shall at the intersection of public streets keep to the right of the intersection of the center of such streets when turning to the right, and pass to the right of such intersection when turning to the left, and shall when crossing from one side of the street to the other turn to the left so as to head in the same direction as the traffic on that side of the street; vehicles moving slowly shall travel as close to the curb line on the right so as to allow faster moving vehicles free passage on the left.

New Rule of the Road

A new rule of reciprocity, courtesy, hospitality, or whatever it may be called, that is coming into observance is for the guest or guests to pay all the expenses while out on a trip in the automobile of a friend. This has the stamp of common sense, for it has been in the nature of "rubbing it in" to have the man who furnishes the car, the gasoline and the driver meet all the bills at the roadside stops. Some clubmen started the thing while passengers by stipulating that as they had to submit to the car owner being the host while on the road, they would insist on being the host whenever they stopped for food and drink.

The idea appeals to many as equitable and a promoter of ease in mind when a party is made up for a trip.

Recalling a recent collision between an automobile and a cyclist at Spring and Exchange streets, brings to mind a point where a traffic officer is much needed. Ten minutes spent at this point will see many failures to comply with the traffic laws.

From October 24th to October 31st the Automobile Club of America and the American Motor Car Manufacturing Association will hold their eighth annual automobile show at the Grand Central Palace, New York city. From October 31st to November 7th, will be held the eighth annual automobile show of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. This show will be held at Madison Square Garden, and promises to surpass any previous efforts in this line.

However the merchant to-day may be disposed to consider the commercial vehicle as an experiment, not for a moment will he dispute the fact of the necessity of the motor car in retail deliveries. Modern business is demanding a load capacity beyond the power of two horses and a speed and endurance that are also beyond a horse.



ANOTHER VIEW OF EAST AVENUE
Once regarded as Rochester's finest thoroughfare.

Where the Golf Spirit Reigns

At the Oak Hill Country Club the Royal and Ancient Game Flourishes Amid the Best Traditions and Surroundings

OLIVER STURGES JONES

IN his chapter dealing with the game in the United States, written some years ago as a contribution to Horace Hutchinson's standard work "The Book of Golf," H. J. Whigham, one of our earliest amateur champions, though by birth and golfing education a true Scot, laid stress upon his opinion that golf had already begun to revolutionize the whole life of business men in America and that people were betaking themselves to the country in preference to that life in the cities that they used to love better than the rural delights.

Although he was speaking of the outlook for the game nearly a decade ago, Mr. Whigham's remarks have been more than justified. The "call o' the links" summons recruits far and wide by the thousand each year; the very prairies are dotted with greens, the valleys re-echo with the click of driver and brassie and to-day the warning cry of "Fore" is heard in the fastness of the Rockies, on the banks of the Rio Grande, and throughout the length of the Atlantic coast.



THE CLUB HOUSE—LOOKING NORTH WEST
"Big Oak" and "Sweet Home" greens just below



J. B. BRYAN.
Captain of the golfing contingent.

For this much at least then may the introduction of golf on this continent be credited with, that it has created a salutary change of taste in our habits by giving us a wholesome and healthful recreation wherein lie also great possibilities for the development of skill, affording us ample reasons for blessing the revelation that discovered the game to America.

That golf is no pastime for the lazy or the frivolous the tiro quickly perceives and he either develops the "habit" as being well worth his serious attention or abandons the game as beyond his mental capacity to appreciate. Of the many hundreds of clubs that have sprung into existence during the last ten years, few have "gone into the game" with such a genuine and earnest golfing spirit as is evinced at the Oak Hill Country Club. A visit there almost any afternoon would delight the hearts of such pioneers and preceptors of the "Royal and Ancient" as the Morris family or the Parks or the Dunns, to say nothing of their pupils who have attained high honors in the amateur field.

The beginner, whatever his age may be, is made to feel at home at Oak Hill from the first time he handles his driver and his more experienced clubmates are ever ready to lend their council and advice. It is the seriousness with which every player addresses his ball on the first tee and with which every stroke thereafter is played until "Sweet Home" is reached under the lee of the club-house that

is so pronounced here. There is a determined "must do two holes better this round" expres-



JUDGE A. J. RODENBECK
The club's Treasurer and one of its most loyal supporters.

sion written in every face as the procession moves from green to green.

Founded and incorporated in October 1901, the first board of governors was constituted as follows: Howard A. Barrows, Otto Block, Louis S. Foulkes, Wilbur S. Grant, Wm. S. Hubbard, Jr., Henry J. Moore, Lansing G. Wetmore, Rolla C. Grant, Lucius E. Hogle, Frederick W. Zoller, Nathan P. Pond, Louis L. Williams, Hiram R. Wood, John S. Wright and Edmund R. Huddleston. It was started primarily as a golf club but lawn tennis courts and a goodly supply of boats and canoes are included among the attractions. From the above governors, the first set of officers was chosen as follows: President, Dr. Grant; first vice-president, Colonel Pond; second vice-president, Mr. Williams; secretary, Mr. Huddleston, and treasurer, Mr. Moore. The first year some two hundred and twenty resident members were enrolled and the auxiliary members (ladies) numbered about half as many. From the very beginning the club started on a successful career and the active membership list which is limited to two hundred and fifty is practically always at high water mark.

The grounds, which cover some eighty acres, were at first held on lease, but with the accession three years ago of George W. Aldridge to the presidency of the club, his characteristic determination was brought to bear on securing their purchase. This has now been accomplished and that the Oak Hill Country Club is now its own landlord and in possession of a valuable property is attributed by the members to Mr. Aldridge's tireless energy in the matter and his re-election as president each year since his first occupancy of the office is a testimony of appreciation of his good work to further a game of which he is himself an active and devoted player.

The club's constitution does not call for any particular comment, except, perhaps, article V which provides that "no wines or liquors shall be sold or given away upon the prem-



ETIQUETTE OF THE GAME

C. M. Lane, I. S. Robeson, Dr. G. A. Engert, and G. W. Robeson waiting at the fifth tee for the party ahead to get out of range

ises." This is a well-timed regulation and it certainly cannot be charged to the Oak Hill Club that it flourishes, as so many similar organizations are unfortunately compelled to confess, on the profits from its café or bar. There are four kinds of membership, active with dues of \$40, auxiliary \$5, non resident \$10 and associates \$20.

A board of governors and the usual committees manage the club's affairs and in addition to Mr. Aldridge, the chief officers are as follows: First vice-president, J. B. Bryan; second vice-president, Dr. J. M. Ingersoll; treasurer, Judge A. J. Rodenbeck, and secretary, Dr. C. V. C. Comfort. Mr. Bryan is also the club's captain and I. S. Robeson is chairman

of the Green's Committee. These officials are intensely active in their work on the club's behalf and truly consider their positions to be far from sinecures. The steward, E. A. Kuhn, has been with the club three years and the members speak highly of his services.

The site of the club house is on a high rise of ground from which an extended view can be had of the city on the north, the river on the west and south park on the south. The grounds are within two minutes walk of the Plymouth avenue car line and it is contemplated that when electricity is thoroughly installed on the Erie road a passenger station will be opened on the east boundary of the club's property.

Lack of space precludes our giving a detailed description of the golf course which is "sporty" to a high degree and as nearly as "natural" a links as can be found in any part of the country. A liberal nine-hole round is provided over an undulatory ground full of pit-falls for the unskilled and unwary. The total length is 3003 yards, varying from tee to green of 185 yards for No. 9 to 500 yards for No. 8.

The names of the greens, which have full local significance, are: No. 1, "Waterloo," No. 2, "Erie," No. 3, "Lehigh," No. 4, "Big Oak," No. 5, "The Twins," No. 6, "Midway," No. 7, "The Lane," No. 8, "Genesee" and No. 9, "Sweet Home." The "colonel's" age is returned as 40 but well as many of the members know the course it is not often that his life is put in jeopardy.

In Alfred Campbell, the club has a young professional who is likely to be "heard from" sooner or later in the open championships. A native of Forfarshire he was a prominent player of the Carnoustie Club, which also sent out into the world Alex. Smith, the previous open champion of the United States.

(Continued on page 17)



DR. C. V. C. COMFORT vs. DR. W. W. WINANS
Dr. Winans about to drive for the seventh green

At Journey's End

J. NORTHERN HILLIARD

"Confound these timetables," growled Willington, scowling across the breakfast table at his wife. "They're about as luminous as a Chinese cryptogram."

"They are puzzling," said his wife, sympathetically, "and one is never quite sure whether a. m. means p. m. or just the other way."

"Which is just like a woman," commented Willington, who, like the average masculine person, believed himself a master of repartee and sarcasm. "Why is it your sex is never able to comprehend the little practical details of life?"

"A wise provision of nature," answered his wife, sweetly: "because if a woman were able to do her own thinking she would not need a husband."

Willington winced and savagely studied the railroad folder to conceal his discomfiture. He never felt wholly satisfied with himself after a verbal encounter with his wife. He had the uncomfortable feeling that his rejoinders were inadequate.

"From what I can make out of this conglomeration of words and figures," Willington observed, in as dignified voice as he could command, ignoring his wife's remark, "the most satisfactory train to take is the 11:45. that will get us in Utica in time to connect with the north bound express. We can stop over night at Saranac Inn and leave the next morning for Lake Placid."

"Why, Edward," expostulated Mrs. Willington, "we can never get ready in the world for that train."

"And why not?" demanded the head of the household, eyeing his wife sternly.

"Why not?" repeated Mrs. Willington. "How foolish you are, Edward. I've got my hands full. The children are not ready, and I must finish packing, tidy up the house, and write a note to the Orchardsons to let them know we won't be able to attend Margerie's wedding. And there are a dozen and one other things to do besides."

"Nonsense," growled Willington. "There's no earthly use in putting this thing off to a later train. I can take only two weeks this year and don't intend to waste any more minutes than necessary in town. If we go on a later train we'll have to spend a night in Utica. I think you might be reasonable in this matter. It's only 8 now and we have three whole hours in which to get ready. You attend to the children and your social duties and I will look after the packing and getting the baggage to the station."

"But, Edward," remonstrated his wife, "you don't know where all the things are, and you will—"

"Not another word, Mary," interrupted Willington, icily. "A moment ago you were good enough to inform me that if you were able to do your own thinking you would not have married me. Therefore, if I must, shoulder

the responsibilities of this household, I intend to run things in my own way."

"Very well," answered the dutiful wife. "We will go on the morning train."

"That's the way to talk," commended the husband, assuming a more cheerful tone. "I'll run over to the drug store and telephone for the baggage man, and while I'm gone you can put out what things you want to go in the trunk, and I'll do the packing in short order when I come back."

Mr. Willington drained his second cup of coffee and departed. Mrs. Willington summoned the servant and gave her an elaborate and detailed plan of campaign to follow during the family's absence. The children were enticed to the bathroom and alternately persuaded and threatened to undergo the torture of a scrubbing. Leaving the children splashing in the tub she turned her attention to the packing, and was on her knees before the trunk when Willington returned. He was in a genial frame of mind and was humming something about somebody keeping a little cosy corner in her heart for him.

"How you getting along?" he asked.

"Not very fast, dear. You know one has to do a good deal of thinking in order to pack a trunk right."

"That's so," assented her husband complacently. "You attend to the children and I will finish the packing. I am an old hand at this sort of thing and will have it done in no time. The man for the baggage will be here at 11 sharp."

Mrs. Willington promptly resigned her work, and her husband, discarding coat, vest and suspenders, bustled about the room, busy and cheerful. The trunk was soon bulging with clothes.

"I guess I'll wear my linen suit," he mused, as he looked thoughtfully, and with an artist's pride, at his work. "They're the only togs to travel in. I'll just put the clothes I've got on in the trunk. They'll do to knock about in up there."

The exchange was quickly made and the trunk closed, locked and strapped. Mrs. Willington watched these proceedings with some apprehension.

"You're sure you've got everything in, Edward?" she asked.

Willington laughed good naturedly.

"Don't worry about the trunk," he said. "I am usually in the habit of mixing a little gray matter with my work. If you attach any weight to mere masculine opinion, I will say that if a woman would only use her brain a little she would find the domestic routine less arduous and monotonous."

"I know, dear," replied his wife, humbly, "but, really, it is so easy to forget something when one is packing in a hurry."

"Forget? Nonsense. A man can't be a lawyer and be in the habit of forgetting. Where

would I be if I forgot? I realize, of course, that women are not accustomed to responsibilities, and I suppose it is only natural that they should have lapses of mind. It is a defect in our modern method of feminine education."

"Did you put in socks and shirts enough to last two weeks?"

"Yes. Everything's all right, I tell you. You need not worry a second while I'm running this business."

"I confess I'm dreadfully nervous," said Mrs. Willington, apologetically, "but, as you say, we women cannot think and act in emergencies so quickly as you men. So you will have to overlook the natural shortcomings of the sex."

"Oh, that's all right, my dear," said Mr. Willington, magnanimously. "If you women were different you would not be so charming by half." And Mrs. Willington kissed him for the pretty speech.

When the baggage man arrived the family were ready to depart. Of course they were delayed on the way downtown, and it was five minutes of train time when they entered the station, and the gateman was shouting in a raucous voice, "Train for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Poughkeepsie and New York."

"That's our train," said Willington. "You take the satchel and wait here while I get the tickets. I won't be a minute."

"Do hurry," exclaimed his wife, nervously.

"Plenty of time," said Willington, jauntily, as he moved toward the ticket window. "Plenty of time, my dear. Don't get nervous."

Each second was an hour to Mrs. Willington as she watched the stream of people flowing through the narrow channel of the gate into the trainshed. The clanging of a bell filled her with alarm.

"All 'board!" shouted the man at the gate. "Train goin' east for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Poughkeepsie and New York! All 'board!"

The stream of people had stopped. Only a few stragglers, lugging satchels and bundles, were hastening through the gate. Mrs. Willington moved toward the trainshed.

"Better hurry, ma'am, if you want this train," said the gateman. "It starts in half a minute."

Mrs. Willington looked wildly around. Her husband was walking slowly across the tessellated floor.

"Hurry, Edward," she called. "The train is going."

Willington did not quicken his pace. A bell clanged and the gateman shouted "All 'board" for the last time. Mrs. Willington rushed to her husband and clutched his arm.

"Come, come," she gasped. "Do you want to miss the train? What's the matter, Edward? Have you lost your senses?"

(Continued on page 24)

Vagaries of Public Opinion.

WILLARD A. MARAKLE

Public Opinion, that elusive and puzzling personage, has its mind made up that the republicans are to name Mayor Cutler to succeed himself, while Alderman William Ward will hold aloft the banner of democracy.

Public Opinion also has it that Mayor Cutler is not the choice of the republican organization, but that the latter, following the experience of the state organization with Hughes, will be forced to take him. Public Opinion also has it that William Ward is tagged with the Conners-Finucane brand of democracy and that, if elected mayor, he will be bound hand and foot to the democratic machine, if a vehicle with Conners as chauffeur and Hearst as chief passenger can be so styled.

Just to show how easily Public Opinion can be fooled—not necessarily as demonstrating that it is fooled this time—let us analyze the proposition that Mayor Cutler's renomination and re-election would be a black eye to the republican organization. His honor has been an organization man for years. He has objected occasionally to methods of procedure adopted and pursued by the organization leaders but, in the main, he has acquiesced in them and even been a potent factor in carrying them out. He has served as chairman of the republican state delegation from Monroe, and participated in the election of Mr. Aldridge as state committeeman. Last year he was the indorsed choice of the Monroe delegation for governor—and Mr. Aldridge headed the delegation.

The republican organization, with Mr. Aldridge as its leader, is still intact after four years of Mr. Cutler as mayor. It is true that when Mr. Aldridge desires favors from the city administration he has to "see" Mayor Cutler, but that is true of any important matter in and about the City Hall, whether Mr. Aldridge is the interested party or not. Mayor Cutler's theory of the uniform charter for cities of the second class is that supreme authority is vested in the mayor and that the appointive officers composing the "mayor's cabinet" are serving the city in the capacity of clerks, with the mayor as chief director and office manager.

Can it be argued with any degree of plausibility that the republican organization would be counted out if the mayor were renominated and re-elected? No one can be found ready to stand up and say, right out in meeting, that Mr. Aldridge is opposed to Cutler. It is no secret that County Chairman Hotchkiss wants two years more of Cutler. Undoubtedly, Sheriff Craig, Richard Gardiner, Merton E. Lewis and other shining lights in the organization would prefer a mayoralty candidate more closely and intimately allied with the party workers, but are they openly in revolt?

Probably, the underlying reason for the suddenly developed public opinion that Mayor Cutler's renomination is opposed by the re-

publican organization is this clause of the mayor's letter in reply to the petition asking him to stand for a third term: "If there is sufficient public expression to induce the republican convention to nominate me I will put aside my personal preference and accept such a nomination."

This seems to be interpreted by public opinion as a challenge to the republican organization, as saying in effect: "If you do not renominate me, such action must be taken as public notice that you do not want me for mayor, and that you repudiate my administration."

What is there in that to warrant public opinion in the inference that the republican organization is not inclined to renominate Mr. Cutler? May not the petition—which bears the name of no politician of prominence—asking the mayor to run and the latter's reply be a part of the stage setting for one of Mr. Aldridge's clever dramatic coups? The mayor said very positively, in a prepared statement last spring, that he would not be a candidate for renomination. Most persons took it that he would not be a candidate for re-election, but they did not read the statement carefully. Now, may it not be possible, that the republican leaders, knowing the mayor's feelings, realizing what an asset the Cutler administration would be in a campaign and with a keen perception that the chief figure in that administration would be better able to explain and defend it than any one else, carefully paved the way whereby the mayor could be made to see that he owed it to the city and to the party to again head the republican ticket? While on this phase it may be remarked in passing that Mr. Aldridge said several weeks ago: "It is up to Mr. Cutler to run or not to run."

Looking at it in another light, if there were any hesitancy on the part of the republican leaders to nominate the mayor for a third term, it is at least plausible to suppose that they wished to spare his feelings. James G. Cutler is known as a man of kindly heart and sensitive disposition. With Ward as the democratic nominee, a red-hot campaign is to be expected. Chances favor one in which the Cutler administration will be attacked in a savage manner. Probably, some of the charges made will be over-drawn and some of them may belong in the realm of fancy. But if Ward carries out the campaign he has planned the mayor will be the target of a fiercer personal attack than any he has been called upon to face in all his political career. His political associates may have wished to spare him, and to this may be attributed their hesitancy in forcing him to bear the brunt of a third battle.

In discussing last week the possibility of a stampede of the republican city convention for Mr. Aldridge, it was said that among those

who favored it were men who had personal enmity to sharpen. A similar quantity may be measured in the campaign—for campaign it is and nothing else—to make Mr. Cutler the nominee for a third term. While the mayor is the dominant factor in the City Hall there are some nice positions in his gift, and those now filling them must not be blamed if they wish to continue therein. To be sure, the next mayor, if a republican, could insure them another term, but Mr. Cutler did not continue Mayor Rodenbeck's corporation counsel, William A. Sutherland. Mr. Cutler's successor may have a few friends of his own whom he would like to see in the cabinet. Probably, the republican organization, if it had the sole say, might recommend new men for commissioners of public safety and of public works. It is suggested that, perhaps, the "City Hall Crowd," as it is dubbed facetiously, may be more than interested in working up the third term sentiment. Probably, there is nothing to this, but politicians are prone to dig deep for reasons in every move.

Now take the Ward end of public opinion. In conversation with a writer a few days ago Mr. Ward said with all apparent sincerity, that if he were the democratic nominee for mayor he would insist upon managing his own campaign. If he were elected, moreover, he would be the mayor and would act according to his own conscience, no matter whether it pleased Mr. Conners, Mr. Finucane, or any one else on earth. Ward's record in the Common Council bears this out. He has been a kicker from the drop of the hat. None of his associates ever was able to "deliver" Ward in the Council. He says his mayoralty campaign will be waged along kicking lines. He intends to attack the Cutler administration as extravagant and not beneficial to the small taxpayer. He will argue that it is folly to suppose that the mayor will change his commissioner of public works, and the Ward cry will be, either that Commissioner Elwood is not big enough for his job or that his hands are fettered by the mayor. In either event, Ward says Mr. Cutler must bear the blame for the present condition of the city's streets, and one of the witnesses the Ward orators will call against the administration will be the *Democrat and Chronicle*, the paper which leads the movement for a third term, and which has characterized the condition of the streets of Rochester as disgraceful.

But, even with all this admitted, Ward has been an organization man all his life. True, he has kicked over the traces when his faction of democracy has been outside the breastworks, but when it was in power he has ever been ready to subordinate his personal judgment to that of a majority of leaders in conference assembled. This happened a few years ago

(Continued on Page 22)

The STAGE

Week of September 23rd.

LYCEUM THEATER—First half of week, initial production on any stage of Henry Arthur Jones' tragic-comedy of present day religious life, "The Galilean's Victory." Last half of week, Henry W. Savage's production of "The Merry Widow."

BAKER THEATER—All week, Klaw & Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville.

NATIONAL THEATRE—First half of week, Fiske O'Hara in "Dion O'Dare." Last half of week, "The Boy and the Boodle."

COOK OPERA HOUSE—VAUDEVILLE: Corinne, The Operator, Motogirl, Rice and Prevost, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes, Astrella Sisters, Wilson Brothers, Belleclair and Kalmer.



MAUDE ADAMS

The coming week will be an important one at the Lyceum. It offers the first presentation on any stage of Henry Arthur Jones' new drama, "The Galilean's Victory." It is expected that this will be the most important first night of the season, at which time many prominent persons in the dramatic world will be present, including the distinguished author. The last half of the week will see the new light opera that has been so widely heralded, "The Merry Widow."

This week the offerings ran more to the popular, and included George M. Cohan's "George Washington, Jr.," at the Lyceum, and Williams and Walker at the National. The Cook had its usual good opening with Cole and Johnson, Hilda Spong, and Amelia Summerville prominent in the bill.

The Baker Theater, under the management of Klaw & Erlanger, was opened auspiciously on Monday night. "Advanced Vaudeville" was represented by several clever actors,

among whom the Gautschmidts, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cohan, John Hyams and Leila McIntyre and Caicedo deserve especial mention. That Rochesterians are to have opportunity to enjoy the best in vaudeville is emphasized by the addition of the Baker attractions.

Some Frohman Stars

Charles Frohman, who has been termed with a certain amount of truth "the Napoleon of the stage," was once quoted as saying that he "did not approve of stars," but, that as the public clamored for plays of the star variety, he bowed to their decree. During the last ten years Mr. Frohman's enterprises have reached enormous proportions. He "controls" seven or eight theaters in New York, and at least four in London, while his traveling companies number fully a score.

He has had many of his productions rejected by the public at the cost of thousands of dollars to his bank account, for Mr. Frohman is 'always optimistic. Money expense is not reckoned when a new piece is to be staged, and the theater-going public has come to look upon him as a man who, commercially speaking, gives good value, even if the play in question is not suited to their taste. The acting and stage accessories are uniformly good and

the interest is stimulated by the appearance of one, who, according to the manager's opinion, has earned his right "to star."

HAS HAD MANY SUCCESSES

But although Mr. Frohman has had his failures, he has also had his many triumphs. The earliest and undoubtedly still the most successful of his stars, (and by successful we mean of course "money-makers" which likewise implies the endorsement of the public) are John Drew and Maud Adams. The latest is Ethel Barrymore. The list also includes Otis Skinner, always an actor of intense earn-



ETHEL BARRYMORE



JOHN DREW

estness and skill; William Gillette and William Crane, as well as a dozen others in various forms of tragedy, comedy or musical diversions. John Drew has nearly always had, of late years, the benefit of a London production on which to draw his comparisons before making his own appearance in the stellar part. However, New York likes him, and he is feted when he is "on the road," and that satisfies his manager. This season he seems to have scored another winner at the Empire with "My Wife," a Parisian light comedy of a mock marriage. It will come to Rochester about Easter time.

Otis Skinner is still busy with his rehearsals of an English version of one of the great Parisian successes, "La Rabouillaise," which will be seen here under the title of "The Honor of the Family." It is a romantic play of the Napoleon period, after a story by Belzac.

PETER PAN COMING AGAIN

Miss Maude Adams starts out on the road again next week with "Peter Pan," which she will continue to use until the early part of the new year. Rochester will again have a chance to see this quaint, though somewhat childish, musical play. Early in January, Miss Adams goes to London, where Mr. Frohman will feature her in a new production "The Jesters."

Miss Barrymore is traveling again with a repertoire of her previous successes, and is drawing big crowds everywhere. It is understood that a new Clyde Fitch play is now ready for her, and she is also to be seen this season as "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

The Merry Widow

September 27th and 28th are the days set by Henry W. Savage for the Rochester presentation of Franz Lehar's comic opera, "The Merry Widow." It will be given its American premiere at Syracuse on the 23d and is scheduled to reach New York on October 14th where, from all reports, an enthusiastic welcome is awaiting. "The Merry Widow" is an importation but Mr. Lehar no doubt would object to having his opera classified as an "English" importation. It was first produced in Vienna at the Theatre an der Wien and scored a success. Leipzig soon heard of its melodious music and extended a welcome no less cordial than that of Vienna; and a short time sufficed for London to become acquainted with the "Siren Waltz."

Little or nothing has been told of the book up to the present writing except that the lines are good and the lyrics above the average. If "The Merry Widow" is really worthy, as we have reason to believe, all concerned in the production will be given full need of credit. It matters little whether or not Mr. Lehar is to become a rival of Johann Strauss or a successor to Jacques Offenbach. Real comic opera is in demand and if Franz Lehar and his librettist can produce it they will be received with open arms.

Louis F. Gottschalk will direct the orchestra, and the principal comedy role will be in the hands of Robert E. Graham, well known to Rochester theater-goers; while Frank Casey and T. J. McCarthy will assist in the fun making. J. Louis Mintz, last season with "The Belle of Mayfair," will be the tenor; and Charleworth Meakin, of the same company, is cast for the baritone part. The prima donna role has been allotted to Ethel Jackson; and important parts will be taken by Estelle Bloomfield and Frances Cameron.

Willy Saville is cast for the semi-romantic singing role of "Danilo." With Miss Jackson's assistance he will interpret the famous "Siren Waltz" song. Mr. Saville is an American, better known abroad than at home. He studied with Victor Maurel and Lucien Fougere of the Opera Comique, Paris, and made his first appearance on the stage at Nuremberg in the title role of Faust. Since that time he has been heard in Dresden, St. Petersburg, and Riga; and from all reports should prove successful in light opera.

Psycho-Physical Culture

PENELOPE GLEASON KNAPP

Practical psycho-physical culture is not intended for any one class of people. It is for all. It is truth, and all should understand it, because truth introduces men and women to themselves, and sends them on tours of investigation through worlds previously undreamed of.

In every nook and cranny of the newly-discovered countries they find wide interests and incomparable beauties; also at the same time they become conscious of new traits of



OTIS SKINNER

character both within themselves and others. They become sensitive to surroundings and conditions. Their own faults grow more and more pronounced, while the faults of their friends and humanity in general suddenly seem less noticeable. They find some good quality, some inspiring influence, emanating from nearly every one with whom they come in contact.

In every fragment of nature they see some bit of beauty. In each animate creature they come to recognize the same divine breath, and when this truth is understood and established the dawn of a new existence has opened its portals! The hitherto dormant fires of life have ignited within their souls, illuminating their pathway and sending the searchlight of conscience to the very depths of their being—for there and there only may we read the secret laws of nature and learn to obey their every precept.

Those who live in harmony with divine law inspire confidence. They radiate health and good cheer. They are adaptable under all conditions. They are temperate in all things.

They avoid pessimism, and cultivate optimism. They appreciate themselves and the wondrous wealth at their command. They do not feel themselves to be either miserable sinners or crawling worms of the dust. They know themselves to be children of the light, and act accordingly. They look up to themselves, because they are in tune with divine law.

If we would have our fellow men look up to us, we must first look to ourselves. We must set a value upon ourselves and strive to live up to its standard, before the world will accept us for our true worth.

Because we appreciate ourselves, it does not follow that we are egotistical or inflated with an over abundance of self-esteem.

Self-appreciative people stand erect; however, not aggressively so. There is no suggestion of a "chip upon their shoulder." They speak in a well-undulated voice, through which rings the tone of sincerity. Their gestures, if any, are expressive of the emotion or thought which prompted them. Their whole being tends upward. They walk and talk and move as if buoyed up by air. They are consistent. They seem a living embodiment of that expressive bit of scripture: "If I be lifted up I shall draw all men unto me."

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Every Friday

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 20, 1907

Why Henley is Barred

It is unfortunate that so many editorial writers who have seized the opportunity to denounce the authorities of the Henley regatta for "slamming the door in the face of all foreign crews hereafter," have done so without fully acquainting themselves with the real facts of the case. In the first place, foreign entries are barred only for the year 1908 and this step was taken solely for the purpose of enhancing the rowing competitions which will be held in connection with the international Olympic games next July, which games promise to furnish the most remarkable sporting carnival in the world's athletic history. As the rowing races will be contested over the Henley course and within a few weeks after the usual regatta, the Henley stewards, in furthering the interests of the Olympic games, decided to suspend the rules regarding the entries of foreigners for reasons which seem potent and logical enough to the man of average intelligence.

Fully twenty-five nations will have their athletic representatives in London next summer and at least half of them will be represented in the rowing races; so, had they been permitted to compete in the Henley regatta, the interest in the subsequent contests for the Olympic prizes would have been very materially decreased. It is well to notice that the Belgian crew, the present holders of the Grand challenge cup, fully acquiesced in the decision of the Henley stewards and it would not be altogether surprising to hear before long that the Henley regatta is to be abandoned altogether in 1908.

Dictators of Fashion Speak

Fashion-ridden men and women after countless sleepless nights and days of intense anxiety may now resume their serenity of everyday life, whatever that may be. The dictators for both sexes have spoken at last! *Place aux dames*, we welcome the fiat of Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, President of the Dressmakers' Protective

Association of America, that curves will be unfashionable and hips impossible in winter styles for women. "The stylish figure" Miss White declares "will be one without hips, a straight line figure. It is all in the corset." Miss White also adds that "well dressed women on winter afternoons will wear demi-tailored skirts of gray, lavender, reddish purple and light blue, black coats, waists of net embroidered in the color of the skirt, with partly mushroom hats, trimmed with orchids, morning glories and roses." What Miss White says always "goes," so the fine points at issue may be considered settled for some months to come at all events.

As for man, mere man, who bought a \$100 dress suit of the conventional black material last February but has been fretting and fuming since the rumor went forth a few weeks ago that blue cloth would be *de rigueur* for evening clothes this winter, he once more breathes easily, for no less an authority than King Edward's tailor announces emphatically "no change" in the material or style for evening dress. "The best dressed men" he continues "are those who have worn practically the same kind of clothing for years and will continue to do so until any radical change is forthcoming. It is only the incompetent dresser who studies the fashion plate." For all of which, much thanks.

To the Man "Too Old"

"Nothing can compensate for the loss of ambition or hope in man."

"There are many illustrious names which may be cited," says Samuel Smiles, "to prove the truth of the common saying, 'It is never too late to learn.'" You are not a minute too old to study advertisement-writing.

The man of mature years has the advantages of experience and wisdom back of his arguments in talking to an employer or to the public—his words carry weight, his ideas are respected.

Dewey, unheard of years ago, waited sixty years for his chance.

Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy.

Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age.

Sir Walter Scott was unknown as an author until he was in his fortieth year.

Affiere was forty-six when he began the study of Greek.

Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age.

Watt did not start to learn French, German and Italian until his forty-second year.

Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his famous works.

Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late.

Gladstone was only at his best after his fiftieth year.

Grant, a tanner, at the age of forty-three said life was a failure—then the war broke out—and so did Grant.

Sheridan was called a dunce by his tutor and was not heard of until his fortieth year.

Wanamaker was not too old to start a new business in a strange city in his fiftieth year.

Pulitzer, in the forties, was not too old to attempt to build up a broken-down newspaper—the New York *World*.

Thousands of others were not too old to teach the lesson that "To him who is ready, the chance is never gone."

Napoleon said, "There shall be no Alps." Have you the will? Make a start.

Scope of This Magazine

The first issues of EVERY FRIDAY have brought to us many words of praise and some suggestions. We are pleased to have both. Interest in the new publication is active and is constantly increasing. There are various reasons for this, chief of which, perhaps, is the fact that it is different.

A word at this time seems necessary as to the scope of this magazine. Does it follow, because in every other case when the reader picks up a weekly publication he expects to find therein the same class of matter, that this one also must be of that kind? Not at all. EVERY FRIDAY is planned upon original lines. It is unlike any other local weekly in the country. It is not a story paper, a newspaper nor a monthly magazine for circulation throughout the United States. All of these fields are fully occupied; there would seem to be little excuse for adding to the representation.

EVERY FRIDAY occupies a field of its own. It is an illustrated weekly magazine for Rochester and Western New York. That is all; but it is all that. It is not a fiction magazine; the news-stands are groaning under the weight of such magazines; but there is only one Rochester weekly. That is why it is different and that is its *raison d'être*. It contains fiction, but it contains much more—that which no other magazine has.

The reader who is looking for stories may find them in a hundred publications; but for magazine matter especially relating to Rochester, illustrated articles on local fact which is stranger than fiction, he must read EVERY FRIDAY.

For the women EVERY FRIDAY presents departments on Society, Music, Drama, Fashions, Physical Culture and educational work. For the men there are departments on Motoring, Politics, Finance, Commerce and Current Comment. For the general reader there are Fiction, Recreation, Yachting, Golf, Football and illustrated feature articles—all pertaining directly to Rochester and Western New York. The little men and women have also been remembered.

We court a comparison of EVERY FRIDAY with any local illustrated weekly in the country.

Mayor Cutler Will Run

In response to a petition, upon which the name of no politician of prominence is found, Mayor Cutler has announced that if the republicans see fit to renominate him he will waive personal preferences and stand for a third term.

This clears the local political situation because it is not doubted that the republican leaders will be glad to have Mr. Cutler head their ticket.

While politicians might have it otherwise, no state or national issue is involved in a municipal election. The only issue is: Shall Mayor Cutler's administration be approved and his policies continued?

The democratic claim is in the negative.

Who is better fitted to defend the Cutler administration than the mayor himself?

Could'nt be Trusted

"You and Parsells don't seem to be very good friends, nowadays."

"No, Charley borrowed a five of me last week."

"Didn't he return it?"

"Yes—that's what makes me suspicious."

Our Town

It is the same with a city as with a person; to be of interest it must possess individuality. But its individuality should not be based on mere eccentricity, on crooked streets or the way its citizens mispronounce certain words. We should seek to eliminate peculiarities that but serve as marks of backwardness in civic progress. If a custom, however, to say the worst of it, is simply different from what they do elsewhere, why should it not be retained? A short time ago some good people of Rochester wanted to discontinue the ringing of the City Hall bell for fires because it is not the way they do in certain other cities! Doubtless the same persons object to the "Four Corners," "South Park" and the "Brick Church." They would have more reason on their side if they criticized one street for having so many aliases, as Exchange street, State street and Lake avenue.

We rightly pride ourselves on our fine streets, well-shaded by day and well-lighted at night. That is the kind of individuality that counts. Then we have a park system that is distinctively fine. But in some of the very things for which we give ourselves the most credit there are chances for improvement. We beautify Highland Park and yet let the Pinnacle, the highest hill in the city, lie cut down for the gravel it contains. There is no view of the city so fine as that from the Pinnacle, nor is there so cool a place on a hot summer day. Its purchase for a park has been advocated but not enough people seem interested in the project, and so some day there will not be any Pinnacle. Every year there are more launches and canoes on the upper river. Why are there not as many on the lower river which is far more beautiful? Because we find it cheap to dump our sewage there. In former years it was a favorite haunt for pleasure parties, but now it is shunned. Charlotte residents are protesting against the draining of our sewers into the river and if they are successful they may actually force us to make the most beautiful place in the city fit to visit.

One of the hopeful signs for municipal progress is the increasing number of manufacturing firms which are putting up buildings and laying out grounds that beautify our streets.

TOWNSMAN.

Hamlet's Tomb Once More

In a "special cable" from Copenhagen, a Rochester morning paper announces, in all apparent sober earnestness, that Dr. Maurice Egan, the United States Minister to Denmark, has just "visited Hamlet's tomb at Elsinore and made studies of the old fortifications and ramparts which it is supposed were erected at the time Shakespeare lived in Elsinore."

We thought the fact had been sufficiently exploited by this time that the "tomb" of the mythical Danish prince owes its origin to the ingenuity of the thrifty burghers of Elsinore who saw in its erection another scheme for annexing the good money of gullible globe-trotters. But the announcement that "fortifications and ramparts" were erected for the benefit of the bard of Avon "while he lived in Elsinore" comes as a startling piece or double piece of news which will tend to open fresh controversies among the supporters and detractors of the most marvelous of playwrights.

A rush of subscriptions for EVERY FRIDAY has caused some inaccuracies in our mailing lists. These are being corrected, and our subscribers are assured prompt receipt of the magazine hereafter.

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SOCIETY

Mrs. Charles Bridgeman, of New York, and Mrs. Averill, of Ogdensburg, are the guests of Mrs. William H. Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William Eyres Sloan and Master William Sloan spent last week in New York, returning home on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Cobb, of Milton, Massachusetts, with her three daughters, is visiting her brother, Mr. Howard A. Smith. Mrs. Smith gave a small tea for Mrs. Cobb on Friday.

Mrs. John N. Beckley and Mr. Walter Beckley are at Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Mrs. DeWitt Butts gave a luncheon at the Country Club last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Howard Smith's guest, Mrs. Cobb.

Miss Mary Macomber is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John W. Oothout, of East avenue. Mrs. Oothout gave a very pretty luncheon of sixteen for Miss Macomber at the Country Club on Saturday.

Mrs. Stephen Ginna, of Plainfield, New Jersey, and Miss McLean, of New York, are staying with Mrs. Erickson Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Miner gave a small dinner last week Thursday.

Mrs. Augustus Pruyn, of Albany, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulford Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson gave a dinner for Mrs. Pruyn on Friday evening.

Mrs. Edward Peck gave a small luncheon at the Country Club on Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Hastings and Miss Grace Hastings went to New York on Friday.

Mrs. William S. Roby entertained a few friends at an informal luncheon on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Rogers, Mrs. Joseph Roby and Miss Beatrice Rogers returned from a two weeks' motoring trip on Tuesday. They went directly East, by way of Richfield Springs, to the Berkshires, and after touring through the many attractive places in the hills returned by way of Albany and Cazenovia.

Mr. and Mrs. Buell Mills and family returned from Nantucket last week.

Miss Julia Ellwanger gave a dinner which was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. William D. Ellwanger, at the Rochester Country Club on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dryer are spending two weeks at Sodus Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenthal, of Audobon street, have just returned from a fishing trip.

Mrs. Pollack, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. I. A. Baum, of East avenue.

Mrs. Marcus Michaels, Mr. Harry Michaels and the Misses Garson sailed for home by the Arabic on September 12th.

Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins and Mrs. Oscar Craig, who have been traveling in England and on the continent since May, sailed for home last Saturday, and are expected in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Gurney T. Curtis has gone to the Pennsylvania Mountains to bring home her small son, who has been camping there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilder and family returned from Ontario Beach last week.

Mrs. Furchgott and family, of New York, who have occupied Mrs. Cohen's house on Westminster road during the past summer, return to New York to-day. Mrs. Furchgott gave a luncheon to a number of her Rochester friends last Wednesday.

Miss Edna Garson, who has been visiting her aunt in Cleveland, arrived home this week.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Mrs. Pauline Lyon, of Chicago, to Mr. Albert Pritchard, of Rochester, on September 3d. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard will be at home at 6 Argyle street on the Tuesdays following November 15th.

Miss Harriet Matthews, who has been the guest of the Misses Brewster, of North Goodman street for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Buffalo on Monday.

Mr. Warham Whitney went to New York on Sunday.

Mrs. Levi Smith Ward gave a luncheon, followed by Bridge, last Friday at Sapperton, the country place of Mrs. Ward's father, Mr. Arthur G. Yates.

Mrs. George Gordon entertained ten at luncheon on Friday, in honor of Miss Grace Curtice's guest, Miss Francis.

On last week Thursday the Misses Brewster gave a very pretty luncheon for their guest, Miss Matthews. Among those invited were Miss Adelaide Lindsay, Miss Louise Devine, Miss Janet Mercer, Miss Osborne, of Detroit; Miss Charlotte Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Sibley, Miss Mary Austice, Miss Cruikshank, Miss Mary Harris and Miss Mary Macomber.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McKown, of Barrington street, returned home last week, after camping in the Adirondacks for the past seven weeks.

Miss Louise Devine gave a luncheon on Thursday at the Rochester Country Club.

Miss Bessie Kingman is the guest of Mrs. Clarence Levin, of Avon. Mrs. William E. Sloan gave a luncheon for Miss Kingman on Wednesday.

Miss Dorothy Elwood gave a dinner on Monday evening at the Country Club to eighteen young people.

Miss Farr is the guest of Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. Mrs. Sibley gives a dance for Miss Farr to-morrow evening.

Miss Adelaide Lindsay gave a luncheon on Wednesday.

Dr. E. H. Wolcott, of South Union street, has just returned from Exeter, N. H., where his son, Edwin M. Wolcott, has entered the academy.



EVERY CADDY ENGAGED FOR THE DAY

Golf

(Continued from page 9)

Campbell came out from Scotland to Rochester only last March but he has already made a record for himself over this course with a card of 36, though Stronnar, his predecessor, has claimed to have gone the round in 35. Campbell is a man of pleasant manner and a thorough student of the game in theory as well as practice and has quickly established himself as a favorite at Oak Hill.

Professionals Play To-Day

Rochester golfers are promised a rare treat to-day and to-morrow, when Alexander Smith, the former Open Champion, and Gilbert Nichols, will play two matches at 18 holes each, this afternoon at Oak Hill, and to-morrow afternoon on the Genesee links in South Park. These professionals put up a remarkable game at thirty-six holes on the Woodland (Mass.) course last Saturday. They were tied, 73 each, after the first round and the end of the second round found them again on even terms. Two extra holes were played, and Nichols, by a supreme effort, secured first money for himself by one up. All local players who want to see all the fine points of the game exemplified, will endeavor to be among the crowd that will follow the men round the links to-day and to-morrow. It is due to the efforts of Edward Engel of the Genesee Club that the matches have been arranged.

Notes

Arnaud Massy, the Frenchman, who won the British open championship in June, has been back in England for a couple of matches. At Skegness J. H. Taylor defeated him by 3 and 2 in 36 holes, Massy scoring two seventy-eights and Taylor 75 and 76. Massy's poor work on the green's cost him the purse, but a few days later he beat Herd at St. Anne's in brilliant style.

John Montgomery Ward is the most hard working and studious of golfers who have started the game late in life. His baseball career left him in grand shape physically, and he says he will never be content until he reaches championship honors on the green. He was in fine form in the recent tourney on the Ekwanok (Vt.) links, meeting Fred. Herreshoff in the final the game was in doubt until the last hole was reached, the Garden City man winning eventually by one up. Ward, however, received some consolation by taking the gross score prize for the open handicap.



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Children are little men and women and should be treated as such. Their wishes should be consulted and their ideas and opinions countenanced whenever and wherever it is possible to do so. Children should never be told that they are unattractive or stupid or mean. Remarks of such a nature produce a depressing effect upon miniature minds. Neither should children be made to feel themselves in the way. Children who are constantly fretted at and ordered hither and yon grow morose and hard, or bashful and cringing, according to their temperament. Consequently they soon come to undervalue themselves. Little folk should be taught that they have a right in the home and in the world, and that their every act, thought and word is of importance.

Children are interesting. Even ordinary children possess that mystical charm of unexpectedness. For this reason they create wonder; and wonder is always conducive to growing interest. Children seldom, if ever, do the things we expect them to do. They are full of surprises and outbursts of originality. They are constantly on the alert for knowledge. They ask questions, not out of idle curiosity, but because their intellect is expanding, and they desire to know and understand the whys and wherefores of what is taking place around them. It should never be a cross for parents to answer, so far as they are able, the questions of their little ones. They should not look upon it as a duty, but a pleasure. Pray, how can a child grow in wisdom save by asking questions and receiving intelligent answers?

Children are exceedingly sensitive, and their little hearts often ache painfully through the unguarded remark or act of a careless parent or friend. Their troubles are as real to them as ours are to us, and oftentimes far more so, because they have not learned by experience that troubles like bubbles break and vanish. "Grown ups" are either stepping stones or stumbling blocks for little folk, because the latter in their innocence and ignorance of life as it really exists, are prone to idealization, and it rests within the power of the individual thus idealized to bring either happiness or misery to the child who has thus honored them.

I once knew a little boy whose joy bubble was suddenly burst by the coming of a baby brother. His mother, whom he loved almost madly, made the fatal mistake of telling the little fellow that his "nose was out of joint." Instead of instilling a new interest in her young son's life and teaching him the lesson of united and harmonious love, she made him feel himself to be an outcast, and taught him to look upon the new baby as a usurper. That boy was never the same again, even when years had passed and he became a college graduate and subsequently a practical business man, he always maintained that his mother never loved him as much after his brother's birth. It was but a passing remark, but it cast a shadow which ever after dimmed a life.

Once when traveling I heard a mother tell her little girl that if she did not keep still and stop asking questions she would throw her out of the car window and let the wheels grind her up. That woman possessed absolutely no right to the sacred name of mother. I shall never forget the far away wistful expression which swept that little girl's face as she lapsed into silence, a silence so prolonged as to be most pitifully impressive, and yet that mother went calmly on reading a trashy novel, all unmindful of the little suffering soul beside her whom she had so cruelly wounded. I have often wondered of what that child was thinking while she remained so still with her big blue eyes fixed upon space. I can but believe that she was wishing that she would hurry and grow up, and get away from her mother. All "grown-ups" ought to be most considerate of children,—they are little men and women, and their young hearts are as sensitive to any thrust of cruelty or inattention as their bodies are to the cut of a knife.

We should all strive to stand well with children, and that can be done only by gaining their respect and confidence.

On Local Gridirons

HUGH A. SMITH

That followers of the strenuous pastime in Rochester will be amply entertained this season becomes more and more patent as the local squads begin to assume definite form. Coach Stroud has had the 'Varsity hopefuls out for light preliminary work all the week, although college only opened yesterday. Candidates at both high schools have been active for nearly two weeks, and it is now possible to obtain some sort of a line on both "prep" school aggregations.

All three elevens open their regular schedules to-morrow week (28th)—the 'Varsity with Syracuse University at the Salt City, and West High with Canandaigua Academy on Culver Field. East High will provide the other half of a local doubleheader on the latter gridiron. The Orientals originally had this date filled with Geneva High school, but that institution has since cancelled the game. Another opponent will be found within a day or two.

COACH STROUD'S OPINION

In their final disposition of men it is probable that both the 'Varsity and East High will show one or more shifts among the regulars of last fall. In discussing his probable style of play this season, Coach Stroud, of the former team, recently said:

"It looks as though the game would be more open than ever this year, with the amendments which have been adopted. If I can develop a punter and find ends who can get down the field in good shape, we shall aim to keep the ball in the air more than we ever have before."

To this end he proposes to move Pierce, last year's center, out to one of the wings, where his track ability should stand him in good stead. This will depend, of course, upon one of the other line men showing promise at the pivotal position. Candidates for end are not

as numerous as had been expected, as Comer and Kirehmaier are not expected back, and Roberts may not join the squad. Clapp, captain last year at East High, should make a strong bid for one of the wings.

The punter may be found in Pray, the Medford High star, although there has been some doubt as to whether or not he would matriculate this fall. Both he and his running mate, Saulsman, are strong, fast men, weighing around 160 pounds of whom "Eddie" Zimmer speaks highly. With Fowle and Ramaker back, there should be a pretty struggle for the backfield positions. "Bill" Joy, who played quarter on the second team two years ago, is expected to make Grant hustle for the driver's position, which the latter filled so well a part of last year. Either man might be used to advantage at end. Until it is known whether Keiber, the gigantic tackle, will be on the squad, the personnel of the line must be somewhat problematical. Yale Parce, the speedy Fairport back, is likely to find a tackle berth on account of his weight.

CAPTAIN WARD MAY SHIFT

At East High Captain Ward, himself, is the veteran who will probably make the most radical shift. Coach Sullivan would like to utilize his strength and aggressiveness either at tackle or in the backfield; and, as Doran, Bacon and McFadden are all eager for his old job at center, the change seems probable. Krafts will probably be moved to guard from tackle, and Donnan, the husky Greigsville recruit, may become his running mate. Romig will doubtless run the team again, with Silvermail as his understudy. Other backfield possibilities are Hughes, Bohler, Johnson, Erwin and Dunn, with Van Hoesan and Nagle, of course, if they stay on the squad.

While the final line-up is still somewhat of a riddle, with Coach Sullivan groping for the solution, it does not present the same handicaps which Bramley faced last fall. Many veterans are back, and spirit is running high.

The line-up of West High is not occasioning as much speculation as at the other local institutions, as most of last year's stars have returned. The exceptions are Hagaman and "Midge" Carroll, who are not in school. While these are distinct losses to the squad, there is a strong nucleus left, and there are many candidates working for the vacancies. It is to be hoped Captain Bernhart's knee, which he damaged last season will stand the strain of another campaign.

A feature of the local season is the presence of graduate coaching. At East High, Sullivan is being assisted by "Eddie" Zimmer, an alumnus both of the high school and the Varsity. Fred Gladwin, an old Varsity end and center, will also render assistance to his alma mater. "Punk" Hagaman has been doing the preliminary at West High assisted by Carroll.

Mechanics Institute should not be overlooked in a survey of the local gridiron. While the Institute has been unable to do much with the moleskin in the past, because of inability to get men out, conditions are more encouraging this fall. Several men of experience have appeared from out of town schools,

Rochester Singer's Success

(Continued from page 5)

Orchestra when her playing of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto caused a re-call.

Mrs. Bissell's concerts in Fredonia, Dunkirk, LeRoy, Batavia, Buffalo and Geneseo have proved highly successful. For the coming season her engagements will be under the management of J. E. Francke, the New York impresario, who is planning an extensive musical campaign for her, not only in New York, but in Northern Pennsylvania and Ohio. Mrs. Bissell's repertory covers a wide range and embraces the standard works of the old masters as well as their most intricate and delicate themes which only an artist of the highest ability can successfully execute.

Worcester Festival

The Worcester Festival and Golden Jubilee will be held October 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1907. Worcester, Mass., is the only city in the United States that has held a musical festival for fifty consecutive years, which makes this "Golden Jubilee" an important event in the history of American music.

Frederic S. Converse's new dramatic poem "Job" will have its initial performance on this occasion, with an all-star cast, headed by Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto, and the following artists: Edith Chapman Gould, soprano; Daniel Beddoe, tenor; Emilio de Gogorza, baritone; Maude Powell, violinist, and Katherine Goodson, pianist.

The choral works will be continued by Wallace Goodrich, and the instrumental works by Franz Kneisel.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has also been engaged. A portion of the Elgar's—"Dream of Gerontius" and Horatio W. Parker's "Hwa Novissima" will be given the evenings of October 3d and 4th.

September Musicians

Giacomo Meyerbeer.....September 5, 1791
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.....September 5, 1867
Antonin Dvorak.....September 8, 1841
Luigi Cherubini.....September 14, 1760
Gaetano Donizetti.....September 25, 1798

Local Music Notes

Music will be given a prominent place in the work of the Second Baptist church this season.

Floyd H. Spencer, Director of the Normal Conservatory of Music at Mansfield, Pa., has been engaged to organize and conduct an orchestra and chorus in connection with the Bible School; also a chorus of adults in the public church service. This is an excellent opportunity for all who desire a knowledge of singing church music, and as no charge is made for the instruction, a large number should constitute the chorus.

Mr. Spencer will also teach sight-reading of music one evening each week.

Rochester is fortunate in securing the services of Professor Spencer, as he has had wide experience in directing choirs and choruses, not only in Boston, but in some of the flourishing cities of the West.

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FINANCE

Wall Street Bureau
of EVERY FRIDAY
September 19, 1907

The investment situation has been overshadowed this week by the remarkable developments in the copper trade, as evidenced by the reduced quotations for the metal and the tremendous liquidation in copper shares. Hundreds of small investors who some weeks ago bought Amalgamated Copper on H. H. Rogers' statement that the 26 cent price for the metal should be expected to continue, have become alarmed by the 10 cent fall in the price of the metal, which the Trust itself now recognizes. The result has been that thousands upon thousands of weakly margined accounts in Amalgamated Copper have been sold out, with the result that a large contingency of well meaning investors have been arrayed against the powers that be in Wall street.

POSITION OF SMALL INVESTORS

Although much has been said about the trade necessities, there can be no doubt that the action of the Amalgamated management is extraordinary under the circumstances, and may have a disturbing influence upon the stock market for several weeks to come. When you get an army of small investors arrayed against the market you have a rather formidable opposition to deal with. The fact is, however, that the stock market as a whole has been placed on a safer basis by this week's break than it has at any time since the March panic. Small investors have a better show today to pick up bargains than they have had any time this year. They are doing this in considerable numbers. It is the small man with money who is now virtually in control of the investment situation. If he is able to pay for ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred shares of stock he stands to win large profits within a few months. This applies to most of the high grade investment shares which now yield a most generous investment return.

For the out and out speculator the market is one in which he should play for quick profits. There is not sufficient buying power in Wall street this week to give much of a bull market, and until the copper situation is thoroughly adjusted it will be impossible for the big operators to broaden the inquiry so far as the outside public is concerned. The best railroad stocks, however, are being picked up in small blocks by people who can afford to pay outright for what they purchase. Besides this there is a large clientage of what is known as the "wire trading public," which finds it advantageous to buy to-day and sell to-morrow, or conversely, as the case may be.

SELLING OF INDUSTRIALS

Many of the high grade industrial shares have been depressed this week by the talk of a trade reaction. This has been notably true of the steel shares which have been insistently sold on the theory that prices would work lower during the last quarter of the year. Much of this selling has been for short accounts representing poor speculative operations. It may be questioned whether any large

number of bona fide investors have parted with their holdings in the United States Steel preferred on this basis. Those who know the industry well say that it is still fairly prosperous and is certainly in no danger of reflecting sufficient depression to affect the stability of the 7 per cent. dividend which Steel preferred now pays. The same may be said of the two per cent. yearly now paid on the common shares, although it is not likely that under present conditions there will be any advance in that rate immediately.

Many sections of the market would seem to be heavily oversold, and there is a feeling in well informed quarters that long before Wall street may wake up some morning to find the Standard Oil crowd and the other influential factors in possession of much of the floating supply of the high grade dividend paying shares. There can be no doubt that the money situation is improving, and that the movement of foreign exchange still favors the resumption of gold imports by this country before long. Much is still heard of the next presi-



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dential election, and the possible complications that may grow out of the renewed discussion of the tariff question and the attitude of Federal and state officials toward the corporations.

There is every reason, however, to believe that these factors will adjust themselves satisfactorily before long, and that the market outlook as a whole will be helped by it. While public confidence is still unsettled it must not be forgotten that the recuperative power of the American people is enormous, and that with the revival of speculative enthusiasm, the buying capacity of the public at large will be found to have increased immensely by reason of the conservative attitude which most people have followed since the crusade against the railroads have made people hesitate about buying the shares of what are notoriously profitable properties.

Local Stock Exchange

The United States Independent Telephone situation continues to be the center of interest in local financial circles. Developments during the week looking toward the reorganization of the company have been not only rapid but also of an important nature. In fact, the most difficult work of the Reorganization Committee has been completed after several weeks of constant thought and unremitting labor. A sufficient percentage of the outstanding bonds have been turned in to assure the success of the reorganization plan.

This news naturally caused a general improvement in sentiment in the financial district. It was reflected in more active trading conditions in the Rochester Stock Exchange, where the telephone embarrassment has for so long exerted a depressing influence. A demand seemed to spring up for the U. S. I. Telephone bonds and an advance occurred in the price. The feeling prevailed in some quarters that if the company were reorganized, the bonds would probably be worth more. There is little doubt that with this proposition satisfactorily adjusted a material improvement would take place in local securities.

While conservative brokers say it would not be safe to say that an upward movement is going to be witnessed in the near future, it cannot be gainsaid that the tendency of late has been toward recovery. Quotations for most stocks show advances over the low levels established in August. Sales of Eastman Kodak common have been made at prices better than those which prevailed before the stock sold ex-dividend. A quiet investment demand has also been noticed for the preferred. Other stocks have been bid up without attracting any considerable amount for sale. Pfaunder stocks, without tempting sales, while neither common for instance, have appreciated in market value nor preferred shares of Curtice Bros. have appeared on the market despite bids for them. Most of the other local securities have displayed a generally steady undertone.

"There is one advantage in writing for posterity," remarked the Genesee Valley poet. "Your theories may be rejected, but your manuscript cannot be returned."

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Fall Term begins September 16, 1907.

Where Harriman Founded Fortune

Railroad Magnate Reported to Have Purchased Wolcott Iron Mines Known to Him as Early as 1875

Residents of northern Wayne and Cayuga counties are anxiously awaiting the confirmation of a report, which has just leaked out, of the purchase of the iron ore miles at Sterling by E. H. Harriman, the railroad king. Should this reported sale prove to be a fact, it means that that section will undergo a transformation such as has never been anticipated by the most optimistic enthusiast, as the ore deposits of Sterling are known to underlie the entire region for many miles both east and west. In early days the ore was extensively mined at Wolcott, but for half a century the business has lain dormant awaiting the master hand of some financial giant to unlock the treasure. That a deliverer in the person of E. H. Harriman should be the one to undertake the task is not a surprising fact when it is known that the great financier made his first railroad deal in this section and laid the foundation for his colossal fortune.

In the early seventies, the Sodus Point Railroad, running from Sodus Point on Lake Ontario, for 35 miles south, suffered financial reverses and was sold under foreclosure in 1875. The entire funded debt was less than \$1,000,000, and Harriman, having been married in northern New York, was acquainted with the situation, and secured control of the road. He sold it out to the Northern Central, and in this, his first railroad deal, made an exceedingly profitable investment.

MINES SOLD FOR \$2,500,000

Now that an effort is being made to open the extensive ore deposits of this section, it seems but fitting that this same person should invest a portion of his largely increased millions in this same section, for the sale price of the Sterling mines is said to have been \$2,500,000.

No question exists as to the presence of high grade ore in immense quantities. The only difficulty has been to get capital interested in the matter. Wolcott, at an early date, was known far and wide for its ore and blast furnaces, and while the great iron industry of Pennsylvania was in its infancy, tons of pig iron were being made at the blast furnaces one mile north of that town.

The stratum is of the Clinton group and is the same deposit of ore that was worked in the early mines, and it is the same formation which is now being worked at the famous Birmingham, Alabama, mines.

REMARKABLE HISTORY

The ore industry of Wolcott has had a long and remarkable history, as it was first discovered here about 1820 by Levi Hendrick, one of the first settlers. He found an outcropping about one mile north of Wolcott village. He kept his discovery a secret, although two other men knew of it, and hastened on

horseback through the forest to Geneva, where the land office was located. He secured a grant of land from the government covering all the sections supposed to have ore. Returning home he met the two other men, who had been with him when the discovery of ore had been made, but they were late in getting title to the land.

Soon after blast furnaces were erected and iron manufactured on a small scale. About 1838, Isaac Leavenworth, a broken down merchant of Binghamton, went to Wolcott, and entering into partnership with Hendrick, they began the manufacture of iron. They found the ore of superior quality, but it contained salt, and the crude method then in vogue of fluxing with soil would not act on the salt-laden ore. Consequently they followed the stratum of ore about five miles farther east, near where the present mines are being opened; and the ore was found to contain not a less percentage of salt. It was mined and hauled over the hilly woods to the furnaces. The business prospered from the first and grew to large proportions, the owners soon acquiring fortunes. A large foundry was erected to manufacture almost everything that could be made of cast iron. Although the nearest shipping point was thirteen miles away, at Clyde, and the outlet the Erie canal the business grew. The great West was just opening, and thousands of plows, marked "Wolcott Plows," were shipped to the early settlers of Michigan, over the Erie canal to Buffalo, and then up the lakes. Immense numbers of large cauldron kettles were cast as well as the smaller kettles for kitchen use. Stoves were also made in the style of Benjamin Franklin's improvement.

The business continued to thrive until about 1860, when Hendrick and Leavenworth died. This, in connection with the fact that the Civil War was then raging and there was an air of uncertainty prevailing, the great cost of handling the ore and the increased expense of fuel, made a halt in the business. The property passed into the hands of Carmon & Wise, who continued operations until 1866, when they failed. A Mr. Gould, of Seneca Falls, then leased the plant, and operated it until 1869, when the last run was made. The old furnace was torn down for the old iron and stone it contained. The stone was drawn to Wolcott and used for the foundation of many of the brick buildings now lining Main street. Huge mounds of slag are now the only evidences which mark this one-time hive of industry, and even these are almost lost in the covering of vegetation.

RECENT DEVELOPMENT

After the closing of the furnaces in 1866 nothing was done to revive the industry, and

no interest taken in the matter until about fifteen years ago, when a company was incorporated in Wolcott to bore for gas. A test well was sunk for 2,000 feet, but gas was not found in sufficient quantities to pay. However, one thing was revealed by the venture, and that was that the original stratum of ore which came to the surface at Furnace village had a decided dip to the south, and at the place where the test well was drilled, was 200 feet below the surface and about eight feet thick. No one took hold of the matter until something over a year ago when a company was incorporated at Albany to develop the ore beds. The company included some of the best known politicians of the state, the officers being: President, Hon. James S. Whipple, state forest, fish and game commissioner; vice-president, W. H. Lyon, state printer; treasurer, B. H. Davis, deputy state treasurer.

Scores of test wells were at once sunk on the farms about Sterling, and ore leases obtained on all lands for many miles around. Ore in large quantities was found and every modern appliance was installed for stripping the ore. The first carload of ore was shipped in April, and since then the work has progressed rapidly. No one knows the extent occupied by the beds, but they reach far beyond Wolcott.

Vagaries of Public Opinion

(Continued from page 11)

when the sentiment of the Eleventh ward was for W. J. Carey for Municipal court judge, but the down-town leaders declared for Thomas E. White, and Ward cast the votes of the Eleventh ward delegation for White's nomination, and he won out.

Had Mr. Cutler not signified that he might run again, it is presumed that the republicans intended to ignore these charges by Ward and make their campaign on the brilliant achievements of Governor Hughes. With Cutler and Ward the opposing candidates, it is difficult to see where state politics can be injected into the city election. "Two years more of Cutler or two years of Ward" will be the issue presented to the voters in November.

Taking this view, Public Opinion can proceed to make up its mind which it will choose. But it need not lie awake at nights worrying over whether the election or defeat of either will insure elimination of either the republican or democratic organization.

Both Mr. Cutler and Mr. Ward are organization men by nature and political training.

Is it conceivable that either would accept an independent nomination in the event that his party convention set him aside?

FASHIONS

E. Y. PRINCE

Very sensibly, the fashions for children and young girls are much more simple, and the tendency to over-dress the small tots has entirely disappeared. The proper boarding school outfit consists of two school dresses, a handsomer dress for church wear, several little evening frocks and one real "party dress."

School dresses are prettiest in Russian model, made in serge or any plain material, patent leather belt and turn-over collar. Some of the new suits in this model show bretelles over the shoulder, which makes a pleasing change. Sailors suits are always stylish and are made of serge and generally dark blue in color, braided in light blue, black or red. Collars on these suits are much larger and sleeves fuller with turn back cuffs.

Skirts of all two piece suits are pleated, with exception of light weight silks, etc.

Knickers are worn by mostly all school girls, made of same material as dresses. These are extremely comfortable and convenient, as well as a great saving in laundry bills.

For church wear nothing is prettier than the Scotch plaids being shown. One seen recently was in green and black small check, pleated skirt, and waist surplice in front showing corded vest of red broad cloth. On each side of surplice front was band of the red cloth on which were small black crochet buttons. Crush belt of check material ending in small rosette at back finished this natty little costume. Another of red serge is worthy of mention. Pleated skirt, waist consisting of three box pleats back and front, entire blouse being quite full. Collars, cuffs, tabs on front of blouse and belt were of white mohair edged with narrowest galloon and was extremely stylish.

A particularly pretty model for a girl from ten to fourteen years is in the new shade of tan chiffon broadcloth. This material being so soft, the skirt is gathered and has three tucks above the wide hem. The waist, which blouses slightly in front and is cut square in the neck and with mandarin sleeves has clusters of small tucks across the front, between which are designs embroidered by hand in worsted. The neck as well as edges of mandarin sleeves were finished with bands of brown broadcloth of darker shade and all was worn over a guimpe of soft silk, the same color as the dress.

For an older girl is a stunning broadcloth suit in the new shade of geranium red, made with box coat which was quite long and with slashed sides. All was bound with wide black silk braid. The novel part was the treatment of the braid, which was apparently all in one piece, extending up front, around collar, down and around bottom of jacket to the slashed sides, at which point it once again went up, following seam and over shoulder to bottom

of coat, where it continued in this manner the entire way around. Jacket was closed by three black silk frogs. Sleeves being finished with the silk braid. Skirt was pleated in double box pleats and trimmed with the black braid. With this was worn a mushroom felt hat, the exact shade of red, faced with black velvet, with a large bow of velvet ribbon set well out on the brim.

The jumper dresses are best adapted for evening wear and are pretty and dainty. Nile-



Wrap of chiffon broadcloth with motifs of Irish point lace; hand embroidery.

Illustrated by permission of McCurdy & Norwell Co.

green æolian made in this model with guimpe of little lace ruffles, was in the outfit of one little girl bound for school and was beautiful.

Another was in French challie made exactly the same.

The Japanese effect is at its height in children's clothes and is seen in everything.

Coats are especially popular in this stylish model, being universally becoming.

Velvet, corduroy, boardcloth, etc., are all

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seen in children's coats, but for genuine comfort nothing equals the chinchilla garments which are so stylish and wear so beautifully.

The brims of hats for girls of all ages droop, being wired to any tilt, found most becoming. Little girls wear Normandy bonnets and look quaint and demure in this new head gear.

Shoes, as I mentioned before, will be much higher and come either buttoned or laced. For dress wear these boots are made with patent leather vamps and cloth uppers to match suit or coat. They are particularly stylish and quite the newest fad.

Children's gloves are the same as for their elders, and are of heavy dog skin or chamois for ordinary wear, and white heavy kid for dress wear. Woolen gloves will be worn later on quite as much as in the past, both in white and colors. Cotton lisle are good school gloves and wear well.

Tan shoes and stockings are extremely stylish for school wear, but black is more correct for other occasions. White shoes and stockings will also be worn as much as ever but for dress occasions only.

At Journey's End

(Continued from page 10)

"I guess so," answered Edward, with a pitiful attempt to be jocular.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we won't go on this train. I left the—the money in my other clothes. They're in the trunk, and the trunk is on that confounded train."

Mrs. Willington gasped. Then she qualified for a crown and harp by saying never a word.

Local Industries

Recent figuring on the shoe output of the world advances the Rochester market from sixth to fifth place. There are 10,000 operatives in the shoe manufacturing industry in Rochester. The factories number seventy with a small army of salesmen on the road. Rochester shoes are sold in twenty foreign countries, including India and Japan.

The clothing industry of Rochester is continually increasing its output by enlarging its facilities. Over eight million dollars are invested in this business by the manufacturers and three million dollars are annually expended in wages.

In nearly all the other industries of our city there has been a steady increase in capacity and output and Rochester maintains its reputation for not only making a first-class grade of goods, but as well for having a greater diversity of manufactures than any city of its size in the Union.—*Chamber of Commerce Report.*

Explanations Unnecessary

Wife—"Now, John, you'll be real good, won't you?"

Husband—"When you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do."

Wife—"I didn't know you were going to Rome; I thought you said Syracuse."

An Athletic Clergyman

In clerical and lay circles of all religious denominations, Rev. James William Denness Cooper will be heartily welcomed when he comes to take up his residence in Rochester next month as curate-in-charge of Christ Church, for his recent appointment will entail this position owing to the continued bad health of the rector, Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Graham. The latter, we regret to hear, is hardly likely to be seen in the pulpit before Christmas, and he sailed yesterday for Europe in the hopes of regaining his strength thereby.

It is just ten years ago since Mr. Cooper was received into holy orders, and he has fully proved himself to be a man who stamps "thoroughness" on whatever he undertakes. After serving six years in the diocese of Toronto, where his convincing and earnest church



REV. J. W. D. COOPER

work gained him a host of friends, he accepted the rectorship of St. Mathias, East Aurora, N. Y., and everywhere his tact and urbanity have left their mark. This has been especially the case with the young men with whom Mr. Cooper has been brought in contact, owing to his fondness for sharing in their recreations.

"All out-doors," as he puts it, appeals strongly to Mr. Cooper, and in any manly exercise tending to create a healthy mind he may be considered much interested, and often a participant. "Moderation in all things," is his motto, and he rejoices in an occasional game of tennis, at which he excels. He is also an ardent fisherman during his holidays, and at Trinity University, Toronto, he was on the football team from his freshman year. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that his influence and force of example extend far beyond the pulpit and the "church social," and that his advice and companionship are sought on a variety of subjects.

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Advancing Rochester

What Women are Doing Toward the Idealization of a City

Rochester women maintain many societies with varied objects, but among them all the work of one, an organization which has no ulterior motive, whose aim is to be vivifying, unifying and an inspirational force in all that makes for civic righteousness, is attracting particular notice—the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. It might all be summed up in the sentence, "These women stand for a better Rochester."

A few of the aims of the organization, which have been accomplished and which are desired are the securing of a woman on the school board, which has come to pass; manual training in the public schools; summer sewing schools and regular vacation schools. The oft-times dreary school rooms have been beautified by the adoption of excellent pictures and statuary. This movement, having its inception with the union, has been carried on by the schools themselves and has become far-reaching. The art committee has extended the fame of the schools of Rochester throughout the country. The making attractive of bare spots in the school grounds has done much toward increasing the joy of the children's lives. The idea of instilling into the youthful mind the love of flowers, and what is more, the art of cultivating them, will in time have a lasting effect.

A paragraph taken from the 1903 year book is of interest: "Among the things hoped for is an increase in the salaries of our grade teachers. They do not receive enough to do justice to themselves and their work, and our best educated girls have to go to other cities to get the remuneration to which their services are entitled." The union desires free text books and distributing libraries, especially in the schools in outlying districts.

These are but a few of the things which this body of women believes will make Rochester nearer an ideal city. The success of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union is assured, for in its second article of the constitution, it states as its excuse for existence, the increase of fellowship among women, in order to promote the best practical methods for securing their educational, industrial and social advancement. No such a movement as this has been known to fail. Any woman may become a member of the union and be entitled to all its privileges for the current year by the payment of the annual dues.

The officers of the society are Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, president; Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett, first vice-president; Mrs. Max Landsberg, second vice-president; Mrs. William Eastwood, third vice-president; Mrs. John H. Hopkins, treasurer; Mrs. J. B. Y. Warner, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Frank F. Dow, recording secretary; Mrs. S. H. Linn, assistant recording secretary; Miss Mary E. L. Hall, house secretary.

The board of directors is as follows: Mrs. E. J. Bissell, Mrs. Howard L. Osgood, Mrs. Lewis Bigelow, Mrs. William Eastwood, Mrs.

M. T. L. Gannett, Mrs. Horace B. Hooker, Mrs. H. W. Hoyt, Mrs. E. T. Wellington, Mrs. Newton Collins, Mrs. Henry Danforth, Mrs. Charles Dodge, Mrs. Frank F. Dow, Mrs. Porter Farley, Mrs. S. H. Linn, Mrs. J. B. Y. Warner, Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. Charles Fitz Simons, Mrs. E. H. Hall, Mrs. George C. Hollister, Mrs. John H. Hopkins, Mrs. Max Landsberg and Mrs. W. A. Montgomery.

Thinking of Him



The world seems large and wide and long,
And love is sweet and sure and strong,
And life is filled with smile and song.

Thinking of him.

The years go by in rhythm fleet,
Like linked bars of music sweet,
To which glad time my pulses beat,

Thinking of him.

All thought is good and great and true,
All skies are fleecy-white and blue,
And heaven itself is grander, too,

Thinking of him.

My soul's fine tendrils, like a vine,
Reach upward 'round this strength to twine,
And tender trust and love combine,

Thinking of him.

Of him, whose heart is strong and true,
My little boy, with eyes so blue,
I ask no sweeter thing to do,—

Thinking of him.

In all the largeness of the thought
With which a mother-love is fraught,
The common loves of life are naught,

Thinking of him.

When Life's bright sun has set for me,
When his dear face no more I see,
Through all eternity, I'll be

Thinking of him.

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CURB AND CORRIDOR

George F. Slocum, formerly prominent in local democratic politics but who has rather held aloof from Rochester squabbles since he filled the position of deputy attorney-general under the late John Cunneen, was the author of the resolution recently adopted by the Monroe County Bar association setting forth that the legal fraternity deprecated the judiciary taking active part in partisan politics. This has caused George a deal of good-natured banter, all the judges of high and low degree, adducing as a reason for their disinclination even to vouch for the good character of applicants for permission to try civil service examinations: "I fear George Slocum would not like it." Slocum heard of these happenings, and took them good-naturedly.

But even his unfailing sunny disposition balked at the latest incident. A Wayne county lawyer came to Rochester to secure signatures to a petition asking Governor Hughes to appoint Judge Sawyer as temporary successor to the late Justice James W. Dunwell. Mr. Slocum favored Judge Sawyer and hence was surprised when the Wayne lawyer reported that Judge Delbert C. Hebbard, of the Municipal court, had declined to sign the Sawyer petition unless "George Slocum will certify that he does not consider it a violation of his Bar association law."

Slocum at once sought out Hebbard. "Say, Del, a joke is a joke but this is going too far."

The irrepressible Hebbard did not smile.

"How's that George?" he asked. "Are Municipal court judges not high enough in the judicial scale to fall within your inhibition?"

But Slocum had fled in disgust.

News has reached Rochester that former Assemblyman Charles V. Lynch, of Buffalo, is to contest for a senatorial nomination against Senator Samuel J. Ramsperger in one of the Erie county districts. Charlie is an old Rochester boy, having been raised in what was once familiarly termed "Dutchtown." In early manhood he went to Buffalo and joined the police department, rising to the rank of captain. Political vicissitudes forced him out of the police force and into active politics. He served two terms in the assembly at Albany and his ready wit and whole-souled disposition made him a prime favorite. He was a great wag and delighted in poking up new members to think they were called upon for set speeches in explanation of harmless measures. When the new member had adjusted his cravat, cleared his throat and squared his shoulders, Lynch would remark:

"Mr. Speaker, I am perfectly satisfied with the explanation;" and the new member would be squelched before he opened his mouth.

One day there was a great hubbub in the chamber and a fussy member from New York cried out: "Mr. Speaker, if we cannot have order, I shall take the next train for home." Lynch secured recognition from Speaker Nixon and brought down the house by moving that "the sergeant-at-arms be directed to purchase and deliver forthwith to the gentleman one single trip ticket to New York."

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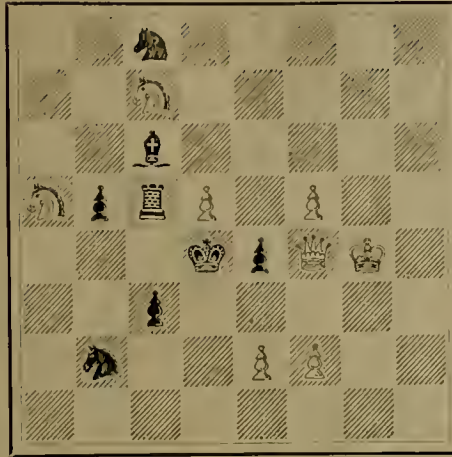
CHESS

KENNETH S. HOWARD

PROBLEM NO. 2

Composed for Every Friday by Rev. G. Dobbs
Brownsville, Tenn.

Black—8 Pieces



White—8 Pieces

White to play and mate in two moves.
Problem No. 1 is solved by 1. R—Q 4

A NEW CHESS MASTER

Among the contestants in the international tournament at Carlsbad is a Russian whose name is not a familiar one to American players. He is Dus-Chotimirski, and that he is a clever player is evident from the following game which was played this year in a tourney held at Moscow.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING

CHOTIMIRSKI	TSCHEGORIN	CHOTIMIRSKI	TSCHEGORIN
1. P-Q 4	KKt-B 3 (a)	14. QB-Kt5 (e)	PxP
2. P-QB 4	P-Q 3	15. Kt-K 4	B-K 4
3. QKt-B 3	QKt-Q 2	16. Kt-R 5	QKt-Q 2
4. P-K 3	P-K 4 (b)	17. R-K (f)	P-QKt 3
5. B-Q 3 (c)	B-K 2	18. QR-B	B-Kt 2
6. KKt-K 2	O-O	19. R-B 6 (g)	BxR
7. Kt-Kt 3	R-K	20. PxR	Kt-B
8. O-O	Kt-B	21. BxKt	Q-B 2 (h)
9. P-B 4 (d)	PxQP	22. Q-Kt 4	P-Kt 3
10. PxP	P-Q 4	23. Q-Kt 5	BxPch
11. P-KB 5	P-B 4	24. K-R	B-Q 3
12. B-K 3	P-QR 3	25. Q-R 6	Kt-K 3
13. PxQP	B-Q 3	26. B-K 5	Resigns

NOTES

- (a) 1.---P-Q 4 is the strongest reply to 1.P-Q 4
(b) The cramping of the black pieces continuing on this line of development would seem to more than offset the advantages.
(c) It is noteworthy that White's position is just the same as though he were playing a Queen's Gambit Declined.
(d) This move compels Black to break up his center although a solid center seemed to be the point of his game.
(e) If 14.PxP, Black wins a piece by 14.---Bx Kt.
(f) A move of the highest strategic order as after general exchanges of minor pieces White will be able to play RxR at an opportune moment.
(g) Threatening RxKt and forcing the game.
(h) If 21.---BxB; 22.QKtxBeh. PxKt; 23.R xR, showing the strength of White's 17th move.

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Orient!

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we charge "no more"

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The Public is assured that "Old Stratford" is both a revelation and a delightful surprise.

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Brewing
Company

Both Phones, 71

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We Make Living Worth While



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a
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Best."

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Ranges**

are world noted
for
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their economy,
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¶ We handle a line of cars that are without the slightest doubt the best the market affords. They are of the highest standard of American manufacture and are considered as favorably abroad as they are in this country.

¶ Such cars as the PIERCE-ARROW, STEVENS-DURYEA, STEARNS and LOCOMOBILE and POPE WAVERLEY ELECTRIC all rank among the foremost of American cars and should be carefully considered by the prospective purchaser.



LIMOUSINE OF "LIGHT SIX" STEVENS-DURYEA

¶ For 1908 we shall have the usual number of four cylinder and three makes of six cylinder cars, affording a wide range in size, style and price.

¶ In as much as the six cylinder car has many advantages over the four and is fast coming into favor, it would be well for you to look into the matter and let us show you by a demonstration some good reasons why you might prefer it to a four. We are taking orders for 1908 now and it will pay you to investigate before it is too late to get a good delivery.

Remember, we handle only High-Grade Cars

U.S. AUTOMOBILE CO

21-29 Plymouth Ave.

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Every Friday

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September 27, 1907

Volume I.
Number 4.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HOME—TWELVE MILES FROM HEART OF ROCHESTER

Accompanying

“Love in a Cabin—Two Hundred Years Old”

The Special Province of This Store

Being FIRST in Everything



SINCE this store was destined at its very beginning to carve for itself a place at the very front of local mercantile enterprises; a place that would inure to the credit of Rochester; a place that would tend to make this city the nucleus for the traders of all Western New York, seeking to obtain merchandise both new and up-to-date—it has been a necessary part of its performance to be first and foremost in everything that tended to your interest.

So that, in the rounds of the calendar, when such events as those pertaining to Fashions come into view, it is expected and anticipated that this store will be the first to give *entre'* to what is newest and best.

We plan to that end—carefully, conscientiously, considerably.

By the expenditure of a little more energy and a little more money, we are able to bring to Rochester the Fashions—now—that a month hence you will be called upon to see in other places. Let your own discernment of style and beauty bear us out in this statement.

Look through the Millinery that is here to-day, along with the Gowns and Wraps and Waists; the Furs and the Robes; the Silks and Dress Goods. Carry in your mind's eye the selection of styles as you see them; then look for the counterparts later on, elsewhere—heralded as the "latest of the late."

Of course, no army can have more than one leader—and it is so with the army of fashion here in Rochester.

Windows here that reflect newness and beauty in the morning, are mirrored in other showings before sundown. Yet the leadership goes on unabatedly and with renewed effort to sustain its title and position.

When later Fashions come—if they do—rest assured, they will be here first. But the entire trend of the season is shown in present styles—and the best of *all* present styles are now here.

Since no argument is so convincing as the one that is revealed through the eye itself, we invite you—urge you—to make careful comparison, not forgetting the paramount issue—that of *price*.

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HEMOFLUID Supplies the Bloodless with New Life and Vitality **Hemofluid Does**

HEMOFLUID Makes New Rich Blood in a few Days **Hemofluid Does**

HEMOFLUID Drives Away the Old Watery Anaemic Blood **Hemofluid Does**

HEMOFLUID When it Enters the Stomach Acts Without Delay **Hemofluid Does**

HEMOFLUID Invigorates the Bloodless and Regenerates Entire System **Hemofluid Does**

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The largest and most completely equipped engraving plant in Rochester. Special attention given to wedding stationery, commencement invitations, business announcements, calling cards, and all the very finest classes of work. Small personal orders painstakingly cared for; no business order too large to be handled expeditiously.

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All leading high-grade playthings and games in our All-Year Round Toy Department,—complete lines of toys from the most famous domestic and foreign factories, including the handsomest French dolls and the representative line of stuffed animals from the Margaret Steiff factory in Nuremberg.

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"Everything for the Office"—the motto of our Commercial Department. Special care exercised to keep on hand a large stock of the very finest desks, chairs, cabinets and all kinds of office furniture. Stationery, ledgers, loose-leaf systems—everything needed in all the many departments of a modern business, shown in great variety. An office may be fitted and furnished complete, from A to Z, either modestly or elaborately, from equipment always to be found on our floor.

SCRANTON, WETMORE & CO.

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The largest book-store between New York and Chicago. All the newest and most popular novels, the latest accepted works on religion, education science and all special subjects, standard sets of fiction and all branches of literature, and beautiful examples of the highest art of book-making.

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Best quality writing papers, made in mills famous for the high character of their product, and kept in stock in all colors and grades. One of our specialties—an exclusive line of fine writing papers in pound packages, selling under our own trade-mark at very moderate prices.

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High-class paraphernalia and equipment for all outdoor and indoor sports and games, especially canoeing, golf, tennis, baseball and football and apparatus for gymnasia. We can always meet the needs of the amateur sportsman, while also catering to the requirements of athletic organizations and teams.

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MATINEES DAILY

NEVER AN ADVANCE IN PRICES

Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Devoted to Interests of Rochester and Western New York

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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., September 27, 1907

No. 4

Fish and Game Preserve in Rochester

FRANK A. WOOD

The expression, "If the mountain will not come to Mohamet, Mohamet must go to the mountain," is having a reversal in fact within the precincts of Rochester. For years, twice each season, Mathias Kondolf, of 140 Seneca Parkway, has gone to the wilds of Canada to fish. The trip was irksome in many ways to Mr. Kondolf and he set about devising a plan whereby he and other followers of Ike Walton might angle for the denizens of other streams than those under the Union Jack.

Immediately across the beautiful drive in front of the Kondolf home runs a creek whose source is in the town of Gates. A low place on the Kondolf property seemed to Mr. Kondolf an ideal spot in which to locate a fish pond. It was no small task but undaunted by the many obstacles to be overcome, Mr. Kondolf constructed a second pond and to-day has both stocked with fish.

Close to the walk and to the north of Seneca Parkway is one acre of water confined within a tile border, flanked by rushes and flags, to lend a natural appearance to the scheme.

Within this enclosure are fifteen hundred black bass in weight from one half to three pounds each. Recently twenty thousand chubs were provided to feed the larger fish. A row boat, easy seats and a lawn, add to the attractiveness of the spot.

To the south of the driveway the second pond contains bull heads of goodly size. This reservoir is used as a filter for the former and insures a supply of pure water the year through, both bodies of water being fed by the creek. Mr. Kondolf will construct a third pond providing Rochester will permit Lake Ontario water to be pumped into the enclosure. The object of this is to obtain cool water suitable to the life of the speckled trout.

It is the intention of Mr. Kondolf to establish a preserve for wild game and fowl. Golden pheasants have been attracted by the surroundings and not long ago a flock of wild ducks settled on the north pond. A crane comes every day to stand in the more shallow water.

But it has been no easy task to keep the small fish alive, as a majestic king fisher, always shy, hovers over the bed of the



BOATING BROUGHT TO MR. KONDOLF'S DOOR

small fry and darts with the rapidity of lightning into the pond, soaring away with a fish in his bill. Mud turtles, frogs and other water loving creatures have sought out the pond, and mosquitos have departed to infest other lowlands.

Rabbits, squirrels and Spanish hares are shown to the visitor, the total number of animals making no mean start toward a preserve, right in the city of Rochester, and reminding one of the preserves along the Hudson.

"A Thousand Dollar Nickel"

It was in a New York cafetiera where customers wait on themselves that I overheard the following little conversation:

"Just look at these people going to the trouble of waiting on themselves, walking from one counter to the other, carrying stuff to the table and 'all to save a nickel.'"

"Well," replied his friend, "that nickle means \$15 a year. A few years ago I used to do the same thing, and I want to tell you that nickel a day meant \$1,000 to me."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, simply this: at my age at that time I took out a \$1,000 life insurance policy; the premium amounted to a little over \$15 a year, and I paid this premium by saving that nickel a day. A thousand dollars for five cents isn't so bad, is it? At five per cent. that \$15 a year represents the interest on \$300. That nickel represents the interest of a big round silver dollar."

Does a nickel appear so large to you? Do you ever realize the power of a penny? Just get stuck down town some winter night about five miles from home with just four coppers in your pocket—just one more needed for carfare.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

A SEPTEMBER FANTASY

ALICE E. MANNING

Departing Summer turned to smile.

And at her kindly nod,

On every plain and hillside gleamed

Her last and brightest flower,

The Golden-rod.



HOME OF 1,500 BLACK BASS IN ROCHESTER

Six Governors of New York State

WILLARD A. MARAKLE

Since 1894, when the republicans regained control of the New York state government, that party has elected six governors and all have been more or less national characters—Levi P. Morton, Frank S. Black, Theodore Roosevelt, Benjamin B. Odell, Frank W. Higgins, Charles Evans Hughes.

Morton was supported by New York state republicans for the presidential nomination in the national republican convention of 1898, but William McKinley carried off the prize. In that year the New Yorkers turned to a practical politician, Frank S. Black, who had earned a national reputation in the Bat Shea episode and by redeeming Troy from the Murphy democratic machine. Black was elected governor by a plurality rivaling that of Cleveland in the Folger campaign. Predictions were made of Black's rapid advance to the presidency. But he was handicapped by a private secretary who alienated the corps of legisla-

instituted the policy of meeting the newspaper correspondents twice a day on a footing of rare comradeship, discussing with them freely and frankly weighty affairs of state. Mr. Roosevelt's rare insight into human nature was vindicated in the fact that not once in two years of gubernatorial life did a newspaperman violate his confidence.

During his term as governor, Mr. Roosevelt did not "drive the politicians out of business," but, as he has done as president, he bothered them. So, when the national convention of 1900 came on, the politicians resolved to "kick him upstairs" and forced his nomination for vice-president, an honor coveted by Timothy L. Woodruff and declined by Benjamin B. Odell. Subsequent events, including Mr. Roosevelt's succession to the presidency, have impelled wonder as to how the political map might have been changed if either Woodruff or Odell had been named as

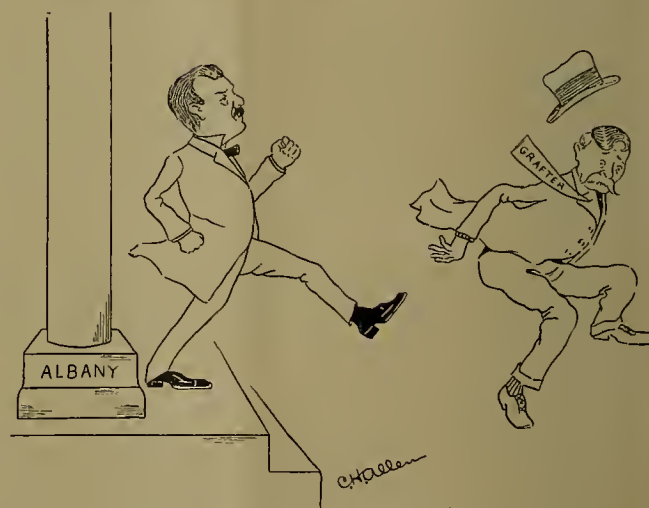
salaries. Direct state tax was abolished and other reforms were instituted.

Despite all this, Mr. Odell was re-elected over Bird S. Coler in 1902 only by the miserly plurality of 8,000. Perhaps, angered by apparent lack of public approval, Odell turned back to old-time methods, and professional politicians never had such an inning as they did during 1903 and 1904. In the last year of his term Odell defied all proprieties by forcing his own election as chairman of the republican state committee while retaining his office as governor.

In 1904, the republicans, led by Odell, selected as their standard-bearer the late Frank W. Higgins, who had served as senator and lieutenant-governor for some fifteen years. After a fiercely fought campaign, he defeated D. Cady Herrick, best styled as a "reformed democratic boss." Higgins was an honest man, but obstinate in his determination to



"Theodore Roosevelt Fresh From the Spectacular Rough Rider Campaign"



"Odell Surprised Everybody During His First Term"

tive correspondents and also by his blind devotion to partisan politics. In the face of advice to the contrary, from shrewd politicians of his own party, he forced the appointment of "Lou" Payn as state superintendent of insurance, and also placed upon the statute books a law "taking the starch" out of civil service.

Black had lost caste so rapidly that wagers were offered freely that the democrats would regain control in the state election of 1898. Then it was that Thomas C. Platt made one of those coups for which he was noted in the olden days. Theodore Roosevelt, fresh from the spectacular Rough Rider campaign in Cuba, was trotted out, nominated and, in a closely fought battle, defeated Augustus Van Wyck, brother of the first Tammany mayor of Greater New York. While governor, Mr. Roosevelt developed those traits of political shrewdness and adaptability to public sentiment that have made him famous among the great heads of nations in the world. He

the lamented McKinley's running mate in 1900.

Swinging the pendulum to the other extreme, the New York republicans nominated for governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., admittedly the shrewdest of the many practical politicians trained up by Thomas C. Platt. Odell was in the prime of health, he was boss of his county, had been a representative in congress and chairman of the republican state committee. Despite a storm of protest from the reformers at the nomination of a professional politician, Roosevelt's great popularity carried Odell through by a rousing plurality over John B. Stanchfield, the democratic standard-bearer.

Odell surprised everybody during his first term. He disappointed the reformers by taking the graft politicians by the nape of the neck and enraged the professional ringsters, who imagined they were to come into their own, by expelling them from the state capitol. Useless commissions were abolished and sinecure office holders were made to earn their

pursue a course he had decided upon. He started out to dethrone Odell, but stopped when he had elected James W. Wadsworth, Jr., as speaker of the assembly over the Odell candidate, Merritt, friend of the Adirondack power corporations. Notwithstanding the honesty of the Higgins administration, the politicians were in a state of blue funk when Hearst burst upon the gubernatorial stage last fall, and they submitted supinely to the nomination of Charles Evans Hughes, who leaped into national fame by his merciless inquisition of the insurance magnates.

With all the personal prestige of Hughes, with all the force of the national administration at its disposal, all the republican state ticket went down in defeat save Hughes alone.

Hughes is the marvel of the age, politically speaking. With all the politicians of his own party bitterly opposed, with a legislature openly hostile, he has forced upon the statute books

(Continued on Page 26)

Her Rival Monument

By ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN

She had called on his sister but had not found that lady in.

The children were much in evidence, however, and, as she expected to become their aunt in the fall, she joined them in the nursery and made them shiver delightfully with bear stories wherein the bear nearly caught the little boy and girl.

"I like 'em but they scare me," declared Robert, honestly turning his brown eyes upon her.

"They aren't as good as Hannah," protested Mildred.

"Who is Hannah?" inquired Miss Denning curiously, for she had never heard James or his sister mention any one by that name.

"She's a girl and we like her, don't we Mil?" explained and asked Robert.

"I like her best of any one Uncle Jim tells about," replied Mildred stoutly.

"And does Uncle Jim like her, too?" inquired Miss Denning carelessly.

"A-ha," nodded both young gossips.

"He sees her every day and writes mama about her," said Robert.

"He writ a letter and said how he was going to take her picture and send it to us," added Mildred.

Miss Denning waited a few minutes longer for Mrs. Jackson, but she had lost all desire to romp with the children. She wondered who this Hannah was and why James had never mentioned her. He had intended to return to New York the week before but had written he should be detained in Haverhill another week.

At the time of his writing she fancied he had found material for a story in the old colonial town, for James was a rising young writer.

Now, as she remembered his last letter, it seemed to her as being a bit distant and reserved for James. Besides, she was of a jealous temperament, absurdly so, she had admitted to herself, but, being so and unable to help it, this all made her very uncomfortable.

The children's remarks about his taking the picture of this young lady and the fact that Mrs. Jackson had not mentioned it, worried her.

"Mamma says as how Uncle Jim is writing about Hannah in a story, and he's going to take us to see her sometime," said Robert, as Miss Denning rose to go.

"She's got curly hair and she's awful smart and you couldn't do the things she can, could she, Rob?" said Mildred aggressively.

"Nope," said Robert. "I asked Uncle Jim once and he laughed and said he guessed not."

Dollie Denning was sweet and womanly in her tastes, but as she said to herself, possessed of no over powering accomplishments. She played the piano well and sang in a sympathetic, feeling sort of a way.

She was really a home girl, breezy and invigorating, with a feminine touch and a dash of fun that made her, as her brother said, "the life of the house."

She reasoned to herself—this Hannah may be a finished musician, a brilliant conversationalist, and be able to do a score of things I could not—but surely—that ought not to make any difference with James—who professes to love me so fondly—who has said, "Dolly, I love you because you are just your own sweet self."

"Of course this Hannah may be a great beauty," she thought as she looked in her mirror that night and beheld the image of a red-lipped girl and an oval face, the bluest of blue eyes, and a low brow with its crown of flaxen braids. Her white and perfect teeth showed for a moment as she smiled at some pleasant thought, then she grew sober and troubled, for the day had brought no letter from James. She conjured up, hundreds of Hannahs of all complexions and personalities, only each was very charming and sure to win the average masculine heart.

On the next day came a brief note from James in which he said he was in great haste as he had an appointment with his camera.

He hoped she was well, etc., etc. That was all. Ah! he was going to take this young lady's picture just as the children had said. That was his appointment. Miss Denning was a proud and sensitive girl, and would not for worlds have let James or his sister suspect her perturbation.

She had always told herself that the man of her choice must be such as to require no explanations for any thing, and with tearful demonstration she decided to anticipate his possible fickleness by returning his letters.

So with a sad heart she tied up the package, not forgetting to enclose his latest photograph.

James, in Haverhill, was astounded to receive his correspondence with a curt note for the return of the writer's letters.

Two days before his sister had written that Miss Denning did not seem just the same and mildly inquired if there had been any quarrel between them; but he had thought it all his sister's imagination and counted on his appearance in New York to make everything right.

"Thrown, by jove!" cried James, "and in such a shabby manner, with no warning or explanation. Why, I had banked on that girl! Well, the family pride must back me up. O, Hannah, give me some of your courage!" and with this prayer to his female divinity, James tied up the letters and consigned them to an express office. Then he devoted himself to completing his work and vowed he would hereafter pass all girls by. If Miss Denning expected any protestations, she was disappointed. James did not even ask for an ex-

planation. His family pride was standing by him.

"If he had planned on receiving his dismissal he couldn't have acted more heartless," she sobbed as she opened the package of foolish hopeful letters. "He expected me to find out about this girl and he wasn't even surprised. Mrs. Jackson must have known all about it and probably she's pitying me now."

After that she did not call on Mrs. Jackson and, on meeting her on the street, passed her by with a cool little nod, for she felt she had not been treated fairly. Mrs. Jackson was nonplussed until she received a brief letter from James simply stating that he had made a mistake and that Miss Denning was not for him.

"The idea!" she said to her husband, "just see what James has written! he needn't pretend he isn't in love with Dollie Denning. He's probably jealous over some imaginary slight, just like a man. She's a lovely girl and if he gets taken in with his next, it will serve him right. Why can't men appreciate the real article!" she added impatiently.

"They do," said Mr. Jackson looking on her with a smile. "O dear, well I won't make any more plans for James," she sighed.

"Why don't Auntie Doll come here any more?" asked Mildred.

"Well she needn't," said the ungracious Robert, "She ain't as nice as Hannah, 'cause Uncle Jim told us all about Hannah and Auntie Doll couldn't kill bad people with a tomahawk."

"And only think, mama, she didn't know anything about Hannah and I had to tell her," said Mildred.

"Yes dear," said her mother wearily.

"Huh! you didn't tell her about the hatchet," corrected Robert.

"You didn't either," defended Mildred.

"What is this about Hannah?" demanded Mrs. Jackson her eyes lighting up with interest.

"O we just told her how nice Hannah is and how Uncle Jim is going to take her picture and write you all about her," explained Mildred.

"Was that the day she called when I was out?" asked Mrs. Jackson straightening up.

"Yep," assented Robert, "and then she didn't play with us no more."

That night Mrs. Jackson wrote a long letter to her brother.

Next morning while crossing the park Miss Denning met Robert and Mildred walking hand in hand.

"Mamma said as how we was to tell you that Hannah always had a hatchet in her hand," said Mildred, pertly.

"And killed Injuns," added Robert.

"And a lot more," said Mildred, "please wait 'cause I can't think what comes next."

(Continued on page 23)

Rochester Club Men In Adirondacks

Cascade Lakes House, in the Lake Placid Region, Frequented by Senator Dunn, J. Hungerford Smith, Charles A. Green and Others

So much has been said and written of the havoc wrought in seasons past by sportsmen among the game of the Adirondacks that the public has perhaps come to regard with suspicion if not with open disfavor, the few clubs to be found in the Great North Woods. By a process of reasoning not unnatural to those unacquainted with the exact situation, these organizations have been classed with the wealthy owners of some of the great private preserves as land-grabbers of the worst type, conducting their operations on the "Public be hanged" policy, and as wanton destroyers of game and fish.

In the face of this feeling it is a pleasure to be able to point to at least one Adirondack club which has the protection, not the destruction of game, for one of its chief aims, and which is indeed working hand in hand with the state, in an endeavor to restore the Adirondacks to their one time glory as the abiding place of big game and the home of the tricky trout.

Such an organization is the Cascade Lakes club, which owns a preserve of 1,400 acres about ten miles from the village of Lake Placid, and of which several well-known Rochester men are members. Though little over two years old, this organization has earned for itself the reputation of being the most aggressive and thoroughly energetic organization of its kind in the whole North country. Perhaps that is why the state has relied so much upon it, in its efforts to restock some of the woods and waters of the Adirondacks; at any rate it is certain that to the experiments along this line now going forward on the club's preserve, the state officials attach much significance.

HAS AN IDEAL LOCATION

It was because of its many natural advantages for the conduct of such an experiment that the club's preserve was selected by the state as one of the spots in the Adirondacks best suited for the propagation of elk and other big game, and accordingly last winter five elk, secured from the Austin Corbin preserve, through the efforts of Harry V. Radford, were released in the Cascade Lakes preserve. These animals have been seen several times since their release and are reported to be doing finely. They are being carefully guarded against harm, by the wardens of the club, and that they will propagate, and thus accomplish much toward the restocking of the Adirondacks with big game, is the firm belief of those who have followed the experiment from the start. But it is not the plan of the club to let the work of restocking the mountains go with the liberation of a few elk. In addition to the release of more elk this winter, it is the hope of the members that matters can be arranged to carry out the

original intention and release also a number of moose and beaver.

James S. Whipple, the forest, fish and game commissioner, is a member of the club, and to him the club looks for much assistance in the execution of its plans in this direction. Governor Hughes, though not an active member of the club, is known to be in hearty sympathy with its aims. He is a close friend of

Palmer and A. G. Richardson. Included among the other present and former state officials who are members of the organization are Senator Thomas H. Cullen, Hon. James B. McEwan, Hon. George R. Malby, Hon. N. V. V. Franchot, Hon. John F. O'Brien, former secretary of state, Hon. E. T. Brackett, Hon. S. J. Foley, and Colonel William F. Fox. Colonel George W. Dunn, of Binghamton, is



CASCADE LAKES CLUB HOUSE

Commissioner Whipple, and spent his vacation at the latter's Adirondack cabin on Green pond.

SOME DISTINGUISHED NAMES

The late Governor Higgins was a member of the club, which was organized June 5, 1905, and Julius H. Mayer, the former attorney-general, who was a member during his term of office, is still on the roll. The total membership of the organization is limited to 50, and these gentlemen have subscribed \$500 each. Charles A. Green, editor of *Green's Fruit Grower*, is one of the most active of the Rochester members of this unique organization. At the annual election recently he was chosen secretary, the other officers being: President, Wallace Craig Smith, Saginaw, Mich.; vice-president, Judge Francis A. Smith, Elizabethtown, N. Y., and treasurer, Hon. Spencer G. Prime, of Upper Jay, former state senator.

Charles A. Green and J. Hungerford Smith, of Rochester, are members of the board of directors, the others being Hon. Spencer G. Prime, Judge Francis A. Smith, and Hon. Wallace T. Smith.

Other well-known Rochester members of the club are, Senator Thomas B. Dunn, G. S.

also one of the members. Horace Nye is superintendent and general manager of the club.

MANY TROUT TURNED LOOSE

In addition to the elk released on its preserve, the club has this season released in the twin lakes from which the organization takes its name, 80,000 young speckled trout which were raised in the fine new hatchery on the club property. These with the 30,000 released last year make a total of 110,000 speckled trout released in the lakes since the club took possession of its preserve.

The club house, which is located about 10 miles from Lake Placid, on the road to Keene valley and Elizabethtown, was, before the club took possession, an Adirondack hotel known as the Cascade Lakes house. A more rugged and truly picturesque spot it would be hard to find. Between towering mountains, rising abruptly on either side, lie the twin lakes, separated from each other only by a narrow neck of land, and even that division is rendered incomplete by a little trout brook through which the water of the upper lake empty into the lower. Down the rugged face of the mountain to the south the Cascade for

(Continued on page 22)

EVERY FRIDAY

MUSIC



M. URSULA ROGERSON

Music in the Church

Church music is a part of a great religious act, and should be regarded solely from that point of view. It is an offering of the best we have, and is made to God as an act of worship. As such, it is a means of edification more potent than almost anything else, and is a sacred part of worship.

When the music of the church can quicken the emotions and rouse the souls as truly as

hearts of his hearers. In this way, he may become the inspiration and guide to many souls, and prove himself valuable to his art and religion. The true organist who realizes that the simple forms of church music, such as hymns and chants, are valued and beloved by many of the worshipers, will endeavor to produce these as carefully as the larger musical works, thus making his service helpful, appropriate and inspiring.

The hymns form an important part of worship. The preacher frequently builds his sermon around some well-known hymn, and when the organist, choir and congregation take up the thread of the address, by singing the familiar words and tune, it is with a spontaneous outburst of feeling that is almost overpowering. In the hymn tune is the congregation's opportunity for praise, and as such deserves much valuable attention from the organist and choir-master.

The doctrines of the church are more clearly expressed, and more easily remembered through the use of the hymns than in any other way, for they voice the feelings and give expression to the emotions of the heart—which deepen and strengthen the religious affections.

Local Music Notes

The Rochester Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. Schenck is conductor, will give a series of public concerts free of charge—admission to which will be by means of cards of invitation issued by the Board of Education and the Symphony Orchestra Management. These concerts will be given in the auditorium halls of the East and West High Schools—which are admirably designed for such a purpose—and will be of much educational benefit to all who may attend.

The Y. M. C. A. is arranging for classes in music to be under the direction of George W. Walton.

Mrs. Mary Chappell Fisher

Mrs. Fisher stands at the head of Rochester's women organists, and maintains a high standard of true organ music. She has the distinction of being the only woman who has played the Carnegie organ in Pittsburg—and is a founder of the American Guild of Organists. Mrs. Fisher has won recognition as a concert organist by the large number of recitals given, including three at the Pan-American Exposition and two at the exposition three years ago at St. Louis. Her playing is marked with breadth, delicacy and repose, which distinguish her as an artist of rare merit. Mrs. Fisher was born in Auburn, N. Y. At an early age she began her musical

education with her father, and received her first appointment as church organist when a child of thirteen years.

Pursuing her work with I. V. Flagler, of Auburn, and Dr. Gerrit Smith, of New York, she won distinction as a public performer. Having in view the special study of organ playing, she has been twice to Paris, and received the scholarly guidance of Monsieur Alexandra Guilmant, whose distinctive methods she exemplifies, and whose endorsement she has received.

Mrs. Fisher has for a number of seasons given a series of "Free Organ Recitals" to the Rochester public, which have been of great value to the musical life in this city.

General Music Notes

Oscar Hammerstein's success with his Manhattan Opera House has lead him to believe that the American people love good music. With this in view, he has completed plans for erecting a circuit of opera houses in which only the best grand opera will be produced. The cities chosen for this purpose are: Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

Madame Olga Samaroff will delight American audiences with her piano playing again this year. She will begin the season in the West, arriving on the Pacific Coast in October. Madame Samaroff stands at the head of the younger generation of women pianists, and is an indefatigable worker in her art.



MRS. CHARLES HOOKER

Rochester's Leading Contralto—Third Presbyterian Church Choir

the well-reasoned and effectively-delivered sermon, it is recognized at its true worth. It will, if employed with this end in view, become more beautiful, more effective, and more useful as an aid to religious feeling. Music in the church should never be considered as a form of amusement or entertainment for special occasions. It should serve the churchgoer by aiding him in his devotions, and being helpful and useful as a means of edification.

With the organist and choir of the church rests an important part of Divine worship. They should be composed of men and women whose lives and habits of thought are such as to put them in sympathy with the religious service, and enable them through their music to uplift the souls of the congregation.

The ideal choir is the one possessing an organist of sufficient ability to select the voices with care, and direct them correctly. The average congregation wishes to hear music that pleases as well as uplifts. With this in view, the organist must use his art beautifully, and in simple forms, if he wishes to reach the



MARY CHAPPELL FISHER

Concert Organist and Organist of First Baptist Church

EVERY FRIDAY

The STAGE

Week of September 30th:

LYCEUM THEATRE—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "The Boys of Company B." Thursday, dark. Friday and Saturday, Sam Bernard.

BAKER THEATRE—All week, Klaw & Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville, daily 2:15 and 8:15.

NATIONAL THEATRE—All week, Miss Cecil Spooner in two plays, "The Dancer and the King" and "The Girl Raffles."

COOK OPERA HOUSE—Cruso's Isle, Emmet Corrigan, Roberti's Animals, Werden and Taylor, Anderson and Goimes, Charles Wayne & Co., Camille Comedy Trio, Clarice Vance, Kineotograph.

Last week was not one of the best for the theaters, the weather being too warm for comfort a great part of the time. However, all attractions were generally well patronized. Klaw & Erlanger's Advanced Vaudeville opened at the Baker Theater to a good attendance and played to a steadily increasing business. Despite this no appreciable difference was noticed in the Cook's regular busi-

ness, which can be taken as evidence that this city will support two theaters of this kind if they present good attractions.

The Lyceum had Marie Cahill for one performance of "Marrying Mary" Saturday night and it proved one of the most pleasing attractions of the season. The theatergoing public is still trying to figure out why Marie should make a one-night stand in our city. Somehow we feel that we're outgrowing that sort of thing.

The most important event of the season in theatricals locally was on Monday night, when Klaw & Erlanger and Henry Arthur Jones presented for the first time on any stage the latter's latest—and undoubtedly his greatest—play, "The Galilean's Victory." Until his last production previous to that of this week, Mr. Jones had always made his premieres to English audiences. Upon the initial presentation of "The Hypocrites," he honored America by producing it in this country, concluding after the experiment that our audiences were more appreciative and discriminating in taste and judgment. Therefore when he again decided



ETHEL D. HOUSTON

Leading contralto of the "Madame Butterfly" company

to come to America for the premiere of his new play, selecting an American audience as a representative audience of the world, and a Rochester audience as a representative one in America, the honor to our city is two-fold. That it was appreciated was shown by the capacity first night attendance and the friendliness exhibited both for the play and its distinguished author. The play made a decided hit, and the critics praised it highly. The other Monday night openings were well attended and the attractions were up to the usual standards. Next week we are to see "The Boys of Company B" and Sam Bernard.

Already Await "Madame Butterfly"

Although Rochester will not hear "Madame Butterfly" until next April, the music loving public is already looking forward to the visit of the talented company which will interpret the Puccini grand opera and the records of the principals are already being discussed.



SCENE FROM "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

This stirring and splendidly acted play reaches its 300th performance in New York next Monday. It will be seen in Rochester, with the original cast, about Christmas time. This picture shows three of the principals, viz: Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin and Charles Wyngate.

The initial performance of this season's production will be made in Newark, N. J. on the 30th inst.

Manager Savage has four prima donnas for the title role all of whom have been given especial praise for their interpretation. Of Rena Vivienne, one of the American singers, the critics declare that no one on the dramatic stage could show more finesse. She is described as ingeniously childish in the first act, pathetically appealing in the second and tragically convincing in the third. She embodies Cho-Cho-San both physically and mentally. Her youth and beauty together with a superb soprano voice with rare warmth of tone, has made her one of the strongest favorites with the public.

Ethel Dufre Houston, the contralto, who has been engaged to play the role of Suzuki, the Japanese maid, was a pupil of Bouhy, in Paris, where she studied and sang for several years. She was one of the singers Mr. Savage signed three years ago for his English Grand Opera company and sang with great success throughout the season, taking such roles as Ortrude, Amneris and Venus. Later she returned to Paris for further study. Miss Houston comes from the well known Southern family of Houstons and is a grand niece of the celebrated Sam Houston. Her home is in Birmingham, Ala.

By the New York Critics

At the Lyceum—English adaption of Bernstein's drama, "Le Voleur." A stirring play which will increase the reputation of Margaret Illington. Kyrle Bellow does something more than pose; this time he really shows some trace of trying to act.

At the Hackett—"The Movers," a drama by Martha Morton. Moves on (anywhere) this week, in spite of fine work by Dorothy Donnelly. "Ought to have been a book instead of a play" is the general verdict.

At the Madison Square—"The Man on the Case," a comedy by Grace Livingston Furniss. Three acts of crisp, bright and clean fun. James Lee Finney at last gets a real chance and makes good. But it failed to please New York and started on the road last Monday.

At the Lyric—James O'Neil in "Virginius." Warm welcome to a worthy actor who has been kept too long off Broadway and too long on the road with "Monte Cristo."

At the Majestic—"The Spell," a drama by Samuel Shipman. An "affinity" play originally written in Yiddish and given here by David Kessler who comes from the East side to make his debut in English. Not a great success. Ida Conquest takes first honors.

At the Liberty—Lulu Glaser in her "Lola" opera. Rochester's opinion fully endorsed.

London Endorses Maxine Elliott

Among the women whom nature has endowed with remarkable beauty of face and figure, it is always a pleasure to note the success of those, who having adopted a theatrical career, have not been content to rely solely on these attributes as a means to making their positions on the stage secure. The so-called

"society actress" of the present day and the "lady with a pull," who are so frequently thrust into the lime light, irrespective of their talents to instruct or amuse, more often than not bring the profession into disrepute and entail hardships on those who, by priority of service and attainment in skill secured by genuine hard work, have rightly considered themselves entitled to leading honors.

Under no cloak of favoritism on account of her great personal attractions can it be charged that Maxine Elliott has come to be regarded as one of the foremost of American actresses. From the time she left her home in Maine, early in the nineties, to take a small part in the company of that sterling actor, E. S. Willard, Miss Elliott became a serious and earnest

"Maxine Elliott as Mary Hamilton wears a bathing costume in one act and gypsy dress in others. She talks love, poetry, and common sense with equal facility, and altogether made the best impression she has yet created in London."

Stage Notes and News

It is understood that Edith Wynne Matthison will share with Henry Miller the honors in "The Great Divide" when Margaret Anglin leaves the east for her Australian tour in March. The piece starts out on the road in November.

St. Louis gives warm praise to Wilton Lackaye's study of "The Bondsman," the Hall Cain drama was last year's Drury Lane success. Everyone will be glad to learn this as Lackaye has been none too lucky lately in his choice, or his manager's choice of plays. He is a great actor when he gets the right piece of work.

Augustus Thomas' new play "The Ranger" failed to win success, as was generally predicted and it was withdrawn last Saturday to make room for "The Hurdy Gurdy."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it is said, will begin her engagement in New York with a presentation of the "Electra" of Euripides. Some notable scenic effects are promised, especially in connection with the appearance of Castor and Pollux, and the apparition of the Furies in their pursuit of Orestes.

H. B. Irving will soon produce, in the English provinces, a new play by Justin H. McCarthy, on the subject of "Cæsar Borgia." He is still playing "The Bells," "Charles I.," and "The Lyons Mail."

Robert Edson has apparently found in "Classmates," which is being presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York, to big houses, the most popular success of his career.

In Paul Armstrong's new play, William Farnum is to have the leading part. He is to have a modern role and it will be a treat to see the former leading man of "Ben Hur" in tailor made clothes.

Fritzi Scheff's reappearance in "Mlle. Modiste" at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, recently, was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration. Vivacious as ever, she tripped onto the stage and stood, howling and smiling like a schoolgirl at the opening exercises, while an audience that packed the house did everything but stamp and yell to show its delight at seeing her again. That the little singer is fully recovered from her recent illness there is no doubt, and she seemed to revel in the very thought of being before the footlights again. She refused nothing to the big boisterous audience, giving encore after encore, and never losing patience with its noisy and persistent displays of enthusiasm.

The Browning Society of Boston is making plans for the production of Robert Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," a lyrical drama in five acts, and Marion Craig Wentworth is to play the title role.



RENA VIVIENNE

Who will appear in the title role of "Madam Butterfly" this season

student of her art. She certainly had good opportunities owing to her charm of beauty, but she made the most of each new role and the public was quick to see that her rise to stellar honors was assured. All of this came in due time and she has hardly known what failure means, almost every production with which she has been identified having been stamped with the playgoers' approval.

From London now comes word of another success, this time in a romantic play "Under the Greenwood Tree" by H. V. Esmond and we are to see it here when it has finished its course over there. One of the best London critics, and they are hard people to please at any time, says:

EVERY FRIDAY

MOTORING



BERT VAN TUYLE

Sec'y. AUTOMOBILE CLUB

Troubles in Foreign Travel

In these days of international courtesies, when every country throws open its doors to those who desire to tour and spend their money, it is remarkable that the stringent laws governing motor tourists are still allowed to remain in force.

Germany is the worst offender in this respect. A tourist going there must pay, in addition to the customs deposit, a tax of \$10 for the privilege of riding over German roads for 30 days. If he exceeds the thirty-day limit, he comes under a new scheme of taxation, which exacts money for each horse-power. The result has been to drive tourists out of Germany into Austria. A tourist once exceeded the limit by two days and had to pay \$60.

To tour France, the chauffeur's photograph must be on the license, and a duplicate photograph must be sent to the French authorities. If you are a member of a club they take care of this, but, if you don't happen to be a member, the difficulties are many, as the prefecture, from which the license is obtained, can demand birth certificates, proof of domicile, and all other documents associated with red-tape officialdom. If you neglect to get a French license you are liable to spend a night in jail. The customs deposit on a \$5,000 car is \$125,

and if you leave the country without getting your money back the government does not return it.

Austria has a very large customs duty. Tourists have to deposit \$300, and, if you go there without Austrian gold you are in trouble, as the customs officials will refuse to take any other currency. As for Italy, after the customs deposit, you may remain in the country three months, but at the end of this time you must pay a tax of \$120.

Unless a motorist is a member of the automobile club he must carry about \$1,500 in loose money for customs deposits on an extended European trip. Each car that goes into England must be registered, and a tourist must pay for registration, for license, for the chauffeur, and in addition is liable for other taxes.

Tourists entering Canada must bond their machines with costs about nine dollars for each, buy two license numbers, one for the front, the other for back of each car, must deposit \$25 and lose many hours of valuable time. Fortunately for Rochester motorists who wish to tour in that country, the Rochester Automobile Club has made arrangements by which any member may do his bonding with the secretary of the club, at a saving of about four dollars, and is not compelled to make any deposit. The permit is sent to him,



HORSE SHOE IMBEDDED IN A TIRE

and, upon arriving at the frontier, he passes through without trouble or loss of time. This permit is good for the entire year, passing in and out as often as one wishes.

On Scottsville Road

A young man; his best girl; his first machine; Scottsville road: "Do you think the automobile will displace the horse?" asked the young woman.

"It will," answered the nervous young man, as he gazed down the road and saw one coming, "if it ever hits him."

The Commercial Vehicle

Advocates of automobiles for business purposes offer the following points upon which the motor-propelled commercial vehicle makes its claim for superiority over the horse-drawn conveyance to a progressive age and people. It is cheaper for transport. It is quicker in delivery of goods. It has a larger range of action, and is a first-class advertising medium. It can work at its maximum all day and every day. A single car can replace as many as seven horses. It only takes fuel when actually working, and the fuel used is to do useful work, and the work done is a measure of the cost. The speed can be accelerated in case of need to at least four times that of a horse, and can be maintained with greater ease and certainty, as it only requires half the room in traffic, and it is easily seen that if motor-traffic were universal in our large cities the street obstruction problem would be solved and blockades cease to exist.

Two of the greatest causes of excessive tire expense are over-loading and over-speeding.

Do not allow oil or grease to accumulate on your tires. They cause decay.

Do not persist in running your car along street car rails, as it grinds down the edge of the tire.



LOW SPEED UP THIS HILL

Negotiating Hills

When approaching a hill of about five per cent. grade, accelerate the motor and the car will travel up hill at about fifteen miles an hour. When striking a stiff grade and it becomes necessary to change gears, allow the speed of the car to come down to the proportion of the speed of the gears, but do not let the motor come to almost a stop before changing.

"Knocking" in the Engine

A possible cause of knocking in the engine is poor compression. If there is little or no compression, the inertia of the piston and rod will lift them, at the top of the stroke, as far as the slack in the crank and wrist pin bearings will permit; and when the explosion comes it will take up this slack rather violently. This generally occurs at moderate motor speeds, when the charge has had time to leak away and the spark is not so far advanced as to make the combustion gradual instead of abrupt.

Gas Lamp Brilliancy

A not uncommon cause of gradual failure of the gas lamps to burn with their original brilliancy is progressive clogging of the small copper gas pipes with scale. A great many complaints directed at the generator are properly chargeable to this cause. The scale accumulates principally at the ends of the pipes, and a good remedy is to cut off the pipe a few inches at each end and braze extensions to them.

Like Marrying

Motoring is like marrying. You are, or ought to be, reasonably certain of doubling your joys; but also there are contingencies and you are not certain, even after you have tried it a while, just what you are going to get. Each is a mixture; not all bad, or it would be intolerable; not all good, or it would be supernatural. Each is exposed to liabilities.

Meaning of Horse-Power

There are many persons who misunderstand the meaning of "horse-power." The term is purely relative and irrelevant when it is applied to the horse itself. It is a figurative term indicating a source of energy which is sufficient to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

Or Even a Lemon

When you are out on the road and your dry cells go "dead," stop at some farm house and secure vinegar and a nail, with the nail make a few holes in the zinc and pour in some of the weak vinegar and they will revive to bring you home.

Police Traps at Oneida

The town authorities of Oneida are maintaining a police trap on the eastern edge of the town, on the straight road going east. It is necessary to use this road, as other highways are torn up at present.

Motorists Aroused at Last

Except for occasional and sporadic outbursts of protest, the people of Rochester have long, far too long, endured the blockade of the principal thoroughfares of this city in which work begun on the so-called "repairs and improvements" has been protracted or held-up altogether to a point at which the extreme limit of patience has at last been reached. While drivers of all vehicles have been most outrageously treated in this matter, it is the motorists who have special cause for complaint, the license which the State compels them to pay being practical robbery, as far as permitting them to use the Rochester roadways is concerned, except for short intermittent stretches.

This magazine has already reproduced photographs showing the abnormal state of

bile interests are too powerful nowadays to be spurned and ignored, and the sooner the local authorities are brought to look and made to understand this the better for the community in general.

Notes

The term "honeycomb cooler" does not necessarily imply that it has a bee in its bonnet.

Brakes wear and should be tested often. Imagine the results that would follow should a brake fail to work on a steep hill.

Here is a simple and practical way of testing lubricating oils for use in gasoline engines: Heat a pane of glass to various temperatures, holding it at an angle of 45 degrees, and allow samples of the different oils to run over



ON THE TENTH GREEN AT GENESEE VALLEY PARK.
Mrs. Hord putting. Mr. Hord is holding the flag-pole marking the cup.

affairs in several sections of the city. The word has been spread by traveling motorists that Rochester should be avoided at all hazards, with results that cannot but have a most serious effect on the city welfare for many reasons. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that concerted action among a large body of prominent citizens has at last been taken with a view to bringing the municipal and county authorities to time over the matter, and the law's most vigorous action will be asked for. Rochester cannot afford to be pilloried all over the country. The automo-

it. That which runs farthest without evaporating under the greatest heat is the most suitable.

The motorists who use the same funnel to fill both water tank and gasoline tank, can expect carburetor troubles.

After cleaning a bearing with gasoline or kerosene, don't forget to lubricate it. The absence of oil will result in a "hot box."

Don't use resin on a leather-lined clutch to keep it from slipping. It will wear it quickly. An application of castor oil is best. When that fails, tighten up the clutch spring.

Big Changes in Football Tactics

Great Developments Are Looked For This Year, Now That the New Game Has Passed Through the Experimental Stages

GEORGE H. BROOKE

The hardy football warriors have flocked back to college from all parts of the country full of fire and energy and thirsting for the gore of their rivals. The coaches and tacticians, who have been thinking over the new rules all summer long, now have their campaigns planned. The great football public is more interested than ever before. In other words the season of 1907 is off with a Rah! Rah! Rah!

Next Wednesday Yale opens with Wesleyan, Penn opens with Villa Nova, and Harvard opens with Bowdoin. Princeton three days later lines up in her first game against Stevens. The Indians and Cornell have already opened their seasons with small games. A great many of the smaller colleges have also begun their seasons.

SOME OF THE PROGRAMMES

Yale plays Wesleyan, Syracuse, Springfield Training School, Holy Cross, West Point, Villa Nova, Washington and Jefferson, and Brown in this order in preparation for her final great matches with Princeton at New Haven on November 16 and Harvard at Cambridge on November 23.

Harvard meets Bowdoin, Maine, Bates, Williams, the Navy, Springfield Training School, Brown, the Indians, and Dartmouth in her course of preparation for Yale.

Princeton meets Stevens, Wesleyan, Bucknell, Washington and Jefferson, the Indians (in New York), and Amherst, before her Yale game at New Haven of November 16.

COMPARISONS MAY BE MADE

By this, it will be seen that both Harvard and Yale play the Springfield Training School and Brown, Princeton and Yale both meet Washington and Jefferson, thus giving a chance for a line on the teams. Yale's schedule is easier than that of either Harvard or Princeton, but it must be remembered that Yale has two great games to wind up with and Harvard and Princeton each only one, namely Yale. It is interesting to note that Yale plays West Point early in the season, on October 19, and on the same day Harvard plays the Navy.

Penn has on her schedule, in the following order, Villa Nova, Bucknell, Franklin and Marshall, Swarthmore, Ursinus, Brown, the Indians, Lafayette, and then a two weeks' rest until she journeys out to meet Michigan at Ann Arbor on November 16; and then nothing 'till Thanksgiving Day when she plays Cornell her annual game in Philadelphia.

The Indians, the great football money-makers, have bitten off a huge chunk in their schedule this year. It is nothing less than the following: Albright, Lebanon Valley, Villa

Nova, Susquehanna, Penn State, Syracuse, Bucknell, Penn, Princeton, Harvard, Minnesota and Chicago. In all they will probably play before 200,000 people. They have "Pop" Warner back from Cornell to coach them, they have scoured the Indian Territory for plenty of good material, they like the new game, and they will either know football or be human wrecks when they get through that schedule.

Cornell has several easy games and then Princeton and Swarthmore after which she



GEORGE H. BROOKE

Famous football coach and a former player of great renown, who will criticize, exclusively for EVERY FRIDAY, the work of the big college teams this season

(See also page 22)

lays off for her final Thanksgiving Day game in Philadelphia.

There are only minor changes in the rules this year. The halves have been lengthened 5 minutes each; the forward pass has been encouraged by taking off some of the penalty for an illegal or incomplete pass; and there is another official to help enforce the rules more strictly.

The experts of the gridiron anticipate some interesting developments this fall in tactics under the new regulations. Last year the new game was in a more or less experimental stage and the Yale tacticians evolved the most practical plays along the line of very long and high forward passes. No one denies that the possibilities of the forward pass and on-side kick are very

great, so therefore we may well expect not only new plays but a greater degree of daring and skill in their execution. The new on-side kick rule, which makes it legal for the players on the kicking side to get the ball the instant it hits the ground, surely puts a great premium on scientific placing punts. In fact this rule should make our kicking now more scientific than that of either the English or Australian games.

Yale presents her regular system of coaching this year. And it is a system *par excellence*. The Yale football organization is run on the lines of a trust. Harvard has tried to "bust" it but has not succeeded. Walter Camp is president and Frank Butterworth, vice-president of this football "corporation."

Princeton, Penn, and Cornell are working again with their systems smoothly oiled and in good running order.

HARVARD'S NEW HEAD COACH

Harvard, however, as usual, has done the spectacular. For her head coach she has chosen a good sportsman and a man who excels at any game he goes into. Joshua Crane, Jr., was court tennis champion of America until young Jay Gould came along and beat him. He is a great polo player, and is good at racquets and other games. But he never excelled at football, and has had little to do with the practical side of the game. Perhaps he is the man to weld Harvard's rather scattered forces. His first ideas are to do away with all secret practice and to make the daily work light, enjoyable, and full of fun.

This latter idea differs materially from the Yale methods. Most football men who are hardy and strong get lots of fun out of the smash and grind of daily practice. It feels good to them to test their strength and hardihood against another man and beat him. However the experts are awaiting the moves of the Harvard tacticians with the greatest interest. Men like Eustace Miles of England and others have claimed that the ancient game of court tennis requires more head work than any other game in the world. Perhaps we may see a great football coach come out of the quiet atmosphere of the hard walled tennis court and teach the hard headed practical men of the gridiron new points in the game.

With Local Warriors

HUGH A. SMITH.

To-morrow is a day anxiously awaited by local football enthusiasts—the day when the curtain will rise on the opening scene of the

(Continued on page 21)

All Golfers Are Welcome Here

Citizens Much Indebted to the Genesee Club for Undertaking Supervision and Care of the Public Links in the Valley Park

OLIVER STURGES JONES

Residents of Rochester, seeking invigorating forms of out door recreation, need offer no excuse that the city fails to give them inducements or facilities for carrying out the same. In addition to providing baseball, lawn tennis and athletic grounds, the Board of Park Commissioners maintains a public golf course which compares very favorably with any links in the country that have been laid out with

that would result from placing the greater part of the management of the links in the hands of men who are practical golfers and have the interests of the game at heart.

For an annual subscription of \$5, with an initiation fee of the same amount, active membership in this club is secured for men residents of the city. The number is limited to one hundred and fifty and for some time past this total has been reached with many names on the "waiting list." Members have full use of the club house, which contains dressing rooms, shower baths, lockers and other accommodations. For a very nominal fee, en-

rent year consists of H. S. Weet, Abram J. Katz, A. P. Fletcher, W. H. Ford, Morley A. Stern, J. B. Mullan, E. L. Engel, Arthur Warren and A. E. Perkins. Several of them are also office holders, Mr. Fletcher being the president, Mr. Katz, the vice-president, Mr. Ford the treasurer, and in Mr. Mullan the club has an energetic and courteous secretary. There are also the usual House, Finance, Greens and Tournament committees of which Messrs. Fletcher, Stern, Perkins and Edward L. Engel are the respective chairmen.

While the club's income is necessarily limited, its funds are put to the best use. A professional instructor is always on hand and he also supervises, under the orders of the Greens committee, the care of the links. The Park Commission meets the club "half-way" in all matters and contributes its share of expenses on any special occasions, such as the engagement last Saturday of the star professionals, Alex Ross and Gilbert Nichols. The relation between the Commission and the



K. G. RICHARDS

Finish of a drive from the second tee. By painstaking practice this young golfer has just made a new amateur record of 74 for the Genesee club's course.

similar ends in view, and money evidently was not spared in the first instance to obtain the best possible results.

In fact, the links in Genesee Valley Park are, in many points, superior to the public golf grounds found in cities of larger size and greater income than Rochester that the writer has visited. The hazards are numerous and well placed, the greens carefully tended and the fourteen-hole course of 4249 yards offers as good a day's sport as the most fastidious golfer could wish for. In order to cover the regulation eighteen-hole course, the first two and last two holes are played over, making a total of 5615 yards, or almost three and a quarter miles.

An important attribute to the good condition and success of these links has been the Genesee Golf Club, which was organized at the time the course was opened. This club has done a power of good to make the game popular hereabouts and has voluntarily taken much work off the shoulders of the Park Commission. The latter wisely saw the benefits



CHARLES V. K. LANSING

Top of the swing in his drive from the eighth tee on the Genesee club's links

titling them to a locker, etc., women are admitted to auxiliary membership, as also are children, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, who are connected with the families of active members.

The club's board of governors for the cur-



J. B. MULLAN

Secretary of the Genesee Golf Club driving from the first tee

Genesee Golf Clubs' officials are practical and cordial and citizen golfers are much indebted to this club for many features which are lacking at other public links.

For the benefit of visitors to Rochester it may be mentioned that upon the request of a member introducing them, they may obtain use of the club house and its privileges for two weeks, the secretary providing them with a visitor's card for this purpose. No special permission is required from any visitor for the use of the links only.

Every Friday

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"THE WEEKLY THAT IS PROUD OF ROCHESTER"
"THE WEEKLY THAT ROCHESTER IS PROUD OF"

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This Magazine is on sale at newsstands in Rochester and surrounding territory. It may also be obtained by addressing the publishers.

EVERY FRIDAY is the official journal of the Rochester Automobile Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 27, 1907

Two Welcome Postal Reforms

Two innovations in regard to foreign postage will go into effect next Tuesday, both of which will be a boon to many Americans. Letters on which five cents had to be paid for every half ounce and part thereof, may, from the above date, be sent at a charge of five cents for one ounce, and three cents for each additional ounce, which is a saving of sixty per cent. on the old rate.

The other important change is the new system of return postage coupons. Persons desiring to enclose return postage to their correspondents abroad will be able to purchase at the Rochester Post Office a coupon for six cents, which will be redeemed in almost every foreign country and converted into five cents' worth of foreign stamps. This is, in a way, an international money system on a small scale. The turning of five cents worth of American postage into five cents of foreign costs only one cent, about enough to cover the expense of exchange and printing.

This new system will not only greatly facilitate a large class of foreign correspondence, but will provide the cheapest form of foreign exchange for small amounts. Every American dwelling abroad for long or short periods has felt strongly the need of such a form of exchange. One may, after next Monday, write to a friend in London or Paris and enclose the payment for some cheap article by one or more coupons, which will be at once exchangeable for the always useful postage stamps without bothering about postal orders or bank drafts.

All of the coupons, when they have once been used by the public, will finally land in the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union at Berne, Switzerland, where they will eventually be redeemed by the various nations providing them for their subjects or citizens. This means that the Berne bureau will become an international Clearing House, and bids fair to furnish work of considerable magnitude for that office before very long.

New Ball-Room Terrors

While the promulgations of the American Society of Professors of Dancing, which has recently had a five days' session of rhythm and poetry of motion in New York, may not have an immediate effect on the make-up of the ball-room programme this winter, they are certain to have some influence on the styles that will be taught in the countless dancing schools of the country which may or may not be followed by those who aim to lead Society in the Terpsichorean art.

Three wonderful new dances, imported from Europe, and branded as the "real thing, direct from the courts of kings and emperors," are to be taught, with the expectation of electrifying those of us who by choice or compunction find ourselves on the ball room floor. One of them is to be known as the "Apollo" waltz, a figure dance with sinuous gliding movements. Another is the "Motor," which appears to be a kind of polka above the regulation speed, entailing a full course of long-distance training in order to last out to the final bar. The third, which is to be known as the "Esperanto" waltz, seems as about as complicated an affair as the so-called language after which it has been named.

But for those of us who are not so ambitious to be up-to-date, it is gratifying to know that the lancers and quadrille will be more popular than ever, or rather that there will be a distinct revival of them, for they have found only an occasional place on the dance card in recent years. "Executed correctly and with due regard to deportment and stateliness of carriage," says the president of the A. S. P. D., "these dances will again be given with a high degree of perfection which gained them the places of honor on the programmes twenty-five years ago."

This being the case, we are quite willing to do our share of lancers and quadrilles, provided we are allowed to "sit out" during the "Apollos" and the "Motors" and the "Esperantos."

Earning Degrees By Electric Light

Not content with its all night banks, all night stores, restaurants, dentists and barber shops, New York has now an all night college, which has been established as a special branch of New York University's curriculum. And from the very start its success seems assured. The majority of students are school teachers and lawyers, but there are also many business men, as well as some who work in factories, and motormen and engineers who are anxious to get the benefits which a "university education" implies. While the night college does not confer the degree of Bachelor of Arts it does give the degree of Bachelor of Science in Pedagogy, from which the graduates can proceed to any higher degrees.

The list of subjects, of which a competent knowledge in a certain number is required in order to obtain this degree, is certainly very elastic, and comprises practically everything that the average university requires for a degree in Arts, provided a sufficiently large group of pupils are found to be interested in, and request instruction in, a particular subject, or group of subjects. But it is made clear that the night college is not a "short cut" to a degree. The entrance examination must show that the student has had a high school education, and when this point has been satisfied he (or she, for thirty per cent. of these night students are women), may take two hours of lectures five nights a week. This is the most he can do at present, which means, of course, that he will require three years to cover the work done by the more fortunate day pupil, or six years to complete the full collegiate course.

The Sunny Side = "JAC" LOWELL

De Use ob Frownin'

"JAC" LOWELL

What's de use ob frownin' when de sun shines?
 Sun an big es earth an' bigger, too;
 When he starts a-shinin' an, a-smilin',
 What's a little scowl a-gwine ter do?
 If de face of eb'ry liblin' kicker
 Puckered up in one disgusted frown,
 Still de sun would keep his mug a-grinnin',
 Still he'd sen' his heat an' gladness down!
 What's de use ob frownin' when de sun shines?
Smile, an' make it better all aroun'!

What's de use ob frownin' when de clouds come?
 Clouds am jes' de t'ings what hol' de rain;
 But de clouds dat wrinkle up yo face, frien',
 Dose won't eben help ter wash de pane,
 Sky's de place for clouds, when clouds am needed;
 Folks don' need ter stick dere noses in!
 'Tain't es if dey helped de t'ings a-growin',
 Jes' by lookin' homelier den sin!
 What's de use ob frownin' when de clouds come?
 Limber up yo lips an' start a grin!

What's de use ob frownin', rain er shine, folks?
 Eb'ry day yo hab ter wear yo face;
 Don' insult de eyes dat hab ter see it;
 Pickled faces look so out ob place!
 Den, besides, it's jes' a waste ob muscle,
 Sqintin' up yo skin in such a line!
 Steals erway yo healthiness an' beauty,
 Leaves yer out-ob-date an' far behin'!
 Spite ob all de big an' little troubles,—
 What's de use ob frownin', rain er shine?

"Musings of A 'Mere Man'"

A Little Heart-talk on The Loose Tongue

"JAC" LOWELL

A woman's tongue. Few things cause more talk, for few things are more strenuous.
 Pray pardon the bit of sarcasm. Being a "mere man" it is quite impossible to write of the female word-maker without reverting to the world-old joke.
 But stop a minute, I beg, and listen to what man's tongue has to say of its feminine counterpart.

Throwing aside all ridicule or jesting, everyone knows that a woman's tongue is an instrument of power. Through all the ages its ready wit, its stern invectives and its silver-toned pleas have won great victories for justice and for peace.

A woman's tongue is her best weapon. Yes, and more,—it is one of the world's best weapons.

A woman's tongue is her best agent of diplomacy. Yes, and more,—it is one of the world's best diplomatic agents.

A woman's tongue is one of her best means of bestowing comfort and calm. Yes, and it is one of the world's best comforters and peace-makers.

When you are in trouble with men and affairs, what has fought for you more valiantly

than a woman's tongue? What has been of more service in drawing you from the clutches of the enemy?

When you are ill in mind or body, what has brought you more of rest and peace than a sweet-voiced woman? What has aided you to recover, more rapidly than the strong yet tender words which some woman has whispered to you?

Thus speaks a man to men. Now he would talk directly to his sister.

Are you using your tongue aright?

Perhaps you who read this can truly answer "yes;" but do you know that hundreds of your sisters are every day injuring themselves and the world at large by abusing the power of speech?

I do not refer to the fault of over-talking. I refer to the grosser fault of talking slang, and slander and vulgarity.

It is a fact, perhaps, that the majority of women who are careless in talking are far from being untrue to their womanhood or motherhood, but until they abandon the carelessness referred to they can never expect to exert their best influence, or to be free from the judgments of the other sex.

A man may join in a woman's talk, he may laugh at the daring stories which she tells him, but when he has left her presence he brings his hands together with a bang, and exclaims:

"I wouldn't have believed it! I can never think the same of that woman again!"

What a penalty to pay for a few idle words? The loss of a good reputation in the mind of one man, and subsequently in the minds of many! Do you not see the harm of it? The suggestion here made does not taboo all sprightly and pleasant talk. It doesn't mean that conversation with men should be avoided.

It means simply this: Be true to yourself. For whatever your wealth or station, you possess a title which is better than all others.

You are a woman. Yes, and your tongue is a weapon, a servant, and a peace-bringer.

If you have thought of all this before, there is still something for you to do. Pass the tip on to some careless sister, and tell her that it is a "tip" from The World of Men.

Novelty for Our Women Readers

Mr. Lowell, author of "New England Snap Shots," will not only continue his papers, "Musings of a Mere Man," but will also answer—from a man's viewpoint—any questions which our women readers care to ask. It will be quite different from asking Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mildred Champagne or Beatrice Fairfax, for in this case your answers will be given by a "Mere Man" who knows "Mere Men,"—and women, too.

NATHAN M. LEVY, New York City—"Have received copy of EVERY FRIDAY. It is a credit to the publishers and has the air of the successful old-timer about it."

Our Town

It is strange that Rochester undertakers do not lead a far more strenuous life. When one notices the calm heedlessness of nine-tenths of the moving population of one of our crowded business streets one is forced to believe that there is an active and hardworked Providence that miraculously guards the bones of reckless men and women. It is astonishing to note how many people will cross a street without even glancing to see if there is a vehicle coming towards them. When the number of careless drivers, chaffeurs and bicyclists is taken into consideration why is it that there are not more accidents? It is customary to growl about the reckless way in which many automobiles and motorcycles tear through our streets and there is often cause for complaint. But it might be well occasionally to look on the reverse side of the matter and note how difficult it sometimes is to avoid running down pedestrians who actually court danger.

We all know men who are so intent upon their own matters that they do not see acquaintances passing on the street. When such men cross the street they practically throw on the motormen and the drivers the responsibility of preserving their lives. We would hardly wish to adopt the pleasant Parisian custom of fining persons for being run over, but one would think that a person might at least help to look out for himself. Of course that is impossible with the small boy in the baseball season when he is playing in the street. Twice this year when picking his way warily along on a bicycle the *Townsmen* has seen small boys in the excitement of baseball dash into him head first, once so violently as to push him from his wheel. But the average individual has not the excuse of the urchin.

When one sees a man deliberately walking into the side of a street car one cannot help wondering what will happen in the day when the automobile wholly displaces the horse, for the ordinary horse, whose education has not been entirely neglected in its youth, will exercise, even if its driver is inefficient, some consideration for the foot traveler, while up to date only two or three of the most expensive makes of automobiles have been perfected to such a point.

Then there is another common way in which people gamble with the old man with the scythe. Thousands daily when alighting from street cars clutch the rear handle instead of the front one. Of course the car is not supposed to start until the passenger has released his hold, but conductors are sometimes impatient and motormen sometimes get behind their schedule and the car starts too soon. Perhaps only a trilling jerk results, but there are always fair chances for an accident.

The efforts recently made to regulate traffic so as to produce as little blocking of the streets as possible have had good results; but it is more of a problem to devise means to induce parties of friends not to walk more than five abreast nor to stop to gossip in little knots of half a dozen in the exact middle of the sidewalk.

Townsmen.

COMMERCIAL ROCHESTER

Shirt Bosoms no Longer Ironed

When, on Monday morning, you hand the laundry bag to the driver who calls at your

a cylinder, revolving steadily, carries the clothes upwards and the load is dropped back into the water. Friction is eliminated by this

ing is in the wringing. But how simply it is done here! No hands perform the task. The water is forced from the articles by what is known as centrifugal extract. A perforated kettle, revolving 1,400 times per minute, compels the water to descend and leaves the garments practically dry. From here they go into another machine which separates them from each other thus obviating the possibility of tearing by human hands. This same care is exercised in every department, the prime object of which is to deliver the laundry to the owner in the same condition in which it was received, but thoroughly cleansed.

How many persons know that no ironing is done on the snow white bosom of the shirt? After being dampened the front of the shirt is placed on a felt surface and forced upward by hydraulic pressure against a steam-heated iron. It remains there for a minute; when released the "ironing" is done!

A critical inspection of the apparel is made by an expert and should the work done thus far not be up to the standard set by Mr. Kelso, back it goes to be done over again. The completed article is sent to the sorters and checkers and is re-checked to avoid error. It is then wrapped and ready for delivery.

The processes through which collars, cuffs, ladies' fine waists and dainty linen go, must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Kelso makes an effort to accompany the visitor in person and explains in detail each machine and system employed. More than 100 persons are en-



RECEIVING AND MARKING ROOM, KELSO LAUNDRY

door, have you ever stopped to think of the intricate processes through which those clothes must go before you receive them again? Possibly the only thought given is to wonder how many of them will be lost before the end of the week. But it is well worth your time to take a trip through a plant which has been termed, "The one bright spot on State street," known as the Kelso Laundry.

Twenty-five years ago James E. Kelso started in the laundry business. The art of washing clothes in those days was crude as compared with the use of modern machinery as seen in the establishment which bears his name. Much of the improvement is due to Mr. Kelso, who has given his time and energy to the betterment of the business. The useless wear and tear of clothing, while in the washing process, has been fought with a determination which has been crowned with success. How to save time and labor and how to avoid destroying the goods has been the aim of this man whose work has become known almost in every state and territory in the Union.

Commercial Rochester has many interesting hours and days for the sightseer, and a trip through the Kelso Laundry any Wednesday, which is visitors' day, is a revelation. First of all, the goods are sorted according to classes. Each kind goes to its machine after being properly marked for identification. The washing process is unique. A cylinder within

method and the texture of the garments is preserved throughout. Before leaving the machine the goods are rinsed and blued.

Possibly the hardest part of the home wash-



SECTION OF WASHING ROOM, KELSO LAUNDRY



MANGLE ROOM, KELSO LAUNDRY

gaged in this business within the five buildings of the Kelso plant.

Electricity and gas are manufactured on the premises. Huge revolving fans carry the air to and from the driers. The manufacture of the soap syrup is shown, and Mr. Kelso speaks

of a vat containing 400 gallons of the palm oil and tallow, as though it were the merest incident. Yet, even as perfect as is the system, that gentleman will tell you he hopes for higher attainments in his chosen line. He is constantly studying new ideas and plans.

FINANCE

{ Wall Street Bureau
of EVERY FRIDAY
September 26, 1907

Wall street has had a variety of conflicting developments to reflect this week and the result has been an extremely interesting financial situation. One of the tragedies of the stock market has been the predicament of rich men. In this connection the stories about H. H. Rogers have excited much attention. When Mr. Rogers became interested in the Tidewater Railroad proposition at the South against the advice of his best friends he little knew that he would be called upon to personally finance the tremendous obligations that he has had to care for within the last six months. It has been estimated that fully 40 per cent. of Mr. Rogers' entire fortune has become tied up in that venture, and while the result may not in the long run be disastrous, the fact that he and his associates were obliged to pay Wall street bankers something like 10 or 12 per cent. for a short term loan of \$10,000,000 indicates that he has been pretty well pressed for ready money. Other rich men have faced a similar predicament, and there can be no doubt that many reputed millionaires have been hard up for money this summer.

How COPPER SITUATION HAS BEEN SAVED

The speculative outlook has been immensely helped by the developments in the copper trade situation. By restricting its products some 50 per cent. the Amalgamated interests have saved the market from the demoraliza-

tion that threatened because of the deadlock between producer and consumer. It is estimated that fully 200,000,000 pounds of copper are now held in stock and since the banks are usually asked to advance 80 per cent. of the value, it is apparent that the situation would be immensely helped by selling most of this production, and in that way paying off the loans. Some very shrewd experts believe that the copper shares are a fair purchase today, although the speculative uncertainties of those securities are too well known to venture any definite prediction at this time. There has been fair investment buying in the standard dividend paying shares, and while the week's operations have not been spectacular at all, the market has unquestionably gained a better undertone, and is to-day in a safer position than it has been for months past.

IMPROVEMENT IN MONEY AND STOCKS

Money is becoming easier, although the great Wall street banks have still the hardest period of the crop moving financing to handle. Because of the lateness of the season the height of the Western outflow this year will not come until the first or second week in October. An international banker of great prominence told the writer of this column this week that if the market survived the demands of the next three weeks without encountering any violent advance in money there would be little to fear in the way of an autumn stringency. Should Wall street have really easy money during the last quarter of the year, so that speculative borrowers could be accommodated around 4 or 5 per cent. on call, it might be possible to work up quite

a full market before the year was out. There is an important class of rich speculators who are anxious for such a demonstration, but its possibility depends wholly upon the working out of the monetary situation. Advices from most business centers indicate that the country is still tremendously prosperous, although in certain lines of activity there are signs of a gradual slowing up which will be a relief to those who believe that Wall street can never see really easy money until there is a decided slackening in the demands of mercantile borrowers.

Local Stock Exchange

The high grade industrial shares in the local market have weathered the financial flurry that has passed over the principal exchanges of the country this year much better than many stocks in the New York market. If it had not been for the unfortunate telephone catastrophe, it is doubtful that the local market would have suffered such losses as it did. With the telephone situation in a fair way toward rehabilitation the market is in a better position to respond to favorable news than it has been in a long time.

The annual meeting of the American Fruit Product Company was held last week and was attended by a large number of stockholders. The report of the treasurer showed that the past year had been a most favorable one. The company, it is understood, carried to surplus account about \$35,000, bringing the total surplus up to about \$340,000. The amount carried forward, in spite of the fact that the company paid 10 per cent. dividend on \$1,000,000 additional capital during the past year, showed a noticeable increase over the previous year. The regular dividends on the common and preferred stocks were declared. The dividend on the former is 2½ per cent., payable November 1st, and on the latter 1¾ per cent., payable October 1st. Directors and officers were re-elected.

The meeting of the New York and Kentucky Company is scheduled for to-day. Rumors have been current to the effect that another extra dividend might be paid this fall, or that the right to subscribe for additional stock might be offered to the stockholders. New York and Kentucky stock has showed considerable strength lately, selling at advanced quotations.

The directors of the Lisk Manufacturing Company, of Canandaigua, have declared the regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. on the stock, payable October 1st. Despite the fact that this stock pays 8 per cent., the price has declined below par. Small investors have been attracted by the apparent cheapness of the stock. The company reports its business larger than ever, it having been necessary to construct an additional building to take care of the increased business.

On October 1st more than \$2,000,000 will be disbursed by Rochester industrial and financial corporations in the shape of dividends and interest. A large part of this sum is expected to find its way back into the security market.

LITERATURE



The latest annual catalogue of The Macmillan Company, which has just been issued, has been prepared in accordance with a new plan that gives it more than passing value. It is arranged on the plan of a dictionary, author and subject entries following one another in one alphabetical list. The catalogue contains a complete list of all books published by this company which are still in active demand, and it is especially valuable because these include the more important publications issued in the last fifty years or more by a number of the largest English publishing houses. It is announced by the publishers that the total number of titles is nearly six thousand and that about twenty-eight hundred different authors are represented.

The continued popularity of the pocket edition of the standard Wormeley translation of *The Comedie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac which Little, Brown & Co. issued a few years ago, has led the Boston publishing house to bring out handsome pocket editions of the *Masterpieces of Alexandre Dumas*, in 14 vols., the novels of Jane Austen, in 6 vols., to be followed a month later by the *Masterpieces of Victor Hugo*, in 10 volumes.

One of the most interesting books of reminiscences of the year will be Mr. Walter Crane's "An Artist's Reminiscences" which The Macmillan Company will publish this month. Mr. Crane has had an exceptionally large and interesting circle of friends as a result of the various activities in which he has been concerned.

A publishing announcement of equal interest to scholars and the general public is made by Duffield & Company, New York, and Chatto & Windus, of London. These two houses have arranged for the publication of a series of books to be called the Shakespeare Library, in which will be included various volumes indispensable to a thorough understanding of the poet, but never before issued at reasonable prices.

"Human Bullets," as its title suggests, is a very unusual book. The original Japanese edition reached its 41st thousand within a year of its publication, and translations have been made into Russian, German, and French. The Japanese Emperor endorsed the book by granting the author, Lieut. Sakurai, a special audience, an honor no other of his rank in the army has ever received. It is a soldier's story of Port Arthur. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have given the present edition a very attractive page setting and a striking cover stamped with Japanese decorations.

William Tyler Olcott has written a "Field Book of the Stars" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) which is simple, convenient and comprehensible.

Three books for juveniles are published by

Dodd, Mead & Co.: "Two Teddy Bears in Toyland," by Elizabeth M. Gordon; "Patty in Paris," by Carolyn Wells, and "A Little Girl in Old Baltimore," by Amanda M. Douglas.

Doubleday, Page & Co. publish "Mosses and Lichens," an illustrated book for the nature lover, by Nina L. Marshall, author of "The Mushroom Book"; "The First Nantucket Tea Party," an idyll of Nantucket in the year 1745; by Walter Tittle.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, of Mobile, Ala., is the author of a strong story, well written, "Devota" (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York). It depicts the deferred happiness of a



AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

gracious and magnetic woman who refused many offers of marriage because of her carefully reserved regard for Governor Royal Armitage, a man of equally strong character. In the course of events Devota Lindsay appeals in person to the governor to pardon her friend's husband who has been convicted of murder. The debate in which a man's life hangs in the balance takes place at a chance meeting in a spacious flower garden beneath pink oleanders and under a midsummer moon. The author has introduced a spirited discussion of capital punishment which holds the attention of the reader, as does the entire story, largely an account of the excellence of the narration. The story closes with a strong appeal on the part of the man for the love of a woman whose pride first and whose humiliation later kept them apart. The story possesses the character throughout that makes it worth reading. Mrs. Wilson is 72 years old and is the author of "St. Elmo," "Vashti," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," "A Speckled Bird."

FASHIONS

E. Y. PRINCE

In general, styles have not changed since I wrote last, and practically there is nothing different. The first importations rarely are the lasting ones, however, and we must be careful in making early purchases if means are not unlimited.

In a new shop recently opened in Thirty-fourth street, New York, so many beautiful things are displayed at such reasonable prices. As a drawing card in their costume department they were offering gowns of voile, entirely made over silk foundations at very reasonable prices. One that was especially attractive was in light green voile over white silk, princess model. Skirt was finished at bottom by two deep tucks above the hem. The waist was cut "V" shape at the neck displaying a chemisette of finest lace, with short puff sleeves to correspond. For a little semi-dress costume nothing sweeter could be desired.

Another similar one was in dark brown voile over champagne silk foundation. This was worn with a square cut yoke of lace and sleeves to match. While the effect was princess, in reality the waist and skirt was joined by a narrowest belt, the latter being quite short waisted in the back. Hanging in full, graceful folds, the skirt was finished at the bottom with two bands of brown silk the same silk appearing as trimming on the waist.

The same model was also shown in black and was indeed a beauty.

This season shows ready-made suits in the shops which are equal both in style and finish to the made to order garments and at much lower prices.

One which was especially stylish was in slate color stripe broadcloth. Skirt made in box pleats and fitting snugly over the hips. Coat was three-quarter length cut longer in front than in the back. The coat was cut with seam directly down the centre, side bodies being on the bias and joining the centre seam. Under arm pieces cut on the straight and joined the fronts in the same manner. A vest of pale blue velvet was inserted, embroidered in silver braid and self-toned soutache, the entire effect being extremely stunning.

Other models were shown in strictly tailored effects as well as most elaborate—plainly showing that we may give full sway to our tastes this year and yet be in style no matter what is selected.

The separate waists are most attractive and unless in plaid always match the skirts with which they are worn.

Lingerie blouses will be worn over silk under waists in any desired color, and are exquisite. Waists of cotton voile are pretty and serviceable and are made to open either back or front. Same may be said of all the new shirtwaists.

Pony and Prince Chap coats in lace bid fair to be worn extensively and are certainly beautiful. They may be worn unlined or have a light foundation of silk or chiffon as preferred.

Women's Educational Work

Indicated in the Scheduled Events of the Industrial Union

Military suits of chiffon broadcloth trimmed with self-toned silk braid and heavy crocheted buttons is a popular style with those whose figure will permit of so severe a model.

Shadow stripes and checks in box coats, either double or single breasted are extremely smart. The "Prince Chap" will also be a decided leader.

Many of the tailored suits show turned back cuffs and patch pockets both on breast and sides.

A particularly attractive princess frock for informal occasions is in light blue broadcloth, chemisette and short puff sleeves of lace over thinnest white silk.

Another "half-dress" was in navy blue taffeta, skirt made in narrow side pleats and three folds set on at intervals. Each fold was piped with electric blue silk. The waist, quite a fancy affair, had same treatment of the electric blue and was a little gown one could wear at any time.

Taffeta is to be greatly worn this winter, both for formal and informal occasions and comes in every weight. For evening wear the chiffon quality is most desirable, while for waist, skirts, etc., the heavier grades are most satisfactory.

Just when materials of all kinds were never lovelier we are in despair as to the lining, for everything needs one of some sort and silk has not always proven entirely satisfactory. As we well know silk is all loaded with zinc to a greater or less degree and it is this quality which causes the many slits and perforations which so promptly appear after a few wearings. There is a new cotton lining recently put on the market which is so like silk in appearance as to defy detection, and has the same desirable "swish" that its taffeta rival possesses. These linings come in all shades and weights and are especially useful as foundations for evening gowns. They also make delightful petticoats, with no wear-out to them and may be obtained all ready-made at any good dry goods house.

The same firm has also cravenetted one of their linings and have made them up into rain coats for women. These coats are extremely good style and so closely resemble the silk rubberized garments that it is difficult to tell the difference. The price asked for these coats is very small and they make very handsome coats for automobiling as well as for rainy weather wear.

The Result

Cobwigger—"What happened when your teacher wrote home that you were the worst boy in school?"

Little Johnnie—"Ma cried and said that teacher was horrid, while dad laughed and said he was proud of me."

Whacking Up

Mrs. Gramercy—"According to the divorcee she is to have the children only every six months."

Mrs. Park—"Yes, dear, but her husband was very kind and allowed her to have Fido all the time."

The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union has issued its 1908 hand book containing the programme for this and next year and matters of general interest to the society and its friends. The president, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, in a family letter, announces the addition of a new department to the work this year to be known as the Art and Travel Club. Monthly meetings at the club house will be devoted to talks on phases of art, buildings, cities and art collections which the Travel Club is studying.

A paragraph is devoted to the success of the educational committee through whose efforts the vacation school idea has been adopted by the city as a part of the regular public school system. It is the desire of the Union to organ-



MRS. W. A. MONTGOMERY

ize work this winter in furtherance of the Child-Labor movement.

Mrs. Harriet Brown Dow gives an interesting retrospect of the work done since the inception of the Union. A note of interest is the fact that nearly 3,000 women have been enrolled during the last 14 years, during which time the Union has expended \$26,960 on its regular lines of work, exclusive of several thousand dollars raised for special purposes.

To-morrow afternoon, between 3 o'clock and 6 o'clock the Union will give its annual opening reception at headquarters, an event which is anticipated with much pleasure by both members and their friends. The entertainment is in charge of Mrs. Dr. Newton M. Collins, chairman of the membership committee. The reception is entirely informal.

The programme for 1907-'08 is as follows:

Saturday, October 5—Lecture, "The New Persia," Mrs. Montgomery, East High School, 3 p. m.

Saturday, October 19—Lecture, "The New India," Mrs. Montgomery, East High School, 3 p. m.

Saturday, November 2, Reading, "Enoch Arden," Miss Mabel Powers, Musical Interpretations by Miss Fernow, East High School, 3 p. m.

Saturday, November 16—Lecture, "The New Egypt," Mrs. Montgomery, East High School, 3 p. m.

Saturday, November 30—Lecture, "The New China," Mrs. Montgomery, East High School, 3 p. m.

Each lecture will be accompanied by a ten minutes' prelude on Current Events.

Saturday, January 4—Reception, 86 Clinton Ave. South, 3 p. m. The House Committee, Hostesses.

Saturday, January 18—Civic Conference. A More Beautiful Rochester. How can we get it? Speakers to be announced.

Thursday, January 23—Lecture, "The Final Test of Our Civilization," John Graham Brooks, The Temple, Gibbs St., 8.15 p. m.

Saturday, February 1—Civic Conference. Music for the People; in Parks, Schools, Free Concerts. Speakers to be announced.

Saturday, February 15—Civic Conference. Rochester's Educational Institutions. What they are doing for the People. Can they do more? Speakers to be announced.

Saturday, February 29—Reception, 86 Clinton Ave. South, 3 p. m. Education Committee, Hostesses.

Friday, May 1—Annual Meeting and Election, 3 p. m., 86 Clinton Ave. South.

Morning course of six lectures by Edward Howard Griggs: Goethe's Faust, (place to be announced).

Thursday, April 2, 10:30 a. m.—The Life of Goethe and the Double Introduction of Faust.

Thursday, April 9, 10:30 a. m.—The Faust Problem: The Inner or the Outer World.

Thursday, April 16, 10:30 a. m.—Mephistopheles and the Compact.

Thursday, April 23, 10:30 a. m.—The Margaret Story.

Thursday, April 30, 10:30 a. m.—Faust in the Larger World.

Thursday, May 7, 10:30 a. m.—The Solution of the Faust Problem.

Evening course of six lectures by Edward Howard Griggs: The Divine Comedy of Dante. (To be given at the Temple, Gibbs St.)

Thursday, April 2, 8.15 p. m.—The Mediaeval World and the Life of Dante.

Thursday, April 9, 8.15 p. m.—The Problem of the Divine Comedy.

Thursday, April 16, 8.15 p. m.—The Inferno.

Thursday, April 23, 8.15 p. m.—The Purgatorio.

Thursday, April 30, 8.15 p. m.—The Paradiso.

Thursday, May 7, 8.15 p. m.—The Beatific Vision.

Love In a Cabin—Two Hundred Years Old

Picturesque Rose Valley House Dating Back to 1707—Twelve Miles from Heart of Rochester

BLANCHE M. PHILLIPS

Throughout Western New York there are untold numbers of picturesque spots, historic houses and persons of note, but come with the writer on a short journey south of the city and note one place, ideal for everything that goes to make life worth living. Between Fisher's station and Bushnell's Basin, in close proximity to Crossman's Pond, stands a log cabin the history of which is little known. Therein reside Patrick McMahon and his wife. To be sure, there is nothing unusual in this statement; but visit this couple for a short time and you meet a revelation.

Two hundred years ago the first logs were laid in constructing the cabin and later the owners sold the little home to Washington Rose who named it Rose Valley house. The place still bears the title.

The present occupants came from the Emerald Isle years ago, the wife from Belfast. A strong attachment sprang up between the two when they first met, resulting in a lasting union. The head of the home is 84 years old and his wife is ten years his junior.

When Riley wrote his beautiful poem, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," he must have had

just such a place in mind, for no one can approach the cabin and note this true love without recalling the lines:

"And we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine."

For it is a fairyland. Hollyhocks and fragrant flowers grow in abundance about the place and quiet and peace are unbroken. Changes have come since the deer roamed over the hills near the little home. The Indians no longer camp near the pond where fishing was abundant. A trolley line has been laid past the door and the rushing cars carry passengers who give little heed to the old-time abode. Open the door and peep within, when all outside is piled high with snow, and the cold winds whistle about the trees. A sight one will never forget greets the eye. First of all the true Irish welcome is there and the colonial chairs and settees are offered with a heartfelt desire to make the visitor at home. A log burns in a

fire place built two centuries ago; the rafters and logs have been untouched for years. But for all its crudeness it is home—a real American home where happiness has been unalloyed for a life time. Hunters and fishermen have sought out Rose Valley house for years assured of welcome.

After all has not this couple performed a real mission in life? Do they not daily teach the most valuable of lessons? Unaffected by the rush and whirl of the modern ways, often alone for days, but delighted in one another's company, Patrick McMahon and his life companion are passing this way but once—making the journey hand in hand.

The goodbye and best wishes given by both of these people mean that they wish the visitor the best there is to wish. Is it any wonder another verse of Riley's comes to mind as you leave this Arcadia?

"And I shall be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart, till the golden hair is gray,
And we shall be so happy that when either's lips are dumb,
They will not smile in heaven 'till the other's kiss has come."

SOCIETY

Mr. Montgomery Angell has entered Princeton University.

Mrs. Claude F. Bragdon gave an informal tea on Saturday afternoon.

The dance given last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley in honor of Mr. Harper Sibley's fiancée, Miss Farr, was a great success. Mr. Freeman Allen gave a dinner for Miss Farr before the dance. Miss Charlotte Whitney also gave a dinner to a number of young people, all of whom went later to Mrs. Sibley's dance.

Dr. and Mrs. William R. Taylor and family returned from their Keene Valley cottage on Saturday.

Mrs. Francis Delano gave a small luncheon at the Rochester Country Club on Saturday. Mrs. Harry L. Brewster also gave an informal luncheon on Saturday at the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Adler and Miss Eugenia Adler are motoring in Canada.

Miss Lydia Rumsey went to Chicago yesterday to make a short visit on her way to Santa Barbara, California, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence D. Van Zandt are spending September at Hemlock Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wickes have returned from their summer abroad. Mr. Francis Wickes remained on the other side, and will spend the winter in studying at Jena.

Mrs. Harry Dunn, who has been staying at Powers Hotel, returned to her home in Yonkers, N. Y., on Monday.

Mrs. Silvanus F. Jenkins and Mrs. Ernest F. Jenkins gave a very large reception yesterday at their country place, Knollwood Farm. The house was most artistically decorated with flowers, plants and greens. Mrs. Richard B. Harris, Mrs. Charles Hastings, Mrs. Warren Cutler and Mrs. Wesley Mulligan assisted in receiving the guests.

Judge J. B. M. Stephens returned to Rochester last week after a short trip abroad.

The Misses Hall and Mr. William B. Burke returned to-day from their cottage at Forest Lawn.

Mrs. Richard B. Harris gave a luncheon on Saturday for Mrs. Keddy Ray Fletcher, who is the guest of Mrs. Granger A. Hollister. Mrs. Harris and Miss Mary Harris go to New York next week, when Miss Harris will enter Miss Spence's school.

Mrs. George Sill is visiting Miss Emily C. Smith of South Washington Street.

Mrs. Harry Quinby gave a luncheon on Friday at the Country Club.

The luncheon given annually by the lady managers of the City Hospital to the members of the many Twigs who work so arduously for the hospital every winter was held yesterday at the Isabella Graham Hart's Nurses Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chester will leave on Monday for their home in Santa Barbara.

Dr. Louis Washburn, Miss Helen Washburn and Master Louis Washburn are in Philadelphia. Mrs. Washburn and Miss Henrietta Washburn are at Powers Hotel for the present.

Mrs. James Bonbright and Miss Birkinbine are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Bonbright.

Mrs. Azel Backus is with her daughter, Mrs. Granger, in her new home at East Nutley, New Jersey. Mrs. Ogden Backus is visiting Mrs. William H. Averill, of East Avenue, and will soon open her house.

Miss Adelaide Piper, who has been spending some time with the Misses Cozzens, returned to her home in Bay Ridge, Long Island, on Tuesday.

With Local Warriors

(Continued from page 12)

season of 1907. With the local aggregations lining up as elevens against actual opponents for the first time this fall, much that has been speculation will assume the mold of opinion. Some hopes and expectations will no doubt fade, while others will find birth.

The Varsity will journey to the Syracuse campus and endeavor to snare the Saline monsters in their own lair. Victory, of course, is not in the reckoning and the efforts of the local collegians will center in reducing the score, which was 38 to 0 last year, to creditable proportions. As many candidates will be tried by the Yellow, without any definite line-up, the athletic authorities at the university have decided not to include the game among those considered in awarding the block "R" at the season's end.

The two high schools will furnish a double bill on Culver Field, East High with Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and West High with Canandaigua Academy. The former will play with a double purpose—to try out its men, and to avenge last season's unexpected defeat at the hands of the Lima institution. Both ends should be attained, although Coach Sullivan has not been training his men particularly for this game. West High ought not to experience much difficulty in duplicating last year's comparatively easy triumph over Canandaigua.

What the line-ups will be is not yet definitely settled, and they will shift constantly as the games advance. It began to look last week as though the Varsity backfield would start out with Grant at quarterback, Pray at full, Parce at right half, and Fowle at left half, providing he returned in time to get into condition. The squad suffered its first misfortune, however, when Parce threw his shoulder out on Friday for the second time this season.

Another speedy backfield combination, which is likely to be worked before or during the game, is Joy, quarter, D. Roberts, full, and Ramaker and Dunn, halves.

Pray, the Medford star, looks good at full, hitting the line low and presenting a formidable front to a tackler. Although at first he had a tendency to get his punts away too low, he is improving, being able to average from 40 to 55 yards under favorable conditions. Ramaker and Parce are also effective with their toe, while Fowle's ability in this department is well known.

Likely acquisitions to the squad unearthed at the opening of college were, David Roberts, a brother of last year's end, who played on the second team at Amherst last fall, and Armbruster, a former Mechanic's Institute man. Both are stocky and weigh around 160 pounds. Roberts has been tried in the backfield and at tackle, while Armbruster has been working out at a guard.

If Keiber, who was delayed in returning to college, is able to play to-morrow, he will bolster up the right side of the line materially, playing at his old tackle position. Captain Jordan, of course, will be found at the other tackle berth, where he proved so formidable last season, and Maccherlein will be enabled

to shift back to guard. This will leave Sidney Alling, a last year second team man, Armbruster and Funk to be tried out at the other guard, unless Symonds, '08, is prevailed upon to work out regularly.

Richard Hunt, '09, whose experience heretofore has been confined to his class teams, is at present the most likely man at center. He weighs close to 170 pounds, is strong and active. It looks as though Pierce and Saulsman had a little the call on the ends at present, although Schenmerhorn, a substitute tackle last year, is working well there and will probably get a trial. "Bennie" Slater is another man who will leave his impression on some of the Varsity line men before he is crowded out of a regular berth. There is still ample opportunity for dark horses to disturb any of the regulars who are figuring on a clear title to their positions, and one or two may yet be unearthed as the term advances.

Coach Sullivan's chief problem at East High lies in the back field. There have been conflicting rumors since the season's opening concerning the possible return of Van Hoesen, last season's star half. The uncertainty has been due to a parental clash, and, as is usual in such a case, it looks at the present writing as though paterfamilias would be returned a winner.

This leaves Sullivan with Romig, Hughes, Bohler, Erwin, Dunn and Roe for his backfield. While these men are willing workers, they are light to prove effective on the offense against a heavy team. The weakness may yet be remedied by placing a line man back, presumably Krafts or Captain Ward. Bloom and Mason, who recently rejoined the squad, are also mentioned as possibilities. The return of big Dan Mellon, weighing over 200 pounds, settles one of the guard positions, and makes a superabundance of line material.

There was some talk of placing Mellon at center upon his return, but he is too valuable a man at guard. Bacon seems to have a little the call on the pivotal position, with McFadden and Doran working hard. The disposition of Captain Ward is still somewhat of a riddle, with end, tackle and the backfield as possibilities. He has been working considerably at end and looks good there, although Johnson is making him hustle. Grant is contesting the other extremity with Murphy and Roe, while Johnson also might be shifted over. It looks as though Bloom would stay at one of the tackles, with Krafts, Mason, Curtis and Donnan fighting it out for the other tackle and guard.

West High's old line is now practically intact with Hubscher, Lehen and Forsythe possibilities at guard; Carl Smith at center, and Captain Bernhard and Zetsche at tackles. Evans has returned for his old end position, but Hlagaman's job is still somewhat of an open question. Francis Durnherr, last year of the Iroquois A. C., now looks most likely at quarter, while the rest of the backfield is intact with Niven at full, and Ball and Uderitz at the halves, where they did such execution last fall. The team did not suffer materially from a change of coaches, as Yancey had not begun his work. Langslow worked with him

all last year and can carry out his policies, supplemented by his own.

Prospects at Mechanic's Institute have brightened by the acquisition of Joseph O'Connor, a former speedy end at the Varsity and East High, as coach. Several men of weight and experience are working out, and O'Connor reports that the big school will be heard from among aggregations of its class this fall.

Comedy in Supreme Court

Although it is not so listed in the calendar, case 151 in trial term of Supreme court is known about the court room as "Consonants versus the Rochester Railway Company," whence hangs a comedy sketch in which Justice Benton and Attorney Walter S. Hubbell appear in the chief roles.

The real plaintiff in the action is Michael Kolodziyska—a name calculated to incite consternation among examining attorneys. When Justice Benton was calling the calendar he pronounced the titles of the various cases according to custom, until the action in question was reached, when he called, "Case 151," and straightway subsided.

At this Mr. Hubbell, who had no connection with the case, jumped up. "I move," he said, "that the court read the title of case 151."

Although the motion was as spontaneous as it was irregular, Justice Benton was not to be phased, and, granting the motion without a moment's hesitancy, read: "Consonants against the Rochester Railway Company."

Then the curtain was rung down with the laugh on Mr. Hubbell.



Put in your Coal now. The Coal is dry and clean. The weather is pleasant. Later you will not wish to open your cellar. :: :: ::

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AGENT

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EVERY FRIDAY

Our Foot-Ball Critic

George H. Brooke, who will contribute to EVERY FRIDAY during the current season a critical letter on the principal matches played by the leading colleges in the East, has for many years been a shining light in the foot-ball firmament, first as a player and then as a coach. He is looked upon as one of the greatest authorities of the game both in theory and practice. After playing on the Swarthmore team in '91 and '92, the latter year as captain, he entered the University of Pennsylvania and his prowess at full back during the years '93, '94 and '95 is still a household word among the Quaker city students. In '95 he was assistant coach to George Woodruff at Pennsylvania, as well as giving a week's advice to the Carlisle players.

In '97, Mr. Brooke coached Stanford University, California, never losing a game, and winning from the University of California by 28 to nothing. In '98 he enlisted for service during the Spanish war, but was invalided home. His health did not recover until towards the end of the football season, when he coached Lafayette five days before their second game with Lehigh, which was won by Lafayette after Lehigh had beaten them only a few weeks before.

Since '99 he has made a great name for himself by his coaching at Swarthmore during which time this small college has beaten Annapolis, Lafayette, Amherst, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania. He has also been advisory coach to Pennsylvania for some

years, but refused the position of head coach for business reasons.

Mr. Brooke was also National champion at racquets for some years, until beaten in 1906 in the finals. He also won the doubles championship of the state of Pennsylvania at lawn tennis, with W. J. Clothier as his partner.

Both Golfers Over-worked

Last week's visit of the crack professional golfers, Alexander Ross, of Brookline, and Gilbert Nicholls, of Philadelphia, certainly put the local amateurs, who were chosen to play against them, on their mettle, with the result that some very fine cards were turned in at Oak Hill and South Park. This was especially the case on the latter links on Saturday morning, when Karl Richards established a new amateur record of 74 for this course, and Bier, Mimmack, Perkins, Engel and Ford kept bogey (77) on the jump at various times. On the previous morning J. B. Bryan and George W. Robeson proved too good for Ross at Oak Hill, while Nicholls was only able to beat Dr. Engert and E. J. Reilly two down. Nicholls was in far better form than Ross on both days, though each won a victory in the exhibition matches. The Brookline man made new figures for both links, viz., 35 for Oak Hill, and 71 on Saturday morning over the Genesee Club's links.

There is not the least doubt but that both professionals were asked to do too much here. Their best efforts were put into the morning games of eighteen holes with club members, with the result that they were none too fresh for the exhibition matches in the afternoons when the public attended and there was some disappointment expressed thereat. No golfer, however good his condition, who expects to play up to the top of his form in the afternoon, would do more than nine holes in the morning by choice. Four miles of hill and dale work, such as one meets with at Oak Hill, on the two rounds, is quite enough to take the edge off a man's game for the rest of the day. And such certainly proved the case on Friday afternoon and again on Saturday afternoon after both "professors" had had a gruelling over the Genesee Club's links in the morning.

Naturally, both men were anxious to secure the bonuses offered by the members of each club for the establishment of new record figures. Nicholls secured the bulk of this money on both courses, but it was in the morning on each links that the best work was done and the talent money earned. Had the opportunity to gain these gratuities been confined to the exhibition matches in the afternoons the public certainly would have seen some finer golf. Both men expressed themselves as highly pleased with Rochester's hospitality and the growing interest in the game. In purses and bonuses each took away some \$150 apiece for their two days' work.

Our Tennis Men Win Again

Rochester's lawn tennis players returned triumphant from Buffalo on Saturday night, and, while they did not secure so emphatic a

victory as they did when they took ten out of twelve matches from the Bison City men earlier in the season on the local courts, the final scores on Saturday showed Rochester to have won five matches and Buffalo four. Chief honors of the last tourney again belong to Ward, who had a long tussle with Bissell, Buffalo's star player, and won out by 7-5, 5-7, and 6-1. Coupled with Goodwin in the doubles Ward also beat Bissell and McLaughlin 9-7, 5-7, and 6-3. Hamlin and Stebbins, of Rochester, each won their singles from McLaughlin and Wagner respectively, while Will and Griffith in the doubles had no trouble in beating their Buffalo opponents, Wagner and Cutler, 6-3 and 6-2.

Rochester Club Men in Adirondacks

(Continued from page 6)

which the lakes were christened tumbles and splashes along on its way to the lakes below, its stream flashing like molten silver here and there among the bushes.

FOR A NEW CLUB HOUSE

The club has plans in readiness for the erection of a new club house which will cost about \$6,500, but, pending the execution of these, many improvements have been made in the present structure since the club took possession. An addition has been built, hardwood floors have been laid, and electric lights and baths have been installed. The old hotel lobby has been converted into the most cosy lounging place imaginable, and at the close of the day, many wonderful tales of fish which were not caught as well as of those which were, are passed round the comfortable open fire place with its glowing pile of logs.

The members spend as much of their time on the club preserve as business will permit. Many of them bring their families, and every moment of the stay in the heart of the balsam scented forests is enjoyed to the full. All are enthusiastic over the future of the organization, and declare they will make of it a medium which shall yet play a prominent part in the restoration of the Great North Woods, to something like the natural charm which was theirs back there in the days when the forests were the home of the elk and the moose, and no more gamey fish were to be found in the land than those which swam the Adirondack water-ways.

Another Sure Sign of "Greater Rochester"

While on West Avenue recently our attention was attracted to a poster on a residence in course of construction. It read:

"HENDRICK VAN INGEN
ARCHITECT
MECHANICS INSTITUTE."

We later learned what an important part this individual branch was playing in the recent growth of our modern city. We wondered how few Rochesterians realized that a practicing architect with fully equipped drafting rooms at the Institute, was giving to both students and clients the benefit of theory, coupled with practice.

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Her Rival Monument

(Continued from page 5)

Miss Denning was greatly astonished at this information and realized at once that something was brewing but she would not cross-examine the children.

"All right, dears," she said. "Tell her you told me. Here's something to buy candy with."

"But ain't you coming to see us no more?" asked Mildred.

"You're just as good as Hannah," assured Robert.

"If you only had a hatchet," said Mildred doubtfully.

"Her picture's just come and we'll show it to you, if you'll come over with us won't we, sis?" said Robert.

"Yes and there's a lot more mama'll tell you about her. Uncle Jim wants you to know," said Robert.

"Sometime, perhaps, but not to-day," said Miss Denning.

The children were now disputing over the ownership of a small toad that had just made its appearance on the walk so they ceased their offers of hospitality and forgot the gist of their errand.

When they returned home, Mrs. Jackson said, "Well dearies, did you call on Auntie Doll as I told you?"

"Nope," said Robert, "but we saw her in the park."

"O Mama! Robert most killed a sweet little toad," cried Mildred.

"What did Auntie Doll say?" asked the mother.

"O nuffin much," said Robert, "she didn't want to hear about Hannah and I won't ever tell her again."

"Still jealous," thought Mrs. Jackson.

"He didn't tell her all," said Mildred, "and she wouldn't come and see Hannah's picture, we asked her, didn't we Robert?"

"She acted what pap calls 'huffy,'" said Robert.

Mrs. Jackson could see that the children had not bettered matters, but she depended on James to make everything right.

Dollie Denning turned to her home strangely disgusted.

What had Mrs. Jackson meant by sending the children to her?"

What was all this about Hannah's hatchets and pictures?—something that affected her love for James—something that would be made plain, soon, she felt sure—and she feared to know the truth which might bring her more unhappiness.

It was a shock to her that James could so soon become interested in another girl, for interested he must be to write of her and send her picture.

Two days passed when the postman rang and left a letter and a parcel. Both were in James' handwriting.

The letter breathed and re-breathed his love and tenderly chided her for her haste in throwing him over. Could he be reinstated in her affections, his ancestors notwithstanding? The last phrase puzzled her—then it occurred

to her he was looking up the records pertaining to his Puritan ancestors. But how could that affect her relations with him and how could he explain away that odious Hannah?

She opened the parcel. It was a large photograph reading on the back, "Hannah Dustin who was my great-great aunt."

A happy smile lighted her countenance as she looked upon the picture of that grim lady, carved in marble standing with a hatchet in hand, and read beneath in James' well known chirography, "Her Rival Monument." The door bell rang again.

She stepped into the hall, the picture still in her hand and there, close upon his message, stood James smiling in the doorway.

"O those awful children!" said he clasping Dollie in his arms.

"They've nearly blighted my life, telling you Indian stories about a worthy but now almost hated ancestor of mine."

"And I couldn't do all the wonderful things Hannah can!" queried Dollie archly from her resting place upon his shoulder.

"By Jove, I should hope not," he replied, kissing her again.

"Killing Indians would hardly be your forte, Dollie. Breaking hearts is rather more in our line, eh?"

"Now James—"

"Well never mind, girly, I ought to feel a little gratitude towards Hannah after all, for she's helped me to some success in my book, so much so, Dollie dear, that we're going to be married next week before I return and we'll visit her on our wedding trip."

As the Caddy Remarkd

A Rochester golf enthusiast who has been spending the summer in England brings back an amusing story. He was playing with his brother over the links of a club at Blackheath which is just at the outskirts of the London postal district. The pair ahead were evidently novices at the game. One of them, a man who must have weighed 300 pounds, frequently failed to retain the grasp of his driver and more than once it flew through the air after a mighty swipe. After he had recovered his balance, he expressed himself so well and so forcibly that it was evident he knew something of the theory of golf, even if he was sorely in need of much practice. The caddies were having great fun at his expense and the air turned bluer than ever when he overheard one youngster ask the other:

"Oo is 'e?"

"Dontcher know 'im? Why, 'e's the 'eavy weight 'ammer thrower of 'Ampstead 'Eath!"

The Fashion Page

One corner tells the fair sex how to economize By utilizing strips of this or that: Another, augmented with an illustration, cries The splendor of a twenty-dollar hat.

J. J. M.

Incredulous

Fleecy—"Do you believe that money talks, Bagley?"

Bagley—"No, Fleecy, I have never heard it even whisper."—George S. Crittenden.

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I. THE ATTACK. II. THE FINISH. III. RETIRING FROM THE FIELD. IV. AMBULANCE CORPS
ARRIVES. V. IN THE PATROL WAGON. VI. MAKING UP AFTER THE PLAY.

At last, all of the tin soldiers were in a row
waiting for the command of the captain.

"Oh, mother! I'm going to dress up in my
soldier uniform that I got last Christmas,"
shouted Raymond in a great state of enthusi-
asm. "You remember what Uncle Joe told
me the other night about real, cruel war. How
they just shot men with those big, heavy guns
and even killed them, too," his voice growing
louder and his eyes bigger at every word.
"Sometimes they used swords, but—then calm-
ing himself as he realized his was only a play

sword—"they were bigger than mine and
awful sharp, I guess."

"Yes, I do remember. You know uncle was
a brave soldier, and told what he saw," said
Mrs. Sweeting as she put the bread into the
oven.

"Goodbye, mother, 'I'll be around here.'"
Away flew her seven-year-old son.

The cookies were baked. The pudding was
set away to cool. The kitchen was swept and
the busy mother, just about to look for her
charge, suddenly heard a pattering of feet,

mingled with laughter and excited talking.
 "What do you s'pose?" breathlessly screamed Raymond, the other boys and girls quieting somewhat. "We were playing soldier and war, and pretended that Edith was the reb' soldier Uncle Joe talked about, and I was shooting her dead." "My! but it was lots of fun," giggled Edith, "excuse me for in'rupting you."
 "Then I stabbed her with my sword,—was that word right mother?"

"Yes, dear, you mean of course you played that you stabbed her." "I did it to be sure to kill her. I ran fast after it to get with my company, and a lot of other reb' soldiers, (you know they didn't have a Christmas soldier uniform, but we played they did) carried Edith off to the amb'lance and—well,"—pausing a second and nodding his head in an assuring manner, "if they didn't chase me, and I ran awful fast, but—" here he stopped for breath, "but some officers caught me. Think of it! They took my sword and gun away, because they say they always do, so that I can't hurt anybody else. Why, they put handcuffs made out of a doll's sheet around my wrists, and tied my legs and just rushed me into the patrol wagon to the jail. Of course, it was so funny afterwards I shook hands with Edith to make up, you see, and everybody laughed like everything."

As it was nearly dinner time the young soldier had been told to take off his uniform, wash his hands and face and go to meet his father. For two or three minutes no one spoke. Raymond appeared to be seriously thinking. His observing mother noticed the change and said:

"My little boy, do you think you would like to be a real soldier like Uncle Joe?"

"I was just a-thinking that when I get big, I hope they'll"—he looked down at the white towel and wiped his hands again—"they'll all like the same things and be friendly—so they won't have to fight. Isn't real war awful cruel?"

"Yes, my dear, very cruel; I too hope the days of war are over."

LAURA ADELAIDE HUBBY.

Friday is Lucky

Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present Constitution.

Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

The Outing Girl

She's up to date; a while ago
 We saw her on a bike.
 Now, in an auto, all a-glow,
 She's coming down the pike.

J. J. O'Connell.

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Six Governors of New York

(Continued from page 4)

legislation of the most drastic, radical and far-reaching effect. Where Roosevelt would compromise or use a club, Hughes has refused to do either even when urged so to do by a friendly press. With rare patience, he has waited for public opinion to operate with trip-hammer energy upon unwilling legislators. Where Odell flouted public opinion, Hughes has out-Roosevelted Roosevelt in his use of the columns of the public press to tell people what was transpiring at the state capitol. There is no gainsaying that the people are with him now, and that the politician who gets



"Hughes is now the Public Idol"

in the way of the Hughes band wagon will come in for public execration.

Hughes is now the public idol. Will history repeat itself? No one can tell at the present moment. One thing is certain—Charles Evans Hughes never will attain to the presidency as did Theodore Roosevelt. He will not be named for second place on the republican national ticket in 1908.

Had to Do It

"It can never be," she said in deep earnestness. "Really, I don't see how you ever could have thought I loved you."

"But haven't you encouraged me ever since I came here?" he protested.

"I don't know that I have," she returned. "Perhaps I've tried to make your vacation a pleasant one, but you can hardly call that love."

"I couldn't think it anything else," he retorted bitterly. "From the moment I arrived here you've monopolized my society, although the place was full of pretty girls. What except love would make a girl do such a thing as that?"

"Oh, you're a man, and you don't understand," she protested. "I admit all you say, but there are extenuating circumstances. You were the only man here, and I bet each of the other girls a box of candy that I could win you and keep you from them. I feel awfully sorry for you, but really I couldn't afford to have to pay for all that candy."—J. J. O'Connell.

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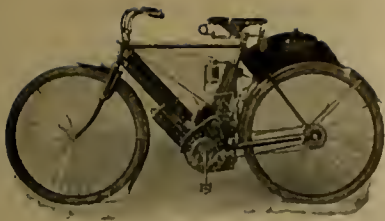
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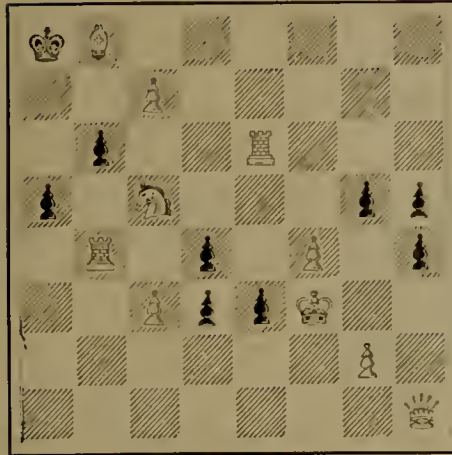
KENNETH S. HOWARD

PROBLEM NO. 3

Composed for EVERY FRIDAY

BY JOS. C. J. WAINWRIGHT
Somerville, Mass.

Black—9 Pieces



White—10 Pieces

White to play and mate in two moves.

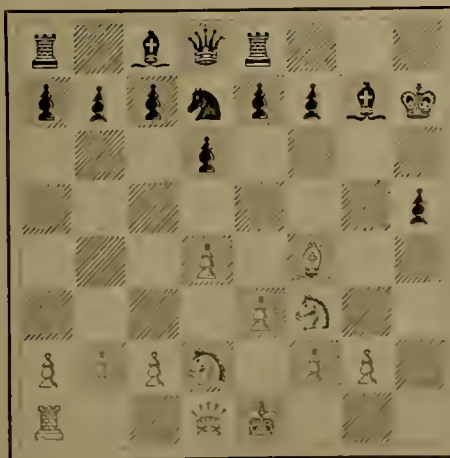
Problem No. 2 is solved by 1. Q—R 2

A MARSHALL BRILLIANCY

In the game between Marshall and Burn at
the Ostend Tournament the latter was made the
victim of one of the erratic American's hurri-
cane games. Burn chose an irregular defense
to the Queen's Pawn Opening as he was prob-
ably somewhat afraid to meet Marshall in
Marshall's favorite debut, but the English mas-
ter played too defensively and was in trouble
almost from the start. On his tenth move he
unwisely captured the bishop that Marshall
proffered and gave the latter the chance to force
a win.

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING

F. J. MARSHALL	A. BURN	F. J. MARSHALL	A. BURN
1. P-Q 4	K-Kt-B 3	6. Q-Kt-Q 2	O-O
2. K-Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	7. P-KK 4	R-K
3. B-B 4	Q-Kt-Q 2	8. P-R 5	Kt x P
4. P-K 3	P-KKt 3	9. R x Kt	P x R
5. B-Q 3	B-Kt 2	10. B x R Pch	K x B



Position after Black's tenth move.

11. Kt-Kt 5 ch	K-Kt 3	16. Kt x Beh	K-K 2
12. Q-Kt-B 3	P-K 4	17. Kt-B 5 ch	K-K 3
13. Rt-K 4 ch	K-B 3	18. P-Q 5 ch	K x Kt
14. Kt-R 7 ch	K-K 3	19. Q x Pch	K-K 5
15. Kt-B 5 ch	K-K 3	20. O-O-O	Resigns

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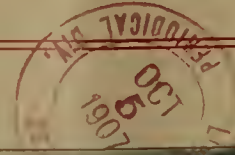
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October 4, 1907

Volume I.
Number 5.



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So that, in the rounds of the calendar, when such events as those pertaining to Fashions come into view, it is expected and anticipated that this store will be the first to give *entre'* to what is newest and best.

We plan to that end—carefully, conscientiously, considerably.

By the expenditure of a little more energy and a little more money, we are able to bring to Rochester the Fashions—now—that a month hence you will be called upon to see in other places. Let your own discernment of style and beauty bear us out in this statement.

Look through the Millinery that is here to-day, along with the Gowns and Wraps and Waists; the Furs and the Robes; the Silks and Dress Goods. Carry in your mind's eye the selection of styles as you see them; then look for the counterparts later on, elsewhere—heralded as the "latest of the late."

Of course, no army can have more than one leader—and it is so with the army of fashion here in Rochester.

Windows here that reflect newness and beauty in the morning, are mirrored in other showings before sundown. Yet the leadership goes on unabatedly and with renewed effort to sustain its title and position.

When later Fashions come—if they do—rest assured, they will be here first. But the entire trend of the season is shown in present styles—and the best of *all* present styles are now here.

Since no argument is so convincing as the one that is revealed through the eye itself, we invite you—urge you—to make careful comparison, not forgetting the paramount issue—that of *price*.

DUFFY-McINNERNEY CO.

Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine of Special Features and Comment

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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., October 4, 1907

No. 5

The Mystery of a Clyde Mansion

Behind Closed Blinds, Alone with His Pipe and His Books, Sits Arthur Hamilton, Hidden from the World and Forgotten for a Quarter of a Century

The old Hamilton mansion at the corner of De Zeng and Sodus streets, Clyde, N. Y., is the abode of a baffling mystery. In a darkened room in the north-west corner of the second story of this prominent residence, behind closed blinds, alone with his books and

married, grew old and their children reached young manhood and womanhood. The house, occupied by Herbert Hamilton and a younger brother and his wife, showed the effects of age although kept in repair.

Not long ago, a neighbor, an elderly man

"Arthur Hamilton!" the visitor gasped. "Is that you? I thought you were dead." But the strange man vanished without replying. The old friend was not to be deceived and, in wonder, he left the house.

Thus it was that the story came out. Arthur Hamilton had *not* left Clyde. He had simply remained secluded in the house. One villager stated, as soon as he heard of the unusual incident, that he had of late, when other people were in bed, seen a strange figure about the spacious grounds. Other persons remembered similar things and the wonder grew.

Why this self-imprisonment? So far as known he had had no love affair. His father, C. H. Hamilton, was a respected banker, a devout member of the church and owned several business blocks. Arthur conducted a jewelry and clothing business in partnership with David Sterling. When the business was closed out the affairs were found to be in a flourishing condition. The father idolized the son and apparently the affection was reciprocated.

The father died and not long after Arthur disappeared. The matter was no more than a nine days' wonder. The family and friends appeared to resent inquiries as to the movements of the young man and his absence was soon forgotten.

The blinds of the house remain closed always, leaving the rooms continually in semi-darkness. He sits alone in silence, thinking, mayhap, of the past and its treatment of him, or looking into the future without regard to time. He must have suffered deeply to take such a step. He has voluntarily restricted his own liberty. He has turned his back on all that constitutes life at its best—and the villagers—they simply ask, why?



SCENE OF A CLYDE MYSTERY

pipe, sits Arthur Hamilton, hidden away from the world and forgotten for a quarter of a century.

At the age of 26 years he was an energetic, popular business man, a prime favorite in social circles and the life of the young folk with whom he associated.

One morning he failed to appear at his customary place of business in the Adams block in Glasgow street. He never appeared there again. It was rumored he had embarked in a western mining venture. His associates

who had long known the Hamiltons, called at the mansion. The front door was open, an unusual occurrence. With the freedom of a life long friend the old man stepped inside without knocking. His slipper-clad feet made no noise and thus he entered the darkened parlor.

A figure hastily arose from a chair and darted through a rear doorway, giving one backward glance. A ray of light momentarily flickered across the whitened face and revealed the identity of the man.

Daybreak

Little sunbeams clad in gold
Dancing o'er the meadow lea;
Dew drops sparkling in the fold
Of some fair anemone.

Misty clouds in yonder sky
Scatter o'er the heav'nly way;
Green fields nod and song birds cry:
"Welcome to the breaking day."

Loring C. Bartlett.

A Weather Observer

When'er the days are fair and bright,
She's kind and tries to please me.
On dreary days I'm in a plight—
She's cold and likes to tease me.

Thus am I underneath her ban,
Or happy altogether—
No wonder that I always scan
Predictions of the weather!

Nathan M. Levy.

Love's Eyes

Come, sing with me of eyes I love
And vainly me implore
To test thee—are they brown or blue—
I twin stars which heavenward soar!

They are not eyes of brown nor blue,
Nor eyes of purple gray;
But eyes that glisten through love mists
To gladden life's dull way.

Florence Foulkes.

Panama, the Land of Promise

RALPH W. PERRY

(Special Correspondent to EVERY FRIDAY)

Bas Obispo, Panama, September 25, 1907.

"Panama, the pestilent, malarial and miasmal," will become ere long, "Panama the golden." To-day the tiny strip of land is but the land of promise; yet by dint of American muscle, brains, and capital, it is fast shaping itself toward the ultimate end.

public will become richer; the world mightier, and the men who make this all possible, triumphant in their success.

It is but a repetition of the golden days of '49. Everywhere one encounters the hearty handshake; the sang froid of the toiler; the utter recklessness which the very air seems to breathe. And here, too, the lore of the

huddled, disreputable, and noisy, straggle the low one-story "*Machino*" (Chinese) shacks, tin-roofed, threatened in every storm by complete decapitation. They afford the laborer rest and food, if he does not care to come under the protecting wings of the I. C. C., whose plain and unassuming quarters are clustered everywhere.

And back behind all these buildings lies the canal—the work—a deep, gigantic furrow-like trough, ridged and ragged, some parts covered with struggling vegetation, others bare in the warm sun rays. It is not a straight "ditch," as some may perhaps like to imagine, but quite the contrary, winding and twisting, rising and falling over and through the hills of Panama.

And what of those who are doing this mighty task; who are they, and whence do they come? The answer is not difficult, just say from pole to pole, and from east to west. It is the Bohemia of the Bohemian.

THE WORK

Progress on this undertaking is all that can be expected, even the most cynical will agree to that. Excavation is being carried on in a breathless manner. At Bas Obispo, the beginning of the seven mile Culebra cut, there are no less than 140 dirt trains passing in a day of eight working hours.

On an average there are ten cars to the train, each car holding debris amounting to 6,000 pounds, more or less. Figure for a minute and the total will surprise you—84,000,000, and this represents roughly but one twentieth of the day's work; again we have the approximate total of 1,680,000,000 pounds per day, or 840,000 tons. This is but one section. Here are the others: Colon, Monkey Hill, Mindi, Gatun, Lion Hill, Aborea-Iagarto, Bobio, Frizoles, Tabernilla, San Pablo, Marvei, Gorgona, Matachin, Las Cascadas,



BAS OBISPO—TYPICAL PANAMA CANAL TOWN

From dawn to dark each day echo the noise of many works. Hills and valleys are alive with men, toiling and digging, with the puffing and shrieking of a hundred steam shovels, the low, thunderous rumbles of a thousand twisting dirt cars, moving snake-like along in never-ending lines; trains, run scheduleless, many and mighty, dragging behind dirty, muddy flat cars, piled high with tons of ragged, jagged rocks; piles of wet, clinging, muddy earth; echoes of dynamite filling the smoky atmosphere with a perfect storm of whirling, flying, whizzing rocks, and tons of sky-screening sand. Little black men dig and burrow; others run steadily here and there, scarce heeding the shrill notes of warning from the snorting steam shovels, of the impending blast. And these mere human beings are but single items in the great machine of American ingenuity and capital that is gnawing and clawing in its endeavor to unite the rough and angry Atlantic with the calm and tranquil Pacific. These are busy, striving, noisy, money days.

Slowly yet surely the great waterway is being driven through a once howling wilderness, pestilential and death dealing, whose forests and jungles abound with poisonous snakes and equally unpleasant inhabitants.

These are the days that men and machinery are striving to make the commerce of all oceans one; to wipe from the sailors' log the terrors of Cape Horn voyages. Our great re-

"*Wanderlust*" is the lore of the land. Everything is rough—men, buildings—and work. At night the bar of the ever-present saloon is packed with the invader, in high top boots and flannel shirt, drinking and talking, toasting and cheering, dancing and singing—it is the lore of the land. Along the track of the Panama Railroad, which crosses the zone,



BAS OBISPO, PANAMA, CANAL CUT

Empire Culebra, Paraiso, Pedro Miguel, Miraflores, Covazol La Boca.

Other books, magazines and the press have touched upon the problems—let them sleep the sleep of Morpheus. Yet by the way of passing remark, it is needless to say conditions are favorable.

When the canal was taken over by us, the entire zone was covered with rank vegetation and stagnant pools. The city of Panama had neither drainage nor sewerage. Colon, likewise, was in the same condition, owing to the fact that nowhere is the whole town more than four feet above the mean sea level.

The campaign of renovation and extermination which followed is now showing excellent results, and to Colonel William Crawford Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer, all credit

possession, immense quantities of material, machinery and appliances were distributed along the entire line of the canal, the book valuation of this being \$29,000,000. Most of it was under cover and in good order; but practically useless because obsolete. And right here is where a tremendous leak in the attempt of economy has taken place. Among the lot are nearly 1,000 engines, boilers, etc., of brass and seamless copper, perfect in condition. In the States they would bring no small revenue to the working capital. Yet the administration has seen fit to utilize this same material as "filling" a single engine, assessed as scrap metal worth from \$400 to \$1,000 each. The rest is left to lie along the line of work, exposed to the elements and in the several stages of utter uselessness and decay.

the ethereal vastness, the grandilla ties were removed, their places taken by American wood ties, and since then, there has been a continual laying and relaying, the life of the new tie varying from three to eighteen months. The old ties of grandilla, when taken up, after active duty since 1855, were found to be as good and serviceable as when first put down. Their last destination was the "dumps."

LABOR

In the Jamaican negro, the administration has certainly been handed the proverbial "gold brick" just as glittering and shameful as that offered on the Bowery. The Jamaicans form the majority of the laboring party. The commission in its attempt to economize, declared that white carpenters shall be in the minority, for the reason that the white man must be paid \$8 and more per day, the black \$2.50 and more. One half of its efficiency is lost because the blacks do as little as possible. An example of this is recalled by the writer, who had occasion to be present during repairs at one of the I. C. C. dwellings. The black carpenter in question was charged with fitting and nailing up a plank, wainscoting, less than 10 feet by 6 inches—a simple job even for a layman. It cost the tax-paying citizens of the States just \$5.12 for the work, for the carpenter made it the work of two whole days. A white carpenter could have done the matter in a half an hour at the most, the cost in this case about thirty cents. It is the same in all branches of the work, and the real difficulty of the labor situation pertains less to quantity than to quality.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT

The Panamians are well satisfied with the situation, and are doing all in their power to aid in the work. The revenues paid by us are proving a blessing to their depleted treasury. President Amador Guerro, now in the States, has expressed, not only for himself, but for his people, satisfaction as to America and her methods. For the first time in years, liberal and conservative are walking with clasped hands.

ANNEXATION

It is the dream of the people of Panama to become part of the Union. President Amador admitted that in an interview with the writer. One and all believe that it would be best for their little country. The recent announcement that Panama would have to share Columbia's debt, has augmented this feeling. Next July the elections will take place, and even the most conservative agree that whether the liberal or conservative candidate is elected, it will be the beginning of the first step to this end. Panama has everything to gain, nothing to lose; and the realization of this is deep.

IN CONCLUSION

Panama and the canal are changing at every rising of the sun. The march of progress is plodding steadily over faults and discouragements of the past. Never has the outlook been brighter, in spite of administered faults. The canal will be completed not far from schedule time, and then civic and enthusiast will join hands in glad rejoicing over a purpose accomplished.



A STREET IN PANAMA

is due. Fresh from a triumphant crusade against the yellow fever of Havana, he tackled the problems in a football manner, with the result of making Panama a healthful place to live and work in. Malaria, often called the "Chagres fever," is tottering on trembling limbs, reduced to the smallest per cent. The natives have realized that they must obey the mandates of the sanitary commission, and with the penalty of a \$50 fine hanging over their heads, have made health conditions much easier to maintain.

SOME MISTAKES

Of course it is human nature to err, and even in this carefully systematized undertaking, there are some mistakes. When we took

Twenty-nine million dollars for filling is rather an elephantine item, especially when it is one of the problems as to just how to dispose of excavated soil. Strange to say the administration has seemingly overlooked this.

When the Panama railroad was built, after much deliberation ties of grandilla (often called break ax wood) were chosen. So hard were these ties that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the rails were spiked down. These were chosen because they successfully resisted the ravages of certain ants, which in a short time rendered all other wood ties useless. This expense was enormous.

Then when the administration took a hand in the road, with some unfathomable flight to

Introductions In England

Perfected Organization of Society Abroad Makes Absolutely Certain the Position of the Aristocratic European—Titled Introductions—Country House Parties

KEITH GORDON

So many Americans spend much time abroad, especially in England, taking part in the social life it is necessary to be familiar with those points in social usage which differ from customs prevailing in America.

Of course society there is a much more perfect organization; it is the outgrowth of centuries, and has not only the greater stability but a smoothness and ease in running which is the result of the perfect adjustment of each part of the extremely complex mechanism.

The aristocratic Englishwoman and the European bring to their social careers the great advantage of absolute certainty as to their own positions. No fear of being misplaced in the social scale disturbs her, and her courtesy to her social inferiors can never be misinterpreted. This of itself tends to ease and graciousness in all circles of social life, and among the customs emanating from it is a very sensible one regarding introductions. In English society the roof of a common friend is an introduction to those who meet beneath it. All are free to address each other, to converse without waiting for any formal introduction. It does not entail any further acquaintance, once outside the portals of the friendly door it is forgotten, unless one or other of those thus meeting may desire a further and more formal acquaintance; but it relieves a hostess in many ways; it begets a sense of good-fellowship and further exemplifies the rule that a well bred man or woman must seek to render all social intercourse easy and agreeable.

In England and on the continent the question of rank and precedence must be understood, and strictly adhered to, but as a matter of fact this simplifies and assures the proper form rather than complicates it in the matter of introductions.

TITLED INTRODUCTIONS

A person of lower rank is introduced to a person of higher rank *invariably*, and the latter is the only one usually whose wishes are first ascertained. When of equal rank, that is, bearing the same title, if the introduction is a very ceremonious one the difference in the date of the creation of the title would be a question of distinction. The one bearing a title of more recent date being introduced to the holder of the more ancient one.

A gentleman is introduced to a lady always, no matter what his rank may be, without any reference to hers.

An unmarried lady is introduced to a married lady, unless the former is of higher rank, then the order is reversed. The name of the lady of lower rank is of course mentioned first, when of equal rank it is immaterial.

It is usual for ladies to bow only upon being introduced, but there are many exceptions. When one lady is of higher rank than the other she may often offer to shake hands, as it is a compliment and mark of friendliness.

When a person introduces two intimate friends of his, or hers, to each other they are expected to shake hands.

DINNER PARTIES

It is the privilege of a lady to be the first to offer to shake hands in every case when a gentleman is introduced to her.

At dinner parties a hostess uses her discretion as to general introductions, but if there is time before dinner is announced and the majority of guests are strangers to one another she will introduce them without any previous permission. These introductions are more frequent in the country than in town. Also after dinner in the drawing room she will make such introductions as she thinks proper.

The host makes no introductions in the dining-room after dinner among the gentlemen; they address each other as a matter of course.

A hostess introduces her principal guests to each other at five o'clock teas, garden parties and small at homes, that is, gentlemen to ladies. These introductions like those in a ball room are for the purpose of securing for ladies such civilities as being taken to the tea-room, to see any point of interest in the grounds, etc., and a gentleman knowing this at once offers the attention; at these gatherings she also uses her discretion in general introductions giving ladies of rank and married ladies the option of the introduction, but introducing young unmarried ladies to each other and gentlemen to ladies without any previous permission.

COUNTRY HOUSE PARTIES

At country house parties the hostess should introduce the principal ladies to one another on the day of their arrival, but if the party is a large one introductions are not generally made, but the hostess follows her own judgment. Of course here the general rule holds good, and the fact of being guests in the same house constitutes an introduction. If the party is a large one there is no difficulty in avoiding an acquaintance if it is not desired. Where guests are, as I have said, perfectly free to converse without introduction, the initiative should be taken by the lady of higher rank, the married with the unmarried, the older with the younger.

In England there are quite a number of public balls given in the country during the hunting season, and at watering places during the season, and in town on certain public

occasions, for charities, etc., and introductions at such balls are not infrequently made by the stewards. This is not a part of the duties of stewards, nor would they be justified in making promiscuous introductions. Usually the stewards are the most influential gentlemen in the place, and know the majority of those present, but no stranger at such a ball should ask a steward to whom he is unknown to present him to any lady.

At country balls and hunt balls large and small house parties attend from the different country houses, and they generally join forces, making introductions among their own parties, but being really entirely aloof from the other sets, of which there may be several.

ON THE CONTINENT

In France and Germany, Spain, Italy, indeed all continental countries, the same order as to rank and precedence is followed as in England. In Germany, however, introductions are much more general, but recognition after an introduction which in England and America always rests with the lady, rests in continental society with the gentleman.

In this matter of introductions there as elsewhere it is well as it is necessary to be familiar with the formulated rules society has recorded, but society is greater than its rules, and the member whose knowledge may be the most perfect is not infrequently the one whose tact and judgment meets exceptional positions by observing no rule beyond the universal one of putting others entirely at their ease.

Music Notes

Ludwig Schenck is one of Rochester's leading musicians, who has done much to educate the public taste for symphony-orchestra music. His appointment by the Board of Education to the directorship of music in the high schools will be hailed with delight by all who are interested in the educational benefit to be derived from such instruction as Mr. Schenck is competent to give.

Our high schools have each a "Girl's Glee Club" and a "Boy's Glee Club;" also an orchestra, all of which will be under the direction of Mr. Schenck.

Albeniz, the French master of pianoforte, has introduced to Paris music-lovers, a wonderful child-pianist by the name of Clara Sansoni. She is scarcely thirteen years of age, but plays with ease Beethoven's "Concerto in C Minor," the Greig "Concerto," Listz's arrangement of "Bach's Fantaisie, and Fugue in G Minor;" also a number of compositions by her teacher.

Church Organs and Organists

France Leads the World in This Kind of Music, Many Notable Persons of That Country Presiding at the Keys, Rendering Masterful Compositions

M. URSULA ROGERSON

According to St. Augustine, there was a time when all musical instruments were called organs, and the Bible tells us (Genesis iv.-21) that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" but we are not to understand that these instruments were constructed at all after the model of our twentieth century church organ.

History does not reveal the exact source of the organ; but undoubtedly, its origin may be traced to Nature—the great teacher—who suggested the idea of a wind instrument by blowing a gentle breeze across the open ends of broken reeds. From this suggestion, man discovered that reeds of different lengths gave forth sounds of varying pitch. He carried the idea farther by joining together the reeds or pipes so as to produce a succession of musical sounds, when the player blew them with the mouth. The instrument thus formed was known as "Pan's pipes" or the Syrinx of the Ancient Greeks.

With the placing of these pipes on a box and admitting wind by means of a weighted bellows an important advancement was made toward the organ as we know it. There was no keyboard on this ancient instrument, but a slide under each pipe was drawn out and pushed in to make and stop the sound, requiring both hands of the player in the act.

Step by step improvements were made, keys replaced the slides, pedals were invented in the fourteenth century and later brought into Italy by "Bernard, the German," reed pipes were introduced, and the mechanism gradually improved, until to-day the church organ stands before us a marvel of workmanship.

It is to Italy, that great intellectual and artistic center of the world, we owe the age of painting, the invention of Oratorio and the Opera, also the high development of instrumental music.

In art growth, sacred music preceded secular; and as the organ was used to accompany the music of the Church, it served the artistic purpose sooner than any other instrument.

In the sixteenth century, at St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, began that remarkable growth of organ music under the guidance of two excellent musicians, composers and organists, namely, Claudio Mernlo and Andreas Gabrieli, whose efforts gradually made Italian musical influence supreme throughout Europe.

At the present time, France leads the world in organ music with such great names as Guilmant, Widor, Saint Saens, Dubois, Salomé, Deshayes, Nicode De la Tombelle, Lemaigie and César Franck.

Guilmant's compositions rank first as being essentially organ music and are characterized by a clear, melodious sympathy combined with beautiful tone coloring.

England has furnished much organ music of rare quality through such men as Snart, Calkins, King Hall, Welstenholme, Hollins, Coleridge-Taylor, Faulkes, and Elgar. Germany gave to the world the great Bach and his successors, down to Mendelssohn, and more recently, Rheinberger. America has made a promising start in this field of music with Dudley Buck, Homer Bartlett, Carl Miller, Arthur Foote, Huntington, Woodman and others who have contributed largely to modern organ music.

George E. Fisher, church and concert organist, was born in Rochester, October 23,



GEORGE E. FISHER

1872. His musical education began at an early age under Edgar Sherwood and Scheve. He went to Germany for study in Berlin, with Hans Grunieke and Jedlizeka. He has for fifteen years been organist of Lake Avenue Baptist Church, and is a musician of the highest rank. Besides his church organ duties, Mr. Fisher has a large class of piano and organ students, and for the past three years has played the beautiful organ in Mr. George Eastman's home, together with the Dossenbach String Quartet. During the coming season, he will give a series of recitals at the Lake Avenue Baptist Church. His programs will be made up of the great English living composers: Edgar, Coleridge Taylor-Wheelton, Faulkes, Hollins and Welstenholme. Mr. Fisher's arrangements of many of the symphonies of the famous composers, for

organ and string quartet, will be a valuable and interesting feature of the church service. Mozart's Symphony in E flat, which he arranged for the evening service of Sept. 29th, showed the touch of a master-hand and was an inspiring preparation for the words of the preacher.

Music Notes

Walter Bentley Ball, baritone, is to give a series of recitals in Rochester this season. Mr. Ball is a member of the Central Presbyterian Church choir, and possesses a rich voice of ringing quality that is delightful to hear. He has spent much time upon the folk-song music and will devote one of his programs to the illustration of that class of American composition.

Mrs. S. V. Harris, soprano, has returned from her summer holiday on the coast of Maine, and leaves this week for Pasadena and Los Angeles, where she has important musical engagements to fill during the Fall and Winter season. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Harris will return to Rochester in the Spring of 1908, where her pure soprano voice may be heard by our music-loving public.

Alois Trnka, violinist, who has for three years been one of Rochester's concert performers and instructors, has accepted the appointment of 1st violin in a quartet recently organized by a wealthy citizen of New York City.

David Hochstein, a talented young musician of Rochester, will continue his study of the violin with Mr. Trnka.

Anton Roentgen, concertmeister of the Dusseldorf Opera, has been engaged to play second violin in place of Theodorowicz in the Kneisel Quartette.

Among the prominent Russian musicians, who have settled in America, are Lhevinne and Scriabine.

Chaminade, the talented French song-writer, will give a series of recitals in this country this year. She will be assisted by two vocalists, who will illustrate her compositions.

The coming season promises a feast of music for concert-goers, by the following artists: Paderewski, DePachmann, Richard Buhlig, Ernest Schalling, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Olga Samaroff, Augusta Cottlore, Rudolph Ganz, Harold Bauer, Jan Sikesz and Katherine Goodson.

Jean Sibelius, leader of the Finnish Musical School, has received from the Finnish senate a pension of three thousand marks. This is a worthy tribute to a great artist.

Josef Hofmann and Fritz Kreisler will give a series of concerts together this season, in the United States and Mexico.

An Experiment In Finance

In Which a Woman Exchanges Places With Her Husband to Show Him How Easy is His Lot—He Accepts the Lesson Meekly

MORRIS WHITE

The children who crossed the gang plank just ahead of Doris were better dressed than her own little girls. Likewise, their mother was better dressed than Doris.

Being young and proud, and not forgetful of the time when she had been able to dress finely herself, these facts rankled in her heart, in spite of her good nature, which was of a sizable quantity, though erratic and apt to curdle at unexpected crises and to as suddenly liquify again.

This was such an occasion. "I wonder if the time'll ever come when I can have nice things again!" she exclaimed, sotto voice, to her husband, at her elbow carrying a basket of luncheon.

It was 4:30 p. m. and Lynne's business cares put aside for the day, they had sojourned up the river, via pleasure steamer, to one of the city's fresh air spots, for a few hours' recreation.

"I—hope so," he returned, wearily, for he had heard that and similar remarks before. Then he added, as they separated from the crowd: "Doris, I'm doing the best I can. The bills we ran up while I was out of work have got to be paid. But then," wagging his head with a hopeless air, "you can't understand my trials, so I don't blame you for complaining, sometimes."

"Oh! So I don't understand! I'm just a little child, am I?" she poutingly threw back, comparing herself in her mind's eye to her own children, scampering on ahead to a picnic table under a big elm. Lynn and Doris laid a course in their wake.

"Not that. You misunderstand——"

"Misunderstand isn't a bit different from *don't* understand," she interpreted, a shade of mischievousness witnessing that her pique already was evaporating. "You think I don't know *anything*, just because I can't vote."

Lynne's head tilted and his free hand waved a little gesture of mock despair. "Oh, why does a woman insist upon seeing, hearing and doing things wrong?" he sighed. "Feminine nature seems to be the same wherever you find it. A hen is bound to run across the street in front of an automobile, whether her coop is over there or not."

"Now that's nice, isn't it—comparing me to a hen!"

"A hen can't vote, that's a fact. But she can provide for herself in her own sphere of life, in which circumstance there is no comparison, for what would become of you and the children if I should die?"

"That's just the point," she sputtered, closing her parasol with a whisk as they neared the elm. "It's this everlasting dependence which makes women feel like chattels. I never have any money really my own—always

have to ask you for it. I'd just like to change places with you. I'd show you how to do things."

Lynne eyed her a moment with sudden inspiration and deposited the lunch basket on the table with a force which rattled the utensils inside.

"I'll change places with you, if you want to try it," was his decisive and surprising announcement—so surprising that she dropped her parasol and rapturously clasped her hands, grateful but unbelieving radiance in her eyes.

"Fact," he assured, watching the effect of his declaration with curious satisfaction. "I can assign you all my duties except voting—and I'll even vote the way you say."

"Will you, Bert? Oh, will you? Really?"—maintaining her tense attitude and ecstatic expression, as though the offer were too good to be true. He nodded smilingly.

"You do all the housework?" she continued, looking hopefully up into his face, "and dress the children for school in the morning and put them to bed at night. And *cook*?"

"Yes, and hold pink teas and church fairs and kick for a servant girl to help me," he returned, stepping around to the other side of the table and beginning to unpack the luncheon. She turned to the same task.

"I'll furnish you one. I'll be more magnanimous than you are," she rejoined.

"No, you needn't. But the bargain's sealed, on one condition."

"Oh, I knew you'd find some way to crawl out of it," disappointingly suspending her operations of spreading napkins.

"Not a bit of it," he protested. "All I ask is that you keep up the regular payments on the family obligations."

"Oh! I'll do that!" radiant again in an instant. "But you'll have to give me time to find a position."

"Perfectly agreeable. Just let me know when you are ready. In the meantime I'll take a course at a cooking school."

Doris was very much in earnest in her odd bargain and discussed her plans with bubbling vivacity during the luncheon and the subsequent pleasure seeking in the park. Lynne knew she would find some means of fulfilling her big contract—the face of it at least. She was wonderfully resourceful, and her ambitions and energy had led her into many odd ventures in the last dozen of her twenty-seven years. Her husband wondered, while thinking of the ulterior object he had in view, what she would attempt now.

She talked of the matter, intermittently, for a fortnight, after which the subject gradually faded from her line of conversation, and he began to think she had given up the project

as an impossible one. But one cool, September evening she greeted him at the door with:

"Get out your dish apron now. Monday you become housekeeper."

"Ah! Obtained a position, have you?" His air was a bit cynical as he entered the hall and hung up his hat.

"Just as good as yours," elatedly following him into the library. "Same salary at first and more next year."

"And what doing, pray?"

"Oh, don't you worry about that?"

"Suppose I should want to communicate with you in office hours?"

Doris thought a moment. "I will make the Woman's Gymnasium a sort of headquarters," she said. "I have a good many friends there, and will leave word with the secretary where I can be found."

Lynne was a trifle curious, and wondered a bit, too, as to what occupation she could have found that would pay her fifteen hundred dollars a year. But he asked no questions.

On the day specified by Doris he assumed his new duties, nonchalantly preparing breakfast while Doris read the morning papers; then, after she had gone, rousing the children and dressing them for school.

He spent most of the morning sweeping and dusting, making the beds and tidying up the house generally. At one o'clock he prepared a dainty luncheon for Doris, and after she had again departed, went shopping, as became a good housekeeper. At seven o'clock a dinner which did credit to his culinary tutor was on the table and they sat down to it, each immensely pleased with the first day of the new order of things.

Saturday afternoon Doris came home early, beaming with the pleasure of having drawn her first week's salary—thirty dollars, all her own. She fluttered into the kitchen, where Lynne was shelling a big basket of peas, waved the handful of bills in his face and handed him five dollars.

"There's your week's allowance, Bert," she said. "More than you've been giving me, sometimes, lately. Now say, dear, do you mind if I don't pay anything on those horrid old accounts this week? There are a few things I need awfully, and if I can buy them I'll pay twice as much next week."

Lynne smiled as he folded up the banknote and thrust it into his pocket—a good natured, generous smile, which failed to conceal the "I told you so" twinkle in his eyes. Doris noted it and resented it.

"Now laugh!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot vexedly. "And be just as mean as you can."

Historic Stone Arch Bridge

MRS. WILLIAM LAY

"I haven't said anything mean, ma chere." (He pronounced it "my cherry.")

"But you're thinking mean things, which is worse," stuffing her money back into her purse. "It's a pity that women can't see what men really are before they marry them. All gallantry and generosity as long as you're after us, but as soon as you get us, your real nature shows up."

"Now see what I get for smiling instead of scowling."

"Thank heaven, I'm able to interpret a Mephistophalian smile when I see it," moving testily toward the door.

"Well, just to be mean," he rejoined, resuming his shelling of peas, "I'll apply this five-spot on the obligations and that will leave you so much less to pay next week. I don't need it just now."

Doris was angelic in an instant. "Oh, will you? You're a darling!" and she rushed back to stoop and kiss him.

When Saturday rolled around again a delivery wagon drew up at the Lynne residence and unloaded sundry suspicious looking packages. Lynne receipted for them and deposited them in Doris's boudoir. At dinner he said:

"You might give me the receipts for the amounts you pay upon the old accounts, so I can file them with the others. The new ones you had better keep."

For an instant Doris betrayed a telltale embarrassment. Then, brightly: "I had to pay Mrs. Needham half her bill to-day, in order to get her to hurry up our dresses, and I only had five dollars left. So I had the hats changed."

"Ah," he softly cooed, helping himself to a second piece of meat. "It wasn't the bill for the hats to which I referred. I haven't received it yet."

"And," suddenly becoming very busy attending to the wants of the children, "I'll pay the other half next week. Then the next I'll pay the grocery and meat bills, and the next I'll apply my whole salary on the debts."

"But that week is rent week—twenty-eight dollars, you know."

"Oh, dear me!" dropping her knife and fork and folding her hands despairingly. "I'd forgotten all about that. Now what'll I do?"

"You can't ascertain from me, for I never discovered what to do under such circumstances."

The next Saturday Doris appeased the dressmaker with a promise only, for she had to provide a social entertainment for her "set." Then for several succeeding weeks various feminine "necessities" were acquired, Lynne's "allowance" meanwhile being quite generally overlooked, while new bills poured in upon him, among them those of the butcher and grocer, and the long-suffering creditors of the past began to inquire courteously why they had received no remittances lately. All these things Lynne referred to Doris without comment. It was at the end of her seventh week of responsibility that she called him to her room, where she sat at her desk disconsolately eyeing the big pile of unwelcome documents.



This picturesque old stone structure over Honeoye Creek, on North Main street, has just undergone repairs to strengthen signs of weakening on the north and west sides. County Engineer J. Y. McClintock, after inspection, ordered repairs to be made on the bridge.

The span was built in 1839 under the direction of Fry Abbott, supervisor of the town of Mendon, and is one of the landmarks of the village. The inhabitants are carefully preserving the bridge because of its quaintness and beauty.

"Bert," she said, waving her hand over them, "just look at 'em."

"They don't interest me any," he returned, remaining standing and assuming a bored air. "They're all made out to you."

"But you're the head of the house now, and conducting the finances."

"I've told 'em all so, too," shaking her head disgustedly. "But it seems as if there isn't any chivalry left in men. They just pester the life half out of me."

Lynne laughed. "They probably need the money."

"The sordid wretches!"

"While we're speaking of money," he remarked, resting his elbow upon her desk and eying her quizzically, "I would like to have about fifteen dollars this week. You haven't given me much lately, you know."

She glanced up at him reproachfully. "Now just listen to that—when I'm in such difficulties. It isn't the first time you've proved that you have less chivalry than any of them."

"The days when chivalry was a tangible asset vanished with the advent of improved police protection. Robin Hood's ways are out of date now."

"Do you mean to class me—" bristling up.

"No. Only to infer that chivalry can't be deposited in a bank to draw checks against."

"I don't care!" and she began indignantly to stack the bills up. "I think they might wait till I get caught up a little, anyway."

"Have you discovered yet," stepping to a

couch and dropping into a half-reclining posture, "where all my money went to?"

"N—no. Only where mine has gone to," turning her back toward him, busier than ever sorting bills.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you any of those receipts for me yet?"

She faced him guiltily. "Bert, I just couldn't. I had to have a new belt and while I was in the store I saw just a love of a lace handkerchief—"

"Aw. How much did you pay for it?"

"Only four dollars. See—isn't it a beauty?" and she whisked her handbag from the top of her desk and produced the article in question.

"Oh, fine," answered Lynne, glancing carelessly at it. "That's a new handbag, too, isn't it?"

"Yes. That was a bargain—only \$6.98, marked down from \$10.50."

"Probably first marked up from six dollars," twisting his moustache and looking wise.

"Then I bought a new vase for the china closet," she rattled on, failing to notice his sarcasm and, in the pleasure of telling of her shopping tour, forgetting her troubles entirely. It was five dollars—a beautiful thing. We've needed it so long, you know."

"And what else?"

"And what do you think!" beaming upon him a flood of feminine triumph. "At the big tea store they were selling Elgin butter in bricks at twenty-eight cents; their bargain

(Continued on Page 22)

Some Strategies of the Gridiron

Importance of the Kicking Game is Emphasized and Defense is the Keynote of a Team's Strength When the Real Test Comes

GEORGE H. BROOKE

Thus far in the football campaign of 1907, there has been little but outlying skirmishing at least as far as big teams are concerned. The all absorbing question now is the trying out of material in order to see what the coaches have to work on. After all, the material is half the battle. If you hold good cards you

VERY VALUABLE CRITICISM

"George H. Brooke is a prominent figure in the football world, and is well qualified to criticise events on the gridiron. I am familiar with his splendid work behind the line for Pennsylvania and with his enviable success in turning out winning teams at Swarthmore, and I consider him a valuable man for the work for which EVERY FRIDAY has engaged him."

CHARLES C. STROUD

Coach of Rochester University Football Team.

The second point is a good defense. No one will deny that if a team has a powerful enough defense to keep another team from scoring that this, combined with a superior kicking game, will win the day. Never was this better illustrated than in the Annapolis-West Point game last Fall. Neither team could gain enough to score but the Navy kicking game was far superior.

It is a recorded fact that a better kicking game has turned the tide of victory in most great football battles. Yale and Princeton fought all over the gridiron last year without either side scoring whereas a drop-kick goal from the field could have won for either side.

The value of fast ends to back up good punting is more potent than ever before. A muffed or missed punt, a fast end to get the

ball and a quick drop kick can win many a battle fought evenly on other lines. In the big games where the teams are generally pretty even, it is almost impossible, under the new rules, for one team or the other to carry the ball down the field and over without the aid of superior kicking.

So, therefore, if you want to size up Yale's chances against Princeton, note the strength of her defense in the early games as well as the strength of her kicking game. The forward pass will of course play a great part too but it is not so vital as defense and kicking.

Yale is sure to have her usual strong defense and, if I am not mistaken, you will hear from that man Coy in the kicking line. The next thing to do is to find out if Yale

(Continued on page 18)

can beat the skillful player. The scramble for material among many of the colleges has taken on the appearance of an organized hunt.

The preliminary season practice does not always show the true value of material. Of course the best test comes in the games. But there are other means of finding out. I saw an interesting incident on a practice field the other day. There was a big fellow who showed that he either lacked nerve or was lackadaisical. The coaches did not know so they went to one of the veteran line men and told him to find out. The two were put against each other in the line. The veteran taunted the other fellow until he got his fighting blood up and then there was a battle royal. Since then the big fellow has improved 25 per cent.

HOW TO FIGURE IT OUT.

In order to learn the progress of the big teams with a view of sizing up their prospects in the final great battles, there are three vital points to consider:

1. The strength of their all round kicking game.
2. Their defense.
3. Their material, their general coaching methods.

The reason the material and coaching are put last is because these points are supposed to be nearly equal and because the first two points are the actual and visible outcome of the strength of the third point.

The kicking game includes all round punting ability and the handling of punts, fast ends to take advantage of good punting, drop kicking and place kicking.



CAPTAINS OF FIVE OF THE BIG TEAMS

Local Football of High Calibre

Opening Games Indicate that Rochester Will be Treated to Some First Class and Scientific Exhibitions of Gridiron Warfare This Season

HUGH A. SMITH

None of the results of last Saturday partook of the nature of a surprise, unless it was Varsity's touchdown against Syracuse. The fact was established beyond peradventure, however, that Rochester is to be treated to classy football this season. East High had not been trained specially for its game with Genesee Wesleyan and showed crudeness in many particulars.

West High was not put to a real test by Canandaigua Academy, but demonstrated by the manner in which it went at things, that it has lost none of its strength and fighting spirit of last fall. 'Varsity, too, was not given a real test, being compelled to line up its light line for the first time against one of the heaviest aggregations in the country, and that on a wet and unfavorable field.

The first actual criterion of 'Varsity's strength will be obtainable to-morrow, when the wearers of the Yellow meet Niagara University on Culver Field in what promises to be an unusually hard fought struggle for these two teams. The biggest surprise of last week's scores was the 11 to 6 win of Niagara over Colgate. Heretofore Niagara has been only a trial horse for the local collegians. Only once within the memory of the present generation of 'Varsity supporters has the Catholic institution scored against the Yellow, and that was by a fluke in 1903, when the final score was 29 to 5 against the visitors. The locals will apparently have to work desperately, however, to stave off defeat to-morrow.

The most encouraging feature of the Syracuse game was the indomitable spirit which the Rochester men displayed in the face of most discouraging odds. After being run away with 30 to 0 in the first half, it seemed almost incredible that the crippled team with substitutes in the line-up could hold their beefy opponents to two touchdowns in the second period, besides scoring one itself. It is rather surprising that Stroud's pupils tried no forward passes or trick formations, which their speed and lack of weight would seem to warrant. There is no doubt that these points

will be developed and used in further practice.

The line has been materially strengthened by the addition of Symonds, the star of 1903. It is likely that he will be used at guard, Macehrein remaining at tackle. Wood is

making the struggle for positions back of the line a feature of the 'Varsity practice. Fowle is expected to eventually land left halfback, if he gets in condition, on account of his 'Varsity experience and all around athletic ability. As soon as Parce is able to trust his bad shoulder in scrimmage work, he should make a strong bid for the other half, in which position George Ramaker is doing consistent work at present. Pray continues to look good at fullback.

SHAKE-UP AT EAST HIGH.

The most radical development in the East High camp is the probable shift of Captain Ward back to his old position at center. While Bacon and Doran both showed up well there last Saturday, neither filled Ward's shoes exactly, and it is thought that the plucky captain can be used to greatest advantage at the pivotal position, where he starred last fall. This will leave Johnson, Roe and Murphy to fight it out for the vacant wing position. After his spectacular work against Lima, Johnson looks most likely to the public eye at present. One of the most gratifying features of East High's game was the work of the backfield, which had occasioned the coaches some apprehension. Lanni at left half has proved a strong acquisition and should make the place with a rush, while Irwin on the other side also did yeomanry service, delighting his supporters. Romig and Hughes were known quantities, and should prove even stronger this year.

At West High there will probably be few shifts, as the coaches will aim to keep last year's star line-up as nearly intact as possible. Lee, a likely candidate for the line, has appeared on the scene, and, with Forsythe and Lehnen, is having a lively struggle for one of the guards. Hubscher should be able to look after the other. The three backs, Ball, Uderitz and Niven, look better than ever, and were very aggressive Saturday. Smeed and Dunherr are making a pretty fight for quarterback, while Asa Ball, brother of the star back, is working hard for one of the wing positions.



CAPTAIN JORDAN

Of the University of Rochester Football Team

another promising line candidate, if he remains on the squad. Although light, he is tall and strong and not without experience. Saulsman, the Medford acquisition, played a pretty game at end Saturday, starring with a 60-yard run for the lone Rochester touchdown. He is probably a fixture. The backfield also showed up as well as could be expected under such handicaps. The number of candidates is

IS A SPLENDID IDEA

"I think it a splendid idea for EVERY FRIDAY to obtain weekly articles direct from the big football fields, and George H. Brooke should be among the best qualified for such service. The football opinions of a man who can annually turn out teams at Swarthmore which scare the big elevens, must command respect everywhere."

COACH SULLIVAN

Of the East High School Football Team.

A GREAT ACQUISITION

"George H. Brooke was certainly a great back when in Pennsylvania and has shown that his knowledge of the finer points of the game has not deserted him at all since leaving college. Such a successful player and coach certainly should know whereof he writes when his subject is football, and I regard his acquisition by the publishers of EVERY FRIDAY as most fortunate for its readers."

ACTON LANGSLOW

Coach of West High School Football Team.

Autumn's Dream—An Idyll in Prose

Romance of the Fatherland in Which Remorse Finds Some Satisfaction in Generosity and Conscience is Appeased After Twenty Years

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN BY VICTORIA CROSS

Doctor Rudiger had left the mail coach at the entrance of the village and directed his footsteps towards the cosy dwelling of the village teacher. The clear, pure, vivifying air of the fair autumn morning made him feel especially happy and well after the ride in the stuffy coach. The sun was flooding the tidy houses, covered with vines, the paths covered with golden gravel winding through the small garden gorgeous with late flowers, and he felt his heart swell with enthusiastic joy, a thing he had forgotten, pouring over musty books for over 15 years. It was long since he had been in this quiet little hamlet hidden away in one of the prettiest valleys of central Germany, although he knew well each nook, even each tree and shrub of the wayside.

Slowly he mounted the well trodden steps of the old house and knocked with his stick on the red brick floor of the vestibule. A tall, slender, delicate looking girl emerged from the door to the right.

"Oh, Doctor, is this you?" she said. "And so early?"

"I hope that I am not too early to be welcome, child," he answered giving a fatherly little pat to the velvet cheek of the eighteen year old girl. "Where is mother?"

"She had one of her attacks yesterday and is in bed, but it is nothing at all serious."

Doctor Rudiger said something soothing, but it was only one of those stereotyped phrases in which his heart had no part. Yet some 20 years ago even a slight indisposition of the woman in question would have brought to him the greatest anxiety and have made him pass many a sleepless night. To-day she was as indifferent to him as if she were the Empress of the Celestial Empire.

"Are you surprised to see me, Lienchen? It seems that it is some time since I have been here."

"Yes, at least two years, but we have taken good care of your house in the meanwhile. You will have no fault to find, Doctor."

"Probably you will not have much longer to bother with it. A young man has come to see me about it, a certain painter named Walter Dickmann. I have come here to meet him and show him all through the place and if we agree on the price—well, he may have it."

He expected to hear an exclamation of astonishment or of regret, but she said only:

"So you are going to sell the house to him?"

"Yes, if he agrees to add 3000 florins to the sum he offered he may have it, for the property is of no earthly value to me. The ride from the city is far too uncomfortable that I should ever use it as a dwelling myself. He says that he has passed here a few months last summer when he was studying land-

scape painting from nature. You must have seen him then."

"If he is the man who lodged at the 'Golden Crown' last summer, then I have seen him. But are you not coming into the parlor, Doctor?"

"No, thanks. Give me the keys to my house, please. Since your mother is ill I shall probably have to put up with a meal at the 'Crown.'"

"Certainly not. I will bring you what we have got ourselves for dinner and I will do my best to please so spoiled a gentleman as you are."

"You little rascal! Soon probably you will have to play mistress in some house yourself, so you had better begin to learn, ay?"

He again patted her cheek, which was so soft and smooth that his finger tips tingled at the contact, and, taking the keys he walked towards his house. It was an old-fashioned roomy building surrounded by an extensive parklike garden. One of his uncles, a solitary and peculiar man, had built the place and passed there his life among books, flowers and birds, far from the turmoil of the world which he hated. As a schoolboy the doctor often visited this uncle, here he enjoyed the widest freedom, and after his uncle's death the beautiful little spot came to him as an inheritance. He then confided the keys of the house to the young wife of the village teacher and only occasionally appeared in the out of the way place.

This woman, who was now wan and delicate, fast fading from a beautiful dreamy-eyed girl, into a colorless elderly matron, must have thought this somewhat cruel for the old garden and house were full of the only sweet reminiscences of her life. She had been one of the favorites of the hermit proprietor, for she had been born and bred in this village, her father having been the village pedagogue before her husband. Ever since a child she had roamed in the shady garden, played with the school boys, and there she had dreamt the one fairy dream of love and happiness of her life.

It happened that one evening Fritz Rudiger had taken her in his arms and printed a kiss on her unresisting mouth. She was scarcely seventeen and Fritz was a university student some 4 years her senior. Every Sunday did he come then to the hermit's abode and many a love scene was enacted in the silent arbors. Many a letter came and went, many a vow was exchanged and then it all happened as it often does when the man goes into the great world and his lady love remains in her village nook. The letters grew more scarce and suddenly ceased entirely, and when some 2 years

after their last meeting Fritz came to the village, Gretchen was engaged, at her mother's instigation, to her father's aid. Her dreams of happiness and life in the great world beyond her narrow circle had flown, and she fell into the daily routine of her uneventful and uninteresting life. The birth of Lienchen saved her from eating her heart out in regret.

During the first years both Fritz and Gretchen avoided each other the rare times when the successful young man came to visit his uncle, but with time they felt no emotion when they occasionally met. He even called on her and brought candy to the pretty golden haired Lienchen. He was happy and contented with his bachelorhood and had no regret that things were not different from what fate had brought about.

To-day likewise he thought of anything but the past as he rested in his uncle's large cosy armchair that stood in its old place near the window looking out on a marvellous parterre of roses, that in spite of the lateness of the season were still in bloom. He had come to the conclusion after inspecting the house that he could not possibly sell it for the low price offered by the painter and that he would keep it as it was if the latter did not wish to meet his price. As he sat and mused, his eyes slowly closed, his head fell back against the high well padded back of the chair and a wonderful dream rose before him. He was young again and proud of his youth as he had been some twenty years back.

He crossed with elastic steps, the student's cap on his head and the tri-colored ribbon on his chest, the old-fashioned garden filled with spring flowers and displaying carpets of emerald green on the lawn. Spring reigned supreme in the garden as well as in his heart. A white dress shone through the shrubs and towards it he directed his steps. A happy, low exclamation greeted him and a fair blonde head lay in a few moments on his breast. He bowed his stately head and met a pair of rosy lips that did not shrink from his. Suddenly a noise made his love start and glide out of his arms, his eyes opened and—before him stood not a dream shape but the living image of his love, as tall, as slender, as fresh, as beautiful, but with a more delicate grace and more refined features. Only then did the Doctor see what a transformation these two years had brought about in the daughter of his formerly adored Gretchen. For it was she who was there setting quietly the table for his solitary bachelor dinner and the soft tinkling of glass and china had awakened the sleeper.

(Continued on page 19)

Lake Shore Golf League Is Invited Here

Oak Hill Country Club Players Hope to Secure for Rochester the Next Tournament of the Lake Shore Affiliated Clubs

OLIVER STURGES JONES

"Oak Hill wins by half a point" was the news flashed to Rochester late on Saturday night. This, in brief, tells the result of three days' strenuous play over the Park Club and public links of Buffalo in the contest for the \$100 challenge cup presented by the Lake Shore League of Golf Clubs, the final scores reading, Oak Hill 81, Park Club 80½, Warren 63½, Wanakah 44½ and the amalgamated team, which included some Dunkirk players, 32½ points.

As far as the first two teams are concerned it is probably a record for close finishes in matches of this kind. In fact, the figures were rechecked to make sure that the correct solution had been arrived at. The first result of the count, however, was not affected and the handsome piece of silver-ware has now been added permanently to the trophies in the Oak Hill club house. Captain J. B. Bryan is entitled to all possible congratulations on the outcome of this tournament. Not only did he have the management of his team to care for and do his share of the golfing but two of his men had to return to Rochester on business on Friday night and for some time it seemed as if Oak Hill would not have a full complement for the last day's battle. However, Dr. Engert and Dr. Comfort went to the rescue and did valiant work on Saturday. Others who represented the local club were Messrs. Crittenden, Reilly, Bostwick, Shanley, Engel, and G. W. and I. S. Robeson.

OAK HILL'S STAR PLAYER

In the medal play, for which there was a cup for the lowest score, Butler Crittenden of the Oak Hill Club, finished in fourth place, only four balls worse than the winner, Louis W. Murray of the Willow Brook Club of Dunkirk. Mr. Crittenden showed remarkably steady and improved form and, as he is still quite young, experienced golfers predict that he will soon be "heard from" in some of the country's big golfing events.

While it is too early to determine as to next year's program, it is quite likely that the next tournament will be held here. The Oak Hill team invited the League to visit Rochester next year, the idea being to play the Oak Hill nine-hole course, and arrange for prompt transportation facilities for the playing of nine holes on South Park. The situation is somewhat similar in Buffalo. The Park Club there owns nine holes of its own, and the regulation eighteen holes are made by playing on the public golf grounds for the other nine.

The Oak Hill Club is primarily a golf club, and the officers are all very enthusiastic in doing all that can be done to develop the game here; and while the holding of a large tournament will occasion a great deal of work and considerable expense, they are very anxious

to have the Lake Shore League tournament here, as it would tend to materially increase the public interest in the game.

WAS A STRENUOUS TIME

Playing four games in three days at Buffalo was a trying proposition, especially for those teams that lacked substitutes. After each day's game every man knew that he had to go out the next day and play a man whose standing on his team corresponded to that of his own. It was the best player of one club against the best player of another club every time.

The Oak Hill men speak in the highest praise of the way the Park Club's executive managed the tournament and Captain Bryan



W. BUTLER CRITTENDEN, JR.

His good work in the medal play was a leading factor in the Oak Hill Club's victory in Buffalo last week

says there was no hitch whatever in the conduct of affairs; in fact the visitors were treated with the utmost impartiality throughout the games. On Saturday night they were royally entertained at dinner and though the Park Club was beaten on the links, its members proved themselves mighty good losers.

The Women's Championship

While the entries for the Women's National golf championship which begins at the Midlothian Country Club, near Chicago, next Monday, had not been announced before EVERY FRIDAY went to press, it is certain that the East will be very strongly and largely represented owing to the women's East vs. West

team match which will be played off on the same links tomorrow.

Apart from the team match and championship there is curiosity in the East to visit Midlothian and journey on its private railroad, while the glories of the clubhouse have also been heralded. The length of the course at Blue Island also will be a lure to attract the women from this side of the Alleghenies, as they are all confident of their strength and fear no rivals in this country in this respect. It will be the longest links the women's championship has been played on, but the excellent placing of the hazards and the fine putting greens will make the course not as hard as Brae Burn was last year.

In its entire length the round is 6,367 yards. The outward journey is 3,221 yards, the holes coming in the order of 352, 190, 357, 327, 378, 380, 528, 309 and 400 yards. Coming in the total is 3,146 yards, the separate holes being 422, 400, 121, 473, 550, 477, 280, 153 and 270 yards. The men's bogey is:

Out	5	4	5	5	5	5	6	4	5—44
In	5	5	3	6	6	6	4	3	4—42—86

Although on rare occasions it has been beaten it seems the rule that the men's bogey is equivalent to par for women on a long course. At Brae Burn the bogey was 85, and Miss Mackay won the qualifying round prize with 87, a score equalled at match play by Miss Harriot Curtis. To do as well at Midlothian will be an achievement for any of the aspirants for the women's championship.

"Short" Game Saves Travers

By winning first honors at the recent invitation tournament of the Morris County Club Jerome D. Travers secured his sixth victory in important golf contests this season. But the National amateur champion was very nearly put out in the match play on the first day when he had F. H. Upton Jr. of Baltusrol as an opponent and it was only some remarkable work by Travers at the "short game" that enabled him to make a tie of it at the eighteenth hole. The champion again made a wonderfully clever put on the first extra hole and took the twentieth and the match in a perfect three. In the final for the trophy he defeated Archie Reid of St. Andrews, 3 up on the sixteenth green after some very fine play by both in the first round.

This tournament was also noticeable for the appearance of many veteran players including the former amateur champions, C. B. MacDonald, H. J. Whigham, and Findlay Douglas. Douglas, who qualified for the first sixteen, was beaten in the second round and MacDonald put out Whigham in the second round of the third division, the former eventually winning the cup for the third sixteen.

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A Bishop and His Recreations

It apparently takes very little for a man to be designated as a "famous athlete" now-a-days. The mere possession of a set of golf clubs, or a baseball "mit" or a football sweater or a tennis bat, at once admits him into this category, according to the average newspaper writer. This has been very noticeable during the last week or so with reference to the Bishop of London and the few games of golf and lawn tennis in which he has privately taken part during his visit to this continent. Because he and his chaplain happen to have included a few golf sticks and a couple of lawn tennis bats among their luggage, the statements have been published that "the baggage of the Bishop's party is said to resemble a sporting goods' warehouse," followed by some absurd remarks on "his great athletic prowess which he delights to exhibit." These incongruous items of mis-information have stirred up many illogical and ungenerous comments from hysterical critics who are unable to understand that an ordained minister can have manly characteristics and be a devout pastor at the same time.

A bishopric is one of the prizes of the clerical profession and, in the abstract, bishops are regarded as being merely dignified old gentlemen, steeped in ecclesiastical lore, who have devoted the best years of an unblemished life to parochial work and gained distinction therein. Advanced age, therefore, should at least prohibit them from taking part in any more strenuous exercise than an occasional ride on horse-back or a five mile walk.

It is just at this point where Bishop Ingram can furnish an exception. He is still well inside his fifth decade in years. During his university career he was a steady participant, for a few hours each afternoon, in one or more of the many outdoor forms of exercise in vogue at Oxford. Never of a very robust constitution, he made no attempt to emulate the more skilful players, merely taking part in the games, like hundreds of other men, for the sake of the benefits to mind and body which accrue from healthy recreation.

Although he attained honors in his classical and theological studies, Winnington Ingram had a horror of the "smug," the name applied at Oxford to the self-satisfied and complacent student who devotes all his time to books and allows himself no opportunity for

relaxation with his fellows. But in no sense could the present Bishop of London be considered a "famous athlete" and doubtless no one has been more amused at this appellation than the Bishop himself. If he still finds that the links and the lawn tennis court furnish him with the diversion necessary to his well being, surely the very office he holds implies that he has proved himself a man of discretion in all things and that he would never permit the dignity of the bishop's bench to suffer by any individual act of his either in public or private.

Ten Thousand Workers Under One Roof

Quite one of the most remarkable features that will result from the construction of the fourteen river tubes, eight of which will be in operation within a year for transportation purposes in Jersey City, New York and Brooklyn, will be the Hudson Company's terminal building along Church and Cortland streets, New York. The twenty-two floors on which work is now being rushed, will each provide an acre of office space, so that the entire structure will afford twenty-two acres for business purposes. With all the offices fully occupied, at least 10,000 people will find occupation therein, a population somewhat larger than Batavia, and two thousand more than Canandaigua enrolled at the last census.

Almost any part of the country may be reached direct from this building, as the trains running into it will connect with all the subways, and consequently with all the big railroads. There will be thirty-nine elevators in the building, and, basing the figures on the present scale of traffic to and from the New Jersey shore, it is estimated that 182,000,000 of people will pass through it in entering or leaving trains in the course of a year. These figures sound almost incredible, but are apparently consistent when it is stated that the new Grand Central Station is designed to handle 100,000,000 persons a year, and this is only one of the many outlets of New York city from a given point, whereas the Hudson Company's station will distribute passengers to all four points of the compass. The Central Station at Rochester handles, according to the latest average, some 5,500 people a day, or over 2,000,000 a year.

The frame of this Hudson building is, of course, of steel, resting on foundations extending to bed rock eighty feet below the street level, the six enormous station platforms being about half-way down, where there will be five loading tracks. The builders' estimates for the material, etc., to be used in connection with this building, also furnish some startling details. For instance, if all the terra cotta bricks to be used on it were arranged in a wall ten feet in height, the mass would stretch for 28 miles. There will be 520,000 square yards of plastering, twenty-nine miles of steam pipe, ninety-five miles of electrical conduit, and sixteen miles of plumbing, when the structure is completed.

Boston is in great trouble. Not only has the price of pie jumped 100 per cent; fifty per cent was added last Tuesday to the previous cost of a plate of beans. The "pie trust" and the weather are respectively blamed for these cruel impositions.

A British peer has been refused admission to the dining room of a big London hotel because he was not in evening dress at the orthodox hour. Perhaps his lordship had other uses for his "swallow tails." He would not be the first peer who has dined "off" them.

The young man who keeps out of trouble never has to worry how to get out of trouble.

Cards and Card Leaving

Regarded as an Abbreviated Note Service the Whole System of Card Uses Becomes Intelligible--English and American Forms

KEITH GORDON

Many people are under the impression that the rules of modern etiquette are of recent origin and have no test of age to prove their value. But this is a very erroneous idea, for those who are sufficiently interested to investigate for themselves find the greater number of them possessed of a very ancient dignity; and it is extremely interesting to follow their gradual shaping and changing from the somewhat stiff, punctilious, ceremonious staidness of the codes of one, and two and three centuries ago to the equally conventional but easier and more genial ones of the present day. And it is even more interesting to watch the contrary movement as exemplified in American social life.

In the older cities of the South and East the approximating more and more closely to the standards of the older organizations of English and European life; and moving Westward the much more rapid transition from the cruder and sometimes entirely unconventional life of the newly created Western cities and towns to the social standards of the East.

Although card leaving etiquette is so closely interwoven with that of paying calls there is more clearness gained I think in taking them separately. Here as in other countries the privilege of determining acquaintances or intimacies, regulating all the details of visits and visiting, and consequently all questions governing the etiquette on these points, Society places entirely in the hands of the ladies; and leaving cards is really the basis, or foundation work upon which all acquaintanceship is built up, so these diminutive pieces of pasteboard have become a most important factor in the practical working of the social scheme.

"Mere man" has reason to congratulate himself, I think, that he is not considered competent to regulate and carry out so delicate and complicated a bit of social machinery.

Tracing something of the history of the card we find it first in the Italian *carta*, then the French *carte* becoming in English *card* and finally our present card. It was originally larger and employed in place of paper for short notes, and sometimes more or less ornamented with coats of arms, crests, etc. This enables us to appreciate its true signification when we remember it is but an abbreviated form of a note written in the third person. So, when we call upon Mrs. A. and not finding her at home we leave a card, we say practically in form: "Mrs. B. called upon Mrs. A. in the hope of seeing her and regrets to find she was not at home"; and so in every case where cards are used they express to the initiated just what a note would do and their use should be limited to occasions which could be met

by such other form of communication. In its earlier use the card was sometimes maliciously used as the post card has been in the present day. In 1596 Colse in his "Penelope" tells how she avenged a slight by "inundating us with scoffing cards."

It is interesting in connection with the use of cards to find Cowper writing to Newton asking him to send a copy of his poems to Johnson, "with a very handsome card." Hume who knew Rousseau very well speaks of giving him a card of introduction to Walpole. Byron in Don Juan speaks of a circle where "All country gentlemen are admitted without cards."

Regarding the card then as an abbreviated note the whole system of card leaving becomes intelligible, and its adaption to the needs of social organization perfectly clear, and under the English and Continental *regimes* the rules which govern it are clear, definite and easily followed. Not so, however, in this country where, as yet, they differ in different places and where the latest idea of the latest society leader becomes a fashion with perhaps no foundation of common sense, or, what is far worse for the beauty and dignity of social intercourse, with the object of saving time and trouble. Chesterfield must surely have had prophetic visions of American social conditions when he said, "hurry was the enemy of courtesy."

First, regarding the card itself. It should be of fine quality and not too thin, the size varying a little according to fashion but should never be undersized; from two and a half inches to three and a half in width, two and a half to two inches in depth would be the usual varieties. It should be engraved in small, clear type with no embellishments of ornamented letters. A gentleman's card is smaller, a greater difference being made in the depth of the card, and the engraving may be in larger type if desired. The name is printed in the center of the card and address in the right-hand corner below, and the at home day, when a lady has one, in the left-hand corner.

This is exactly opposed to the English form where the address is always in the left-hand corner and the at home day in the right. Where the American fashion originated I cannot say, but for the English custom there is a sensible reason. We read a note from left to right and as the address is more important than the at home day and would always be used if the latter were not, the eye should travel to that first as in any other written or printed communication, and as it naturally will.

It is no longer the fashion for the names of husband and wife to be engraved upon the

same card as, "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown." Now it is considered better form to use separate cards. A married lady uses her husband's christian name *always*, as, "Mrs. John Smith." In this country some widows have adopted a fashion of reverting to their christian name, thus, "Mrs. Mary Smith." This is never done in England, and it seems rather absurd. If a widow continues to be John Smith's widow and uses the name of Smith she is no other than Mrs. John Smith for if marriage made her Mrs. John Smith, not Mrs. Mary Smith, she would retain the name until remarriage again changes it.

A gentleman's card *always* bears the prefix Mr. unless he bears a title such as is usually allowed on a visiting card. In America all military, naval, and judicial titles are used, also physician's and clergymen's.

The son bearing the same christian name as his father will have his cards engraved "Mr. A. B., Jr." In England all titles are used upon cards except "The Honorable," but initials appertaining to honorary rank, of which there are so many, should never be used upon a card, such as: D. L., M. D., K. C. B., etc. Nor is there any distinction in the title of a Baronet and a simple Knight, as the former as well as the latter would be thus: "Sir James Brown."

During her first season in society a *débutante* should have her name engraved upon her mother's card, but if she uses her own separate card she should always accompany it with one of her mother's or chaperon's. After her first season this is not considered necessary.

In England the custom is entirely different. No unmarried lady has her own cards until she reaches a certain age where no longer requiring chaperonage and entirely her own mistress she is in a position to choose her own acquaintances. Whether there be one daughter or several, in society together, their names all appear upon their mother's card. If the mother is not living, then upon the father's, but for this purpose the card used is always that size used for a lady's visiting card, never the smaller ones used by gentlemen. In London if a young lady is chaperoned by any lady, other than her mother, temporarily, her name is written in pencil under that of her chaperon. So much for the important bit of pasteboard itself the varied and somewhat complicated use of which must occupy another chapter.

Discontent

Small is the joy of having our way,

Compared to the after-sorrow;

Why should we wish for the things to-day

That we cannot have till to-morrow?

J. J. O'Connell.

Haddon Chambers Incognito

Why the Famous Novelist and Playwright Preferred to Conceal His Identity in His English Adaptation of "The Thief"

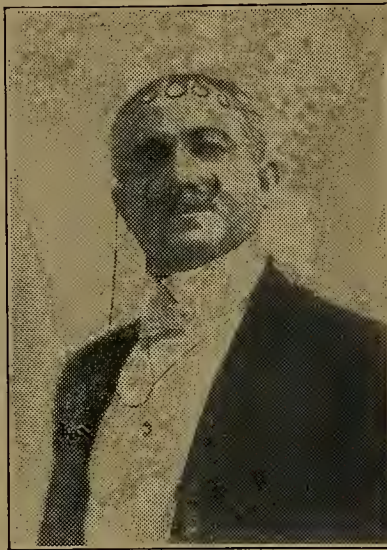
From London it is learned that Haddon Chambers must be credited with the English adaptation of "The Thief" which is having such success at the Lyceum Theatre, New York and the Empire Theatre, London. He explains that his name was omitted from the programmes by his particular request to Charles Frohman.

"In the first place," he says, "I was anxious to avoid taking from the brilliant young Frenchman (Henri Bernstein) any portion of the credit legitimately due to him for his splendid achievement in writing 'Le Voleur.' I certainly rewrote the play into English and in doing so was careful to reduce the length of some of the speeches to the Anglo-Saxon taste. But I look for no large personal credit, for the reason that the construction of the play in the original, direct, powerful and convincing as it is, conforms to the best English and American ideals of play making. I wished also to save myself from being bothered by managers with requests for adaptations. I did 'Le Voleur' as I did 'Le Detour,' by the same author, at the special request of Mr. Frohman. But no more adaptations for me. No, not even for the Napoleon of the drama himself."

"Mr. Hoggenheimer" To-Night.

At the Lyceum Theater this evening and twice to-morrow, Sam Bernard will give us a sequel to the diverting adventures of "Mr. Hoggenheimer," in which character he was so successful in "The Girl from Kay's," two seasons ago. In this new musical comedy, we find that he eventually married his old sweetheart of the other play, and that they have a son who has by this time reached manhood. This boy, Guy, is the apple of his father's eye, and his fond parent has set his heart on having him marry a nobleman's daughter and acquire a title.

Guy has come to New York from London on a pleasure trip and fallen in love with a pretty shop girl. The father hears this, and, to head off a marriage, takes a steamer for America, pretending to his wife, whom he does not wish to alarm, that he has been sent by the British government. On the same vessel is a fascinating concert hall artist and her ardent admirer, a young Englishman who owes Hoggenheimer money. The wife learns the singer is going on the same boat as her husband, becomes jealous, and slips on board, going in the second cabin, to watch them. They are then all landed in New York, and the scenes of the last two acts are laid there, one on the steamship dock, the other at a fashionable country house on Long Island. The incidents which accompany the final straightening out of affairs, and the return of the whole party to London are very amusing.



SAM BERNARD

Miss Georgia Caine and a large company appear in Mr. Bernard's support, the principal members being Marion Garson, Elise Moore, Josephine Kirkwood, David Torrance, Burrell Barberetto, J. C. Fenton, Mortimer H. Weldon, Charles P. Burrows and Dwight Williams. There are a dozen or more tuneful and lively songs which made "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" intensely popular in New York last winter.

Some First Performances

At the Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia, the Shuberts launched their tri-star combination, Jefferson de Angelis, Blanche Ring and Alexander Carr, in "The Gay White Way." It is a musical revue, the book being by Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld and the music by Mr. Ludwig Englander. Mr. De Angelis plays the part of George Dayne, a detective, Miss Ring that of Mrs. Dayne, while Mr. Carr plays Montgomery Bernstein Brewster. There are three acts and about thirty musical numbers. The piece aims to be thoroughly "Broadway," as the name implies. The cast contains many well known names, for the most part without any pretence at a disguise. For instance, Joseph Herbert, Jr., plays the dual roles of Daniel Frohman and William Travers Jerome. J. Heron Miller "plays" his father, Henry Miller, R. P. Galinde portrays David Belasco, and Messrs. Post and Russell Montgomery and Stone. Frank Doane's role is slightly disguised as Favvyhackettsham.

At New Haven, David Warfield opened his season in a new play, "The Grand Army Man," written by David Belasco and Misses Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. Warfield as "Wes" Bigelow, commander of a Grand Army of the Republic Post in a country village in Indiana twenty-one years after the close of the Civil

war, does a remarkable piece of character acting. The piece is mounted in Belasco's best style and that means the "very best." Others in the cast are Marie Bates, Ruben Fax, William Elliott, James Lackaye, Howard Hall, Stephen Maley, Antoinette Perry, Amy Stone and Jane Cowl.

At the Garrick Theater, Chicago, E. H. Sothern has given his first performance of "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart," a new play dramatized from the Russian by Lawrence Irving, the second son of the late English tragedian. It is a sombre drama with occasional touches of humor. The role in which Mr. Sothern appears is that of Rodion Ras-kolnikoff, a student, who argues that as the lives of many workmen are sacrificed in the advance of the industrial world it is not unlawful for a workman sometimes to sacrifice the life of a tyrannical employer, especially if direct good and seeming retribution may thereby be brought about.

Lawrence d'Orsay and Cecilia Loftus gave their new play, "The Lancers," for the first time in Hartford, Conn., last Saturday. It is a three-act comedy in which both the stars have good opportunities to show their individual abilities. A critical audience gave the piece a hearty reception. Some well known people are playing the minor characters.

By the New York Critics

Bijou Theatre—"The Master Builder" by Henrik Ibsen. Satisfactory performance by a company of capable actors. Mme. Nazimova, as Hilda Wangel, scores an artistic and popular success.

Wallack's Theatre—"The Hurdy Gurdy Girl," musical comedy by Richard Carle and



WITH THE "YANKEE TOURIST"

E. R. Phillips Raymond Hitchcock and Susie Cawthorne in Act II of the Musical Comedy Which is Crowding the Astor Theatre, New York, at Every Performance

Real Opera and Real Comedy

H. L. Heartz. Gets a very half-hearted reception and her lease of life on Broadway will probably be very short. Bertha Mills in the title role is disappointing. Annie Yeamans has little to do but what she does is delightful as usual. Adele Rowland dances nicely and others in the cast are Jacques Krueger, John Ransome and Walter Lawrence.

At the Hackett theatre, "The Struggle Everlasting" described as a "modern morality



play" by Edward Milton Royle, gets a very mixed reception from the critics with adverse opinions predominating. Florence Roberts and Arthur Byron play the leading roles of "Body" and "Mind" but it is conceded they are badly handicapped by the author's crude work.

Musical Comedy on Monday

James T. Powers and his company of clever singers and dancers will be seen at the Lyceum for the first half of next week in the "Blue Moon," the Americanized version of the English musical comedy in which Mr. Powers has already achieved much renown, especially in New York and Boston, where it had long runs.

The story of the play concerns the happenings of a British regiment stationed in Central India, and the endeavors of several of the members of this organization to find a little English girl who has been kidnapped many years before. This is the principal theme, and Powers' part is the main portion of what might be termed a secondary story for his actions during the entire play. These concern his endeavors to ingratiate himself into the favor of a young woman who demands of her ideal that he be a hero, a soldier and an elocutionist. Powers' expressive face and his explosive little giggle, together with his many mannerisms, his peculiar voice, his ability as a dancer and his rapidity of speech, all give plenty of opportunities for variety in his comedy work.

Clara Palmer plays opposite to the star role. This young lady is a bright and clever actress, besides being the possessor of a pleasing soprano voice.

"The Merry Widow's" visit to Rochester was altogether too brief and the return visit of the enchanting young woman and her merry band of suitors will, it is feared, be long delayed as the whole country seems already clamoring for this delightful comic opera, in which, for the first time, we get some real opera music and genuine comedy combined. Everyone engaged in the production is entitled to the highest congratulations and although Manager Savage must have spent a small fortune on the production, he is assured of ample returns for his investment. All Rochester is still talking about the opera and many hundreds were turned away at both performances on Saturday for there are limits even to the capacity of the Lyceum Theatre.

New York will certainly acclaim "Sonia" as its first favorite of the season and she will certainly not be allowed to leave for many months. In fact it will be hard work to keep Gotham's *jeunes dore's* from climbing on to the stage and joining in the revels at Maxim's. George Marion has provided some brand new dances for everyone in the company and his master hand in stage craft is in evidence throughout. He might however eliminate the impossible Englishman from the last act. Such a character is never seen outside the

cheap comic supplements drawn by artists whose travels abroad are limited to trips to Coney Island or Hoboken.



TWO "MERRY WIDOW" PRINCIPALS
Miss Loie Ewell, as "Natalie," and Robert Graham, as "Popoff," do much to enhance the success of the comic opera which delighted Rochester last week.

Is Re-named "The Evangelist"

Since its opening in Rochester, Arthur Henry Jones decided to change the name of "The Galileans' Victory" to "The Evangelist" under which title it began its New York career last Monday. It was pointed out to the author that the original title suggested more of a play whose scenes are laid in the days of the Early Christians instead of in the twentieth century.

Stage Notes and News

"The Morals of Marcus," which had such a successful career in London, is under rehearsal in New York. Marie Doro is to play the part of the heroine but the original Marcus in the person of C. Aubrey Smith has been engaged. Mr. Smith will be remembered in Rochester as an uncommonly pleasing, manly and skillful actor, who has appeared here in support of John Hare and Forbes Robertson.

Beerbohm Tree has decided to give his first performance of "The Beloved Vagabond" in Dublin, next Thursday. This is the four-act play which William J. Locke has made from his own novel of the same name. Mr. Tree, of course, will be Paragot. Soon afterward he will begin rehearsals of Comyns Carr's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

"The Lion and the Mouse," which has just closed a fifth engagement in Brooklyn, N. Y., was presented to a greater money capacity than on either of its former engagements, the receipts being close up to \$20,000. The receipts for the week's engagement preceding this were \$19,256.25. It is believed that the Klein play will run to big receipts for the next five years, and Henry B. Harris has four companies presenting the piece!

George C. Hazelton, lawyer and playwright, has purchased the Shakespearean productions of Richard Mansfield, including "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III," each of which is worth many thousands of dollars. Besides the entire productions of these two plays, Mr. Hazelton has acquired from the Mansfield estate many of the effects from other Mansfield productions.

Mary Mannering opens her season with "Glorious Betsey" at Plainfield, N. J., on the 14th inst.

"The Snow Man," by Stanislas Stange and Reginald DeKoven, has been entirely rewritten, with new specialties, songs, dances and dialogue, and has been renamed "Max from Holland." Charles A. Bigelow and Vera Michelena will head the company.

Messrs. Hunter, Bradford & Reid, by arrangement with the Shuberts, will make a production of "The Secret Orchard," a new play by Channing Pollock, on October 21st. The play is founded on the novel of the same title by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

Maude Adams began her season in Utica last Friday with "Peter Pan."

Otis Skinner gave his first production of "The Honor of the Family," an adaption of Emile Fabre's great play at New Rochelle last Saturday. His company includes Miss Percy Haswell, Francis Carlyle, Joseph Wheelock, Sr.; Walter Ladd and Russell Crawford.

October Musicians

- Oct. 6, 1820—Jenny Lind.
- Oct. 9, 1814—Giuseppe Verdi.
- Oct. 9, 1835—Camille Saint Saens.
- Oct. 11, 1835—Theodore Thomas.
- Oct. 22, 1811—Franz Liszt.
- Oct. 25, 1838—Genges Bizet.

Excavating a Great Waterway

How Engineering Skill Utilizes Mechanical Devices to Solve the Problem of Digging the Barge Canal in Western New York

FRANK A. WOOD

The eyes of the entire technical world are focused just now on Rochester, due to the successful construction, erection and operation of one of the greatest mechanical triumphs of this century. The surprising fact exists that few Rochesterians are familiar with the machine which is saving the labor of 1000 men, the work of two operatives being sufficient to supplant the duties of a force necessary to man and equip a regiment.

Just without the boundary limits of the city, in the town of Gates and not far from the Lyell Avenue road, one may see what appears to the novice to be a steel bridge, the supports of which are built on wheels which run on parallel tracks. Yet it is no bridge in the ordinary usage of the term. It is a device which seems to have brains, human mechanism and the power of an Atlas. To those familiar with its origin it is called a Hoover and Mason "grab." The claim is made that it is destined to revolutionize the science of digging waterways. To this end it is being used on the route of the new barge canal.

Constructed along both sides of the cut are railway tracks upon which the entire structure moves forward as the work progresses. This propulsion is effected by means of four 25-horse-power motors which are connected to a



F. A. MASELLI
Photo by Smith-Curry Studio

large capstan around which is an inch and one-half steel cable made fast to either end. High up in the air, two men ride in a "trol-

ley" and handle levers which control the entire working of this huge machine. The Rochester Railway and Light Company supplies power to operate the "grab" and drills. The electricity is "stepped down" from 4,100 alternating current to 140 direct current.

A cable is carried from the transformer out into the bed of the canal and drives the air compressor drills, which are entirely new and a great improvement over the old style steam drills. This method enables the diamond tipped instruments to penetrate 110 feet in the same space of time that was formerly consumed in reaching a depth of 70 feet. Four holes are driven at one time and when they are dry, 350 pounds of black powder are used and when wet, 70 pounds of dynamite are inserted into each hole. The upheaval from this force is tremendous and generally loosens 1,300 cubic yards of solid rock. The displacement thus made is sufficient to enable the shovel to pick it up and convey it away to the side banks. This last mentioned operation is interesting.

The operator, in the car above, pulls a lever and the immense jaws, each four times the height of a tall man, open as they descend. Another handle is manipulated and the shovel scoops up 12 tons of rock and conveys it to the dump. To give an idea of the extent of



GIGANTIC JAWS OF GRAB RESTING ON CANAL BANK

Construction of Good Roads

Knowledge of Methods and Material Plays an Important Part in Modern Highway Building

BERT VAN TUYLE

the work done it may be well to note that through solid rock, 120 feet wide at the top and tapering to 94 feet at the base, and to an average depth of 34 feet, this machine can make an advancement of 50 feet every 20 hours.

The great steel structure is 438 feet, over all, in length and from the car tracks to the top chord is 95 feet. The construction work took one year. The erection, under the capable supervision of Otis O. Ogden, of Chicago, who is now in active charge of the work, consumed ten weeks. It was originally designed to handle ore and, with some alterations, has been found to facilitate the work of

We must have good roads. The present state of the roads is the only thing which in a marked degree affects the progress of the present day mechanical traction. The revival of the good road has come. Layers of dust in dry weather, and of mud in wet weather, are not to be endured. And when we have roads

als. When we get improved roads why not have continuous roads and good roads? Leaving out the evils resulting from grafting on public work where the money expended goes into the pockets of individuals instead of into the roads, there is a great tendency to put work on top of the highway with little regard for



GRAB MACHINE ON BARGE CANAL—THE LARGEST DEVICE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

excavation to a degree that is the wonder of the engineering fraternity. The machine is the invention of Arthur J. Mason of Chicago.

Four 80-horse-power motors are used in the main hoist and two 60-horse-power motors propel the trolley.

F. A. Masselli, who has the distinction of handling the largest contracts of this kind in the world, has the task of digging a three-mile section for the new waterway. To complete this work he purchased the wonderful machine at a cost of \$168,000. That Mr. Masselli understands the problem, which the State of New York has given him to solve, is best evidenced by his fearless expenditure of money before he removed one yard of rock from the cut.

we should have the right kind of roads. Road work, particularly with earth roads, must be continuous to be effective. Under present methods a section is improved here for a few miles and there for a few miles, and when the time comes to improve an adjoining section the first, through lack of care, is back in its former bad shape. A road requires the attention and care given to railroad tracks. The original cost of a macadam road is too great to allow it to go to pieces within a year or so. Most failures are due to the fact that no provisions have been made for repairs by counties or states.

The construction of a road is as much of an engineering problem as any construction, requiring a knowledge of methods and materi-

the bottom. The stone used in macadamizing should be a good quality of limestone, not too soft, and of a standard quality, that will bind with rolling and wear.

Autoists, get together and have good, continuous lines of improved highways. One man cannot do it, nor can a dozen. The only thing that can bring about these results is organization of the owners and drivers of automobiles.

The Toronto Street Railway Company is using automobiles for its quick repair wagons. The machines have a wheel base of about 160 inches, are geared high and have made some record runs to points where trouble has occurred on the lines.

Some Gridiron Strategies

(Continued from Page 8)

BUY YOUR FURS IN NEW YORK CITY

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and care in the selection of your
Furs—Buy at Headquarters—Buy
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VERSE	EDITORIALS

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has a pair of very speedy ends. Harvard's best kicker, Burr, plays in the line and has to come back to punt which is a disadvantage, as Yale will have time to get ready for the punt and cover her field carefully.

Princeton always has a good defense and McCormick is a fair punter. Harlan is a first class drop kicker. The Tigers are more afraid of their line than anything else. MacFadyen is a very big ex-Andover guard but the only two veterans on the line will be Phillips, centre and Wistar, end.

WHERE PENN'S STRENGTH IS

Penn should have a strong defense. She plays her ends differently from most teams in that they always come in very hard and fast. But Penn has a big fast line and a splendid defensive back field. As to kicking, Reagan, the quarterback, promises to be a crack drop-kicker, and Hollenback, the full back, is an average punter. The Penn ends are not very fast.

Michigan will have a great team this year, although we do not hear much about it yet here in the East.

The Cornell defense cannot be depended upon to any great extent and her kicking game is nothing wonderful. She always does her best against Princeton.

The Indians are the "smoothest" aggregation of all in handling a football and they are more daring in the plays they attempt than the so-called big teams because they have less to lose by defeat. They will bear watching this year for they promise to be spectacular at least.

VALUE OF GENERALSHIP

The quarterbacks, who are the little generals of the gridiron, play a more important part than ever before under the new rules. By giving the right play at the right moment they can often win a game for their side. Good generalship plays a very important part in the game. Most quarters know the general principles of sound tactics but few of them rise to a place of daring and brilliancy such as Stevenson of Penn. or "Phil" King, the famous Princeton quarter, who once beat Yale on a daring long pass. Most quarters wait until they are hard pushed before they try their tricks and at the time when the other team expects a trick.

The value of brawn and beef were claimed to have been minimized under the new rules and speed and brains emphasized. This has not proved true because both brawn and brains have been emphasized. The five centre men must be very powerful because they are not backed up so sharply by the back field nowadays. Also, they are necessary for a powerful line attack.

LIKE THE GREAT NAPOLEON

Napoleon always concentrated his heaviest fire on the centre of the enemy before he won his battles on the flanks. So it is in football. The end attack of forward passes, etc., is not

apt to work unless the opposing team is afraid of body blows aimed at its centre.

Speed and brains as well as brawn for the ends and backs are, therefore, surely the essential points to be developed under the new rules.

Football Lessons by Mail

Until he is able to return to Chicago, Coach A. Alonzo Stagg has been instructing the candidates for the University football team by mail. Each man has been supplied with copies of the new rule book, with explanation and notes by Stagg. When he gets back he will supplement the correspondence studies with regular "chalk talks" and "costume lectures"



CAPTAIN FOLWELL
University of Pennsylvania Football Team

after practice. Here are some of the points emphasized by Stagg on this year's rules:

Each half will be five minutes longer than last year.

On the first and second downs, instead of losing the ball in case a forward pass strikes the ground before striking a player of either side, the same side retains possession of the ball, but loses fifteen yards.

When the forward pass strikes the ground without striking a player on the third down, the ball must be surrendered to the defense, as was the case last year.

A line man may carry the ball, provided he does not leave his position in the line until the ball is put in play.

The forward pass or tripping or hurdling by the side that did not place the ball in play shall be penalized fifteen yards.

A man shall be regarded as having "an opportunity to make a fair catch" if it is possible for him to reach the ball before it strikes the ground.

If a player other than the one who signals on a fair catch catches the ball he may not run with it, but the ball shall be down at the point where he catches it for a scrimmage.

Autumn's Dream—An Idyll in Prose

(Continued from page 5)

The beautiful dream was not yet flown. A strange sensation, that had been foreign to him for several years, crept into his heart, and a hot longing for something he did not know what, was filling it to bursting. Strange thoughts rose in his brain—thoughts that seemed foolish to him and which were immediately defended by a powerful voice that came from his heart: "Why foolish?"—said the voice. "Are you not a man in the full enjoyment of strength at the apogee of life? Would she not be grateful to you for snatching her out of this narrow life in which her mother has slowly faded away before her time? Can you not give her a thousand times more than any village teacher or pastor, the only men she might marry in this out of the way place? Will she not learn to love you when she sees how much she will owe you?" Doctor Rudiger grew hot all of a sudden,

her confusion, her reticence had wakened most extravagant hopes in his heart. As he did not leave her, she at last said to him with her long dark lashes resting on her rosy cheeks, her voice almost inaudible:

"The greatest wish of my heart is that you should let Mr. Dickmann have the house for the price he offered for I know that he cannot pay more."

The doctor felt like a man who had had a bowl of cold water thrown over him. He was forced to make a great effort not to betray his disappointment as he spoke:

"That's it! You seem to take a vivid interest in this painter, Lienchen, since you know so well what his circumstances are."

"We love—each—other—Doctor. And,—because he wants—to take me—to this house—as his wife,—he wishes—to buy it."

Only now did the poor doctor get fully

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so hot that he could no more stay in his big cosy chair. He rose and walked up to the young girl who greeted him with the most winning smile imaginable.

"What a sweet little housekeeper, Lienchen! Now that I think, I am ashamed that I have forgotten to bring you something from the city as is my wont. But I will make this good and you shall tell me yourself what this shall be. You probably have some wish dear to your heart. Tell it quickly, and the more extravagant it is the gladder I will be. I would like to give you a treat, a real big treat."

"I really do not know what to wish, Doctor. The one thing that would give me joy you could not give me."

"Why not? Is it so very extravagant?"

"Dreadfully so! If I should ask it you would think me the most unscrupulous thing in the world."

He, however, did not stop urging her to tell him her heart's desire, for her blushes,

awakened from his dream. His head was again free of all foolish thoughts as he answered:

"Well, since this is the case—I will see the young gentleman—and judge if he really is worthy of—the sacrifice. I promise nothing, however."

When Doctor Rudiger got into the mail-coach that evening he entered it poorer by an attractive country place and richer by one more experience. He had made a present of his house and its dependences to the daughter of his early love, and the experience he had gleaned was that it is not safe to dream of spring when the mists of autumn rise around you and the snow of winter is nigh, ready to cover with its white winding sheet the spring of life and nature alike.

A Willing Neighbor

"I want to communicate with you," said a house-a-fire to the next dwelling.

"All right," was the response. "Blaze away."

The Sunny Side—"Jac" Lowell

Mother Goose for Moderns

Seers of the weather fib together:—

"To-morrow will be fair!"
So Milly gets her new hat soaked,
And stains her golden hair!

Old Mrs. Grundy lies on Monday,
Slanders on Tuesday, gossips on Wednesday,
Lies again Thursday, more on Friday,
Worse on Saturday, worships (?) on Sunday!
Is there no end to old Mrs. Grundy?

There was a man in our Ward,
And he was wondrous wise,
He voted for the Democrats
For pay of goodly size.
And when the Democrats were poor
And full of mulish woes,
He earned another roll of goods
By voting for their foes!

What Are You?

The Question Supreme.

What are the questions met by youth on every hand?

What does the world ask most often of those who are soon to be its Men and Women, its Workers and Rulers?

There are but two of these questions.

They are these:

"What are You Doing?"
and

"What have you?"

By these questions the world shows the standard by which it is prone to judge. It is the Standard of Position and Possession.

By "what are you doing?" it means to find out whether you are a "somebody" or a "nobody." Whether you hold a position of eminence and opportunity, or whether you are simply an "insignificant twister" in the world's army.

By "what have you?" it means to find out whether you possess the "almighty dollar" in great or small amount; whether you are able to entertain your friends in sumptuous style, purchase fine clothes, and regal dwellings, or whether you are simply an honest worker with no inherited wealth and no social standing save the standing of God-given Manhood and Womanhood.

When such questions are the common cry; when they stare Youth in the face from every side, is it strange that Youth catches the spirit of them and puts forth all its efforts to answer them, and them only?

It is not strange.

The fault, then, is not with Youth who answers the question. The fault is in those who ask the question, and in the question itself. Amid the rush and glamour of a materialistic period, the supreme issue is overlooked, and therefore the supreme question is not asked.

And what is the supreme question? This:

"What are you?"

Yes, that is it. "What are you?" Are you Yourself? The true, honorable, man-loving,

God-loving Self, which God meant you to be?

"What are you?"

That is the question. And until it becomes the Question of Questions—as in reality it is—Youth will find no answer for it, simply because Youth is almost unaware that such a question can be asked.

Ask that question.

"What are you?"

Ask it! Ask it!

Expect others to answer it aright, and be able to answer it aright yourself!

Day's Golden Gifts

A Week-End Thought

Day cometh to us like a beautiful woman, clad in the splendid robes of sunrise and crowned with a diadem of fair jewels. Her cheeks are rosy with new life, and her eyes glow the brighter for a night's sweet sleep.

She is good indeed to look upon, for her face is comely and her form a very symphony of curves. Yes, she is wondrous fair, but equally fair are the bright gems she brings to us in her milk-white hands. Bright gems of molten gold, which seem to pulse with light and beauty.

These gems are the minutes, golden opportunities which may be wrought into tiaras of noble acts and scepters of kindly deeds.

How freely she extends the precious gems! With what infinite trust and confidence does she give them to our care! Beautiful as they are, they are ours without the asking; ours to cluster into crowns, ours to drop by the wayside or scatter among the weeds of idleness.

Let us not abuse Day's gentle generosity, but let us accept the priceless gifts with all good grace, and strive to use them worthily and well. So shall we be able to lie down in peace when Night cometh, and to rise up to greet Day's eyes, guileless and unashamed.

Handbook of Civic Progress

All who are interested in fine political issues should read the editorial departments of the "Arena." "The Mirror of the Present," says one reader, "is a monthly magazine of ammunition for friends of the Republic of the fathers, while the departments conducted by Mr. Ralph Albertson and Robert Tyson dealing with the news of the day as it relates to Public-Ownership, Direct-Legislation, Cooperation and Proportional Representation, make the "Arena" a complete hand-book of progressive government and civic progress that is not approached in value by any other publication in America or Europe."

Touring in Canada

This is the ideal time of the year for touring and no doubt many will take a trip into Canada. Members of the Rochester Automobile Club should bear in mind that the club has made arrangements by which any member may cross into the Dominion without the large expense, trouble and loss of time necessary to gain an entrance to that country.

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In far off Panama, Western New York is represented in the field by three of her younger sons, Claude C. Lathrop, Henry D. Flannagan and Frank W. Powers. The first two are from Rochester. At the time the Army of Pacification went down to Cuba, Lathrop and Flannagan were with the body of 1,200 marines who saw service there. Later when their battalion returned to Washington they volunteered for service in the canal zone. Both

have succeeded well in their military career. Flannagan as a corporal, Lathrop as company clerk.

Powers is from Syracuse, and is now in his second enlistment. "Music" Powers is one of the most popular men at the camp, besides being an all round athlete.

The trio are well satisfied with their experience, yet are anticipating their return to the States in December.

Whirligig of Time

Mrs. Crawford—"Is your husband's business improving?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"It must be. He's detained in his office three or four evenings a week now, something that never occurred when we were first married."

If you are interested in progress of humanity you should be interested in EVERY FRIDAY. Subscribe to-day.

Decisive Action

"I understand your young ladies' club had a business meeting to-day."

"Yes, it was an important one, too."

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An Experiment in Finance

(Continued from page 7)

day for butter, it was. And butter is thirty cents a pound, so I bought three pounds for you. I had to bring it home myself, but I tell you, I believe in economy wherever possible. You've no idea how fast the money goes. Why, before I knew it this afternoon, twenty-five dollars had slipped away."

"So it does, that's a fact. But by next week, at least," with serious visage but merry eye, "you can let me engage that servant you promised I might have to help me with the housework, can't you? Really, I think staying indoors so continuously is affecting my health."

She looked at him sympathetically, perplexed by doubt. "But those awful bills," she said.

"I used to pay the bills first, to be sure the bad debt collector wouldn't get after me."

She whirled in her chair in startled feminine fashion. "Oh, Bert!" she exclaimed. "Would they, those horrid men, do such a thing as that?"

"They certainly would, if you delayed too long," he solemnly replied.

"My goodness!" apprehensively. "How long would they wait?"

"Oh, about seven or eight weeks."

"Mercy me! I just won't have anything more to do with it. So there!" and she stamped her foot decidedly.

"You won't! Who'll pay them then? I haven't any funds any more."

Doris leaned back in her chair resignedly. "It's been so nice to have a little money to spend," she sighed.

"And it's been such a relief not to have those debts to worry me," he emulated.

"Bert," straightening up with an appealing look, "if I'll give you all the money every week, will you try and—and—straighten things up for me? I'll give you every cent—until you can get another position. Then you'll have to trade back."

"Another position!" he echoed, with affected sternness. "You must be crazy. Do you think I can pick them up like apples under a tree in harvest time? Evidently you have forgotten how long I searched after our old firm went into the trust and left me stranded."

"But, Bert, you must. Because I'm afraid the gymnasium is going to break up. The rich women who have been supporting it have tired of their fad and don't come to classes any more."

"Oh! So that's what you're up to—physical culture instructor."

"Yes, you ninny," disdainfully. "Why didn't you guess it before?"

"I thought perhaps you might tell me."

"Well, I wouldn't. A person so dull as not to guess don't deserve to know. But say—you'll get a position, won't you?"

"I'll try," he slowly answered, "if—"

"Well," as he hesitated, "if what?"

"If you'll agree never to call me stingy again."

"Is that all!" She sprang up and flew to him, throwing both arms around his neck in



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an ecstasy of relief. "You're the noblest, most chivalrous man that ever lived. Now Monday you just go and see if your old firm will take you back."

"Probably they will. The leave of absence I arranged for doesn't expire until next Saturday, but I suppose I can go to work any time I want to."

She drew back in surprise and just a trifle resentfully. "Deceitful, deceitful!" she exclaimed, shaking her finger at him accusingly. "But," with the lightheartedness of cares dispelled, "I'll never call you stingy again. I've had all the experience I want trying to pay bills."

Lampham to Tour

F. Clayton Lampham, whose band has almost an international reputation, has won recent laurels among amusement managers owing to the distinction of being the youngest bandmaster in the world. Mr. Lampham has



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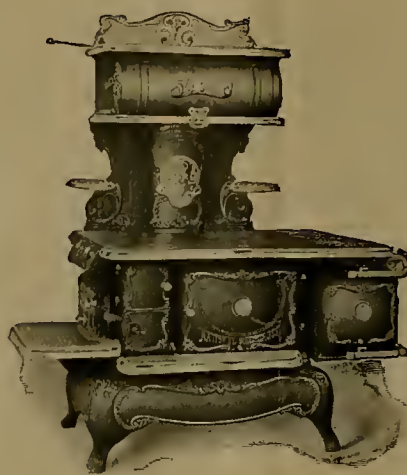
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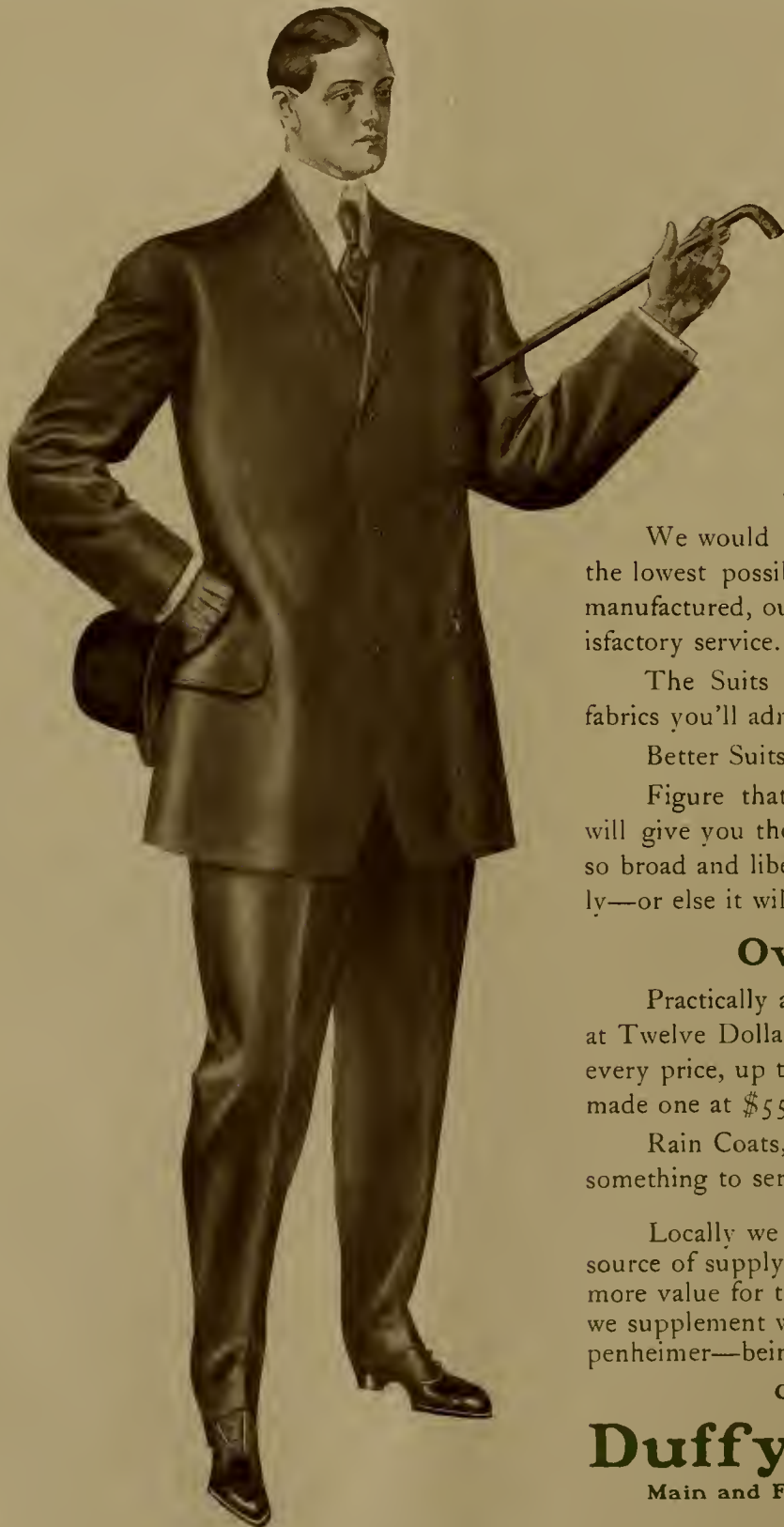
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Practically all the worthy fabrics are represented in the Coats at Twelve Dollars—and there is an endless assortment of styles at every price, up to the finest garment we carry—a strictly custom-made one at \$55.

Rain Coats, too—the ideal garment for the man who wants something to serve him at all times, and in all places.

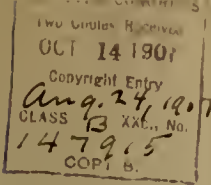
Locally we look to Hickey & Freeman Company for our source of supply. We know of no better garments than theirs—more value for the money in fact than in any other kind. These we supplement with the famous product from the House of Kuppenheimer—being the exclusive selling agent in this vicinagè.

Clothing Department—Third Floor.

Duffy-McInnerney Co.,

Main and Fitzhugh Street

Rochester, N. Y.



Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine of Special Features and Comment

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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., October 11, 1907

No. 6

Czars of New York State

**The Speaker of the Assembly is Practically as Powerful as the Speaker of Congress—
What Political Evolution Has Done**

WILLARD A. MARAKLE

MUCH has appeared in the public prints about the "Czar" who sits in the speaker's chair in the National House of Representatives and the immense power he wields arbitrarily.

Not nearly so much is written about the "Czar" of New York state yet the Speaker of the Assembly is well-nigh as important a personage, and political evolution has placed in his hands power equal to that held by the Speaker of Congress.

Probably not one person in twenty-five stops to consider the immensity of New York's resources. "Empire State" is an apt description, commercially speaking. Within her confines are the largest city in the United States and another, equal in population to that of the combined capitals of half a dozen smaller states. Rochester is booked to enter the first-class rank in a few months. Then there are six cities of the second class, a score and more cities of the third class besides a myriad of incorporated towns and villages. The assessed valuation of New York state is \$8,524,002,864. Two counties show a valuation of more than a billion dollars. Six counties are assessed at over one hundred million dollars, Monroe contributing \$173,752,231.

New York state's network of railroads, steam and trolley, represent valuations of hundreds of millions of dollars. Probably every known industry is represented within the confines of this Empire State, certainly every nationality on the face of the globe is. Her bank clearances are immense, so are her resources.

All this vast wealth is subject to the State Government. Of this the head is the Governor as the executive branch. He has great powers, but while he may recommend and veto he cannot enact legislation. The Legislature can both initiate legislation and pass it over the Governor's veto. It can amend the State Constitution and present it to the people for approval without consulting the Governor at all.



JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.

The youthful "Czar" of New York's lower house, whose antecedents are aristocratic and whose legislative career smacks of the "autocratic"

The Legislature is divided into two branches, the Senate and the Assembly, the members of the first being elected for two years and the latter for one year. Senators and assemblymen receive the same salary—\$1,500 a year. This is far too little remuneration for high-class men, too much for men of yielding dispositions and weak spines.

Over the Senate presides the lieutenant-governor, a personage once described by Theodore Roosevelt as a sort of fifth wheel to a wagon and, politically, of as much consequence as the vice-president of the United States who occupies the same relation to the Federal Senate. The lieutenant-governor is a constitutional officer elected by the people in general election. One of his functions is to preside over the Senate. He is not a member of that body and has no voice or vote on final passage of bills. When the senate contains a majority of hostile political faith the lieutenant-governor is not permitted to name the committees.

On the other hand, the speaker of the Assembly is chosen from its membership and has a voice and vote the same as any other member, if he chooses to exercise it. Inasmuch as he belongs to the political party then dominant in the house, he names the committees. This prerogative has not been exercised in the past, by some speakers. The state political leader was wont to select the membership of the committees and after his O. K. had been affixed, the speaker would announce them as his own. During the last two years, however, the republican party in the State has not owned a leader, so Speaker Wadsworth has appointed his own committees.

Within the last fifteen years a practice has grown up which is viewed with alarm by many students of political affairs. Included in the committees of the Assembly is one called "Rules." In the closing days of the annual sessions, all committees go out of existence and "Rules" takes full charge. It makes up the calendars, decrees what bills shall or shall not be considered, what amendments may be made, in fact is in absolute control, the rules of the Assembly requiring 100 affirmative votes out of the membership of 150 to override decisions of "Rules." As the Speaker is chairman, naturally he names only his friends to membership, hence as a matter of

(Continued on page 25)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 11, 1907

Who Spends Your Money?

THE Flagellants, a sect of frenzied monks who whip themselves until the reddened welts on their persecuted bodies drip blood, and do it in the name of religion, are adjudged insane by the kindly-minded. But what shall be said of the average citizen or the thrifty farmer of Western New York who supplies the lashes to his tormentors?

In the banks of Buffalo, Syracuse and Rochester and in smaller towns in Western New York there are deposits amounting to over \$600,000,000. How much of that sum is actually in the coffers is problematical—in all probability \$100,000,000 is a very high estimate—the remaining HALF A BILLION DOLLARS is “invested” by directors—not always conservatively but sometimes, and far too often, it is used for exploitation. Take the directorate of any large bank in this territory—how many names appear on the directorates of other banks or public-service corporations? A cursory examination of the situation in Rochester shows that many, very many, men of wealth appear as directors in several financial institutions—one man has an interest in no less than six financial institutions either as a director or stockholder! Is this safe and wise? Can that man discharge his duties as director of one solvent institution when he knows or can know that another, in which he is interested, is tottering? Do the banking laws intend any such a situation?

But who “invests” your money? If a gas-company decide to water its stock the banks furnish the capital of depositors to take up inflated securities and we have the paradox of the people paying, through exorbitant prices for a cheapened product, the dividends on their own capital. If a rural trolley line is to be constructed the farmers’ deposits are again “invested” and he has the experience of paying a high fare for the privilege of riding in the coaches and over the rails that his own money has paid for. Does an aroused public demand better street car or better passenger and freight service on a steam road? A convenient bond-issue is made for “betterments”, the banks buy the bonds and the poor sucker depositor again “pays the freight.”

How far this over-lapping of names and men in bank director-

ates points towards danger is yet unestimated but there is danger there. How far this close cabal assists the game of “investment” that makes the public pay for the enjoyment of its own money is a problem. Already in New York city the public is scrutinizing directorates—already there is protest. It is only a question of time when Western New York, where the situation is especially vicious, will awake.

“Talk about the confidential attitude of banks” said a prominent merchant, “why, if I borrow \$5,000 from my bank of deposit every other financial institution in the city knows of the transaction in an hour and loose tongues are wagging.”

And there is the situation in a nutshell.

IT is a curious fact that in all the discussion of candidates for the Court of Appeals judgeships there is no inquiry as to fitness or records on the bench. No, the bench must be kept non-partisan—it is enough, it seems, that one judge is nominally a republican and one nominally a democrat. What a farce the slogan of a “non-partisan” judiciary really is!

A Man Dies

A man died the other day. Not a very illuminating bit of news is it? But men die every day. This man differed from some of the clods we send back to mother earth in that he was a *real* man. For him the sun always shone, the skies were always fair, the breezes cool, man divine and the world lovely. He knew not the sordid things yet he knew suffering and it dignified him. He was penniless at death and never above poverty in life, but his heart was a jewel and his soul a pearl of price. A grudging city furnished his coffin—a hireling few hurried the poor clay to its cramped resting place. Withered sod covered the rough-box and his name, in a short week, is forgotten by those who buried him.

But the memory of him lives yet; it will never wither in the hearts of those who knew him well. A city crossing-sweeper, born in Dublin, shunted forth with other souls from the land of his pitiful birth, stirred at his first foot-tread in a new land by the drums of a regiment hurrying to war, to enlist, leaving the army only when Appomattox fell, marching in that glorious review which all the world remembers, he came years ago an humble suppliant for work to the city where for thirty-five years he labored menially. But his charity was great. Three years ago he lived for more than two months for the meagre sum of twenty-five cents a day in order that a stranger-woman and her three babes might live as well. Two years ago, for twenty long sweltering August nights, after days of toil, he nursed a lonely new-landed Irish lad to health. Lowly, bent with rheumatism, he always hastened to help the blind across the crowded street, he piloted the stranger, he tenderly guided the children. Two weeks before he died a vagrant bird, with broken wing wandered far from its haunts and fell gasping at the sweeper’s feet. The old man laid aside his broom, obtained absence from his employer, counted carfare from his little store and sought the farthest edge of a city park, the maimed bird carefully carried in his bosom. It was rough surgery that treated the injured wing. It must have been hard for the old man to sleep in the bushes in a secluded spot for four whole days until the bird could join its kind again. The exposure of that four days, treating and protecting that injured bird brought on the illness that spelled death to the old crossing-sweeper. Crazy, you say? The world would be better for more such dementia

Bits of Philosophy

Be a master of your moments, so that you may not be a slave of your years.

Don't show the little mind by showing the "big head."

Poverty is the tax we pay for bad habits.

It is cheerfulness that teaches us always to hold in view the better side of one's nature. It is the fountain in the desert—the bird that sings in the solitude.

Genius is simply a disposition to take infinite pains.

Many men make success by making use of their failures. Knowing a man's mistake is as valuable as knowing the "secret of his success."

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators these days.

"Luck"—the failure's idea of the other fellow's success.

"Pluck"—the spirit in a man who doesn't understand the meaning of despair.

A lazy man has to work hard to find an easy job.

Success makes a fool seem wise. Failure makes the wise man appear foolish.

In the land of promise men die of hunger—perform things; do it *now*.

If people were as careful of the speech brought into their homes, as they are of the pictures, carpets and furniture, there would be more conditions of happiness—the tongue can be your best friend, or your worst enemy. There are few factors more conducive to home happiness than right conversation; yet what little thought is given to it.

Have We Too Many Churches?

HAVE we too many churches? Sometimes we hear this protest against the saloon, but it remains for a Rochester minister, Rev. Ray Allen, to declare that "Rochester has too many Protestant churches. The close on to 100 churches in the city are too many, and many are illy located in places where they have sprung up without forethought or plan."

This is not the denunciation of agnosticism, the spleening of a heretic or a bid for sensationalism. It means that the progressive business spirit of the age asserts itself even in the affairs of the church. Mr. Allen views the saving of souls as a business, to be criticized boldly, to be administered methodically, to be carried on as a competitive institution against the forces of crime, hopelessness, poverty and degradation. The church is one of the weapons of civilization. Here is a man, one of its apostles, who dares be frank, who, youthfully iconoclastic, deals a blow at the tradition that "the Lord ordains" in the matter of the location of churches.

Do liquor dealers seek to locate in colonies? Do business men jam their great trade institutions side by side? What is the reason for the corner-grocery in every section of the city? Does a farmer till only one acre of his quarter-section until it is no longer fallow ground? Does the government segregate its armed forces for defense in one garrison?

Mr. Allen's criticism is pertinent. He means that the Protestant church lacks the foresight of the ordinary tradesman in establishing its places of business; that too much has been blindly left to the "ordainment of the Lord" and too little to organization; that the Protestant church has been lacking in its great crusade because its business heads have not set-up their institutions with a view to

covering most perfectly the trade-areas! Too much attention has been paid to convenience of snug worshippers—too little to the best plan for accommodating and attracting and *reaching* those still outside the pale.

And, by comparison, the Protestant church suffers. The great Catholic church is organized—its edifices and its religious homes are erected in no haphazard manner. It is the great missionary church—the church that sees a new "trade-area" and covers it. There is no antagonism—no denominationalism. All is co-operation. Each parish does not crowd its neighbor—all work, like the harmonious components of a well-organized department store, for the common end. The Protestant church might well imitate its great sister in this respect.

Will Mr. Allen's criticism profit nothing? Will the churches heed? We do not know but we do know that Mr. Allen is a man of courage—he has dared.

THE ubiquitous Mr. Taft very calmly impresses upon the Japanese mind the fact that Uncle Sam is not seeking war and that Japan isn't especially belligerent either. All of which may be true; but it must amuse the subjects of the Mikado to be subjected to mind-reading of the Taft variety.

The Latest in Theatrical Ventures

GREAT possibilities of adding realism to stage productions are foreshadowed in the announcement that Charles Frohman has arranged to give theatrical performances on board the big Cunard steamships during their passage over the Atlantic. Henceforth, there need be no further occasion to announce "elapsed time," if it is only the matter of a day or two, between the acts. Audience and actors can be transported together and the play continued at the correct intervals.

For example, Act I of the melodrama "Nellie the Typewriter, or How She Suffered, Poor Thing!" is played in Liverpool on Friday night. As the programme states that one day is supposed to intervene between Acts I and II, the entire "house"; together with the actors and scenery, etc., is taken at once on board the Lusitania which sails on Saturday afternoon and the performance is continued that evening on the way to Queenstown. Four days are now required before the stirring events of Act III, during which the heroine loops-the-loop and climbs the North Pole in order to escape the villain's hirelings, can be presented. This brings us close to Sandy Hook and the final act "twelve hours later" is given in the "Cunard Company's Own Theatre" erected on the dock in New York and connected with the steamship by a direct gangway.

Thus the twentieth century theatrical manager not only provides us with the most thrilling mental diversions but includes the price of a trip across the ocean with the admission ticket.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

JOHN J. MURPHY

Best-selling novels are shoved to one side,
Paper-back love tales are things of the past,
Classical works are not read in this tide—
All but the time-table's lashed to the mast.

IT very often happens that the man who likes to be "looked up to" finds himself being "looked into."

EVERY FRIDAY

A Day on A Pony Farm

FRANK A. WOOD

A day on a pony farm! What dreams this idea brings to the average boy or girl who never experienced the sensation of seeing a field fairly alive with the little animals! Eight miles from Rochester may be seen a sight the equal of which is rare indeed. The Pittsford

ward his charges solved the problem. Scattering oats on the ground the manager whistled a few short notes. The transformation was wonderful. From every section of the field, over hills and along little ravines, trotted the pets. And what are these tiny, sheeplike



THE HERD

Farms lie almost within the heart of that pretty village and any time a person may visit the spot and have a full day of enjoyment. One hundred miniature specimens of the horse world romp the acreage with unrestrained freedom until some boy or girl fancies a certain one and decides upon a purchase.

Fred Cook, manager of the pony department of the farms, knows the whims and habits of these little pets as few others know them. He has been raising ponies for 16 years at Pittsford, being head keeper of the herd for Mrs. E. F. Hawley, who owns the farms. Every pony seems to know Mr. Cook.

When an EVERY FRIDAY representative and a staff photographer entered a large field in which were more than 50 ponies, with a view of taking the accompanying picture of the animals, the first thought was how Mr. Cook would round up the herd and get them to pose. The result of years of love and kindness to-

ward his charges solved the problem. Scattering oats on the ground the manager whistled a few short notes. The transformation was wonderful. From every section of the field, over hills and along little ravines, trotted the pets. And what are these tiny, sheeplike

objects running along in eager anticipation of something which has attracted the attention of the others? They are baby ponies! See them come. Cantering alongside their mothers, confiding in the older knowledge, they prick up their ears at the sound of the call. The guardian of the welfare of every member of his unique family is almost carried off his feet by the crowding of the ponies about the oat measure in his hand. He knows them all by their individual names and a quick word from Mr. Cook brings good behavior throughout the herd. Each one appears to be really offended if their master fails to take notice of the mute request for a caress. To speak of a whip or coercion among this unusual gathering is deeply to offend Mr. Cook. The ponies know when they are being scolded and the spoken word of command suffices to bring obedience.

While the natural instinct is to shun the stranger, the ponies seem to invite advances



A THREE MONTHS' BABY

when these are kindly intended. Their coats are very soft just now when winter is approaching. They seldom go indoors, preferring the outdoor life which is best for them. Separate a mother from her young and the result is interesting. No matter how large the assemblage at the time she will instinctively seek out her offspring, and if the period of separation has been long, she will start off from the others and see to it that her babe follows her.

These ponies may all be driven by children. They are intended for the younger members of the family and develop for children a liking only equaled by the dog. The Pittsford Farm ponies have traveled far and wide, hav-

(Continued on page 27)



RESENTS ADVANCES



"BRESSAY"

Miriam Holland and Her Leopards

THOSE who visited the Bostock Wild Animal Show, Ontario Beach Park, during the summer, have seen an attractive young girl put two snarling leopards through a number of clever tricks. The youth of the girl, her courage, and the perfect control she has over the animals, have made her a figure of interest to those who regard animal training as something better than a mere pastime for an idle hour.

Miss Miriam Holland is said to be the youngest trainer of wild animals now before the American public. She is 17 years old, and was not, as are most trainers, brought up in the business. She entered the arena for the first time four months ago. She was born in Freeland, Penn., and as a little girl gave promise of a remarkably good voice. Long before she had the least knowledge of her influence over the beasts of the jungle, Miss Holland's friends were predicting flattering things for her future as a singer.

The animals which Miss Holland has been working with are two beautiful East African leopards, and a young puma. She comes into the arena protected only by a whip, and a small two-pronged instrument resembling a pitchfork. She never carries firearms.

Leopards are clever, and learn their tricks quicker than most wild animals; but this very cleverness is what makes the work of training them so difficult. Cunning and treacherous, like all the cat family, they are ever watchful, and quick to seize an advantage. Let their trainer forget the least detail of their act, let her be pre-occupied or nervous, and the animals are conscious of the fact at once. Although Miss Holland has been training so short a time, she has experienced many a "close call."

It is the instinct of the leopard to spring at the throat, and on one occasion when putting her animals through their tricks, the electric lights went out suddenly, leaving the place

have torn him to pieces. It even angers them to have people stand too close to the outside of the arena, while they are performing, and once when the manager of the show was standing close to the bars during their act, one of the leopards crouched low, and sprang clear across the arena at him.

When asked if she actually enjoyed the "danger" of the life, Miss Holland smiled rather ruefully, and showed the ugly marks and scars with which her hands and arms were covered. As for the pretty dress she was wearing—it was ripped and torn in a thousand pieces. She said the leopards never let her keep a gown whole very long. However, Miss Holland admitted that the more the animals fought, and resisted her, the better she liked it. The fear they have of her is almost incredible. Often, when she puts away her whip, and stands between the animals, absolutely without any defense, with a snarl one of them grabs her dress, but merely by looking at him, and pointing her finger, he is cowed, and slinks away.

With all their traits, the animals are in their strange way wonderfully attached to Miss Holland, and often when she passes their cage, she puts in her hand and they lick it.

The only part of her act which tries her physically, and which by the way is the most daring of her feats, is the finale, when she carries Pudding off the stage on her shoulders. She weighs 150 pounds. "He has a fine chance at me then, only he does not know it," she said, laughing.

Miss Holland has chosen animal training for her life work. She says she realizes that it is a hard life, and that even for one who has no fear, it is still a strain to go into the arena three or four times a day; but, of course, nothing is counted hard, when it is really loved, and Miss Holland certainly loves her work. Miss Holland will spend most of her time while abroad in Paris.

"I hope always to work with leopards," Miss Holland said, "because I am fond of them."



MISS MIRIAM HOLLAND

Youngest Trainer of Wild Animals now Before the American Public

There is nothing of the proverbial "circus woman" about Miss Holland. She is a pretty, healthy-looking girl, with rather a childish appearance. She is full of enthusiasm about her work, and has an intense love for wild animals.

How she came into the work, was, as she says herself, almost an accident. It was while attending a Bostock animal show in her native town, that the desire to do this work first came to Miss Holland. She thereupon applied to Mr. Bostock, and chose her animals. When asked what her sensations were upon entering the arena for the first time, Miss Holland laughed heartily and said:

"I felt too awkward for words. You see when a new trainer comes into the arena, the animals simply lie down flat on the floor and won't move—that is, until they know they have to." This seems to be a way the beasts have of "sizing up" a new trainer.

in total darkness. Quick as a flash one of the leopards sprang at her. The weight of the animal nearly threw the girl from her feet, but by good fortune she struck out with her arm, thus receiving the wound there, and in all probability saving her life.

Another night when the lights were dim, the two leopards, "Prince" and "Pudding," found each other's society obnoxious, and engaged in a furious battle. Separation seemed impossible. "Well, I just lost my patience at that," Miss Holland admitted, "and I said, 'Well, go ahead, then,' and they did, until they had it out."

The leopards never tolerate any but their present trainer in the cage with them. One day the man who had "broken in" Miss Holland's animals attempted to enter, thinking they remembered him, but they rushed upon him furiously, and, but for the fact that he was holding a chair in front of him, would

Perchance

Her radiant cheeks the sunbeams kiss,
The winds caress her hair;
Fair flowers and herbs in fragrant bliss
Her fairy footsteps bear.

While I, with midnight lamp aflame,
Imprisoned heart, dream-tortured brain,
Envy, methinks because I'm sad,
The stars that see her and are glad.

Perchance some day, my secret known,
And cradled passion free,
Through smiles and tears, in sacred tone,
She'll plight her love to me!

Florence Foulkes.

EVERY FRIDAY—\$2 a year; six months \$1; three months 50c.

The Millionaire Vampire

Mysterious Mechanism by Which a Man of Wealth Drained Lives of Others to Maintain His Physical Strength—The Result

DON MARK LEMON

"DOCTOR, I don't understand it! At all other times my health couldn't be better, but the moment I crossed Center street to enter East Station I feel a peculiar sensation of weakness, followed by a slight touch of vertigo. It is over in a moment and physically I seem none the worse afterwards, but its regular and persistent occurrence has begun to worry me considerably. How do you account for it?"

Doctor Winter deliberated a moment before replying, and then, physician-like, his answer took the form of a question.

"When did you first notice this?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Ah!" The physician seemed suddenly to be lost in some abstruse mental problem, when his patient became alarmed at his silence and demanded, "Is it anything serious?"

"No, no, no! Just a little eccentricity of your nervous system. No doubt at some time while entering East Station you were momentarily indisposed, and your imagination persists in reflecting the symptoms. Pay no attention to these feelings. Some ailments are like dogs—they snap at us if we mark them, but let us alone if we pay them no heed."

"I will endeavor to do so, but I assure you, doctor, these feelings are as far from fancy as is—a dog bite."

"A good figure!" laughed the other. "But take my advice and see what comes of it. Imagination is not everything, but most diseases can use it as a back stair to get at us. Good day, sir; good day."

When the patient had gone out Doctor Winter began pacing his office. "That's the ninth party that has come to me this week with the same complaint!" he exclaimed. "And I can vouch for the truth of these symptoms, as I have experienced them myself." He shook his head in emphatic denial of some unspoken speculation. "No, it is not possible that it can be an epidemic, for it is too rigidly local to East Station; besides, it bears every stamp of human agency. I believe I will look into this matter personally."

An hour later, attired in an easy-fitting, inconspicuous sack suit, Doctor Winter took his stand against a granite pillar to the left of the entrance of East Station, and watched the never-ending stream of men and women pour by towards the express and suburban trains.

He had not stood there five minutes before he was positive of the fact that as the human stream poured up over the nearest curbstone it wavered, swayed from left to right, trembled an instant, then rushed on through the wide entrance of the station, unconscious in its

haste that there had been a slight irregularity in its general movement.

As an elderly lady passed him, the doctor heard her remark to her companion: "I always feel how tired I am, just as I enter the station."

"It's the same with me," replied her friend. "And sometimes I am actually dizzy for a moment. But I am so glad to be going home that I never pay any attention to how I feel."

Doctor Winter's eye caught the gleam of a large lens in the window of a questionable physician's establishment located just down the street, and a sudden suspicion flashed into his mind. Could this physician have invented a powerful electric reflector of some sort, capable of exhausting the nervous energy of the man or woman whose eyes it was turned upon, and was he making use of it to sicken the thousands of hurrying pedestrians in hopes that many would seek his office to gain relief from what would seem imminent or present illness?

A moment's thought banished this suspicion as illogical. The mysterious influence at work was too slight and transient in its effect to alarm the most timid.

He now left the protection of the granite pillar and mingling with the throng crossed over and stood on the edge of the curbstone, which he had observed was the line of influence. Noting the effect carefully, he found himself growing slightly languid and weak, then a bit dizzy, whereupon he stepped back upon the walk and the unpleasant feeling left him almost immediately.

A man-hole at the corner was sending forth a low, white vapor after the heavy rain, but a careful test satisfied the doctor that the feeling of lassitude and vertigo could not have been caused by the inhalation of poisonous gas escaping from this conduit.

Suddenly his glance rested upon a thin, dull colored metal strip fixed wedge-like between the curbstone and the sidewalk, and extending a distance of about twenty-five feet. This metal strip was set flush with the walk and curb, and its further end ran into a hollow iron post that supported one corner of the stationary awning extending over the sidewalk above the baggage sheds. At a height of eight feet he saw that a heavy, insulated wire issued from a hole in the hollow iron post and ran thence along the gutter of the awning for a distance of about forty feet, where it crossed the street and entered the window just over the entrance of a narrow brick and terra-cotta office building.

"So far, it's as plain as a bad case of mumps," mused the doctor, elated by his suc-

cess; "but the other end of the wire is the ticklish end."

Crossing the street he mounted the first flight of the brick and terra-cotta building and knocked at the door of the room where the wire from the baggage sheds entered. A powerful and fine looking dark haired man about forty years of age answered the knock.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" he demanded, brusquely.

"Excuse me," replied the doctor, suavely, "but I am thinking of renting an office in this building and I wished to enquire of you as a tenant if the building has good janitor service and is well lighted and looked after."

The other eyed the doctor suspiciously, then demanded, "What is your business—Inquiry Bureau?"

With one swift glance Doctor Winter surveyed the room. In the center, upon a wooden stand, stood a machine having the singular appearance of a combined dynamo and generator. A telephone on the wall and a single chair completed the furnishing of this remarkable office.

"No," smiled the doctor, unruffled by the other's sarcasm, "I am a physician, and I was thinking of opening a branch office in this neighborhood. I am very sorry to have troubled you. You are an electrician, I see."

The tenant interposed his body between the doctor's gaze and the machine in the middle of the room. "The janitor will give you all the information you wish. Good day, sir." The door was shut in the doctor's face.

"Only rascals and inventors are so jealously suspicious," mused Doctor Winter as he descended the stairs, "and this man is both, I suspect. Well, we may meet again, and I rather fancy he won't be so churlish as to shut a door in my face." There was a cold glint in his gray eyes as he noted the number of the building he was leaving.

Shortly after Doctor Winter had left 21 Center street a lineman ascended to the roof and began following up the second and longer wire issuing from the office of the mysterious, dark haired stranger. It proved to be a tramp wire—one belonging to no authorized telephone, telegraph, or power company, and after several hours of careful and hazardous labor he found that at about a mile distant it entered the palatial home of an aged millionaire.

This intelligence was received by Doctor Winter with evident gratification and paying the young lineman liberally he dismissed him. At once the physician repaired to the address where the tramp wire ended, and writing

(Continued on page 23)

The Fair Queen of the Ka=noo=no Karnival



MISS REBA HITCHCOCK

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen"—Pope.

THE poet's lines describe Miss Reba Hitchcock, queen of the Ka-noo-no Karnival. There is one institution that Syracuse is pretty proud of, and it is one of the newest. It's only a few years old, but a thriving youngster, and growing fast. It made a pretty good sized part of the world sit up and take notice this year, for New York state is a good piece of earth, and all New York state was interested in and entertained by the Ka-noo-no Karnival of 1907.

No carnival is complete without a queen. Of course there is a king, but it is the queen that appeals to the populace. This is a mighty democratic country, but every mother's son has an unconfessed liking for royalty, even if it is only imitation royalty, and for a week Syracuse and New York state worshipped at the throne of the queen of Ka-noo-no, Miss Reba Hitchcock.

No more beautiful queen ever graced a royal throne, even since the days of Cleopatra, than this society favorite of Syracuse. She looked the part; she played the part, and, her purple robes of state graced shoulders made to wear the ermine. She wore them as though to the manor born.

Of James street, where aristocrats dwell and where fortune ever smiles, she came down the long hill, hedged on either side by palatial mansions, to occupy her throne in Clinton square, the heart of the Central City of the Empire state.

Motoring Notes

No amount of exterior finish can make a thrown-together car equal the performance of one that is well made.

The Sultan, who alone of all European sovereigns has until lately withstood the attractions of motoring has, through the good offices of the Khedive of Egypt, been induced to accept a present of an automobile. His majesty refused to get into the car until every bit of machinery had been taken apart and explained to him with the view of proving its solidity.

To ensure a good light from an acetylene lamp, it is important to keep the burner clean. This can be done easily by dipping the burner in liquor potassi. The burner should then be washed in alcohol.

Should gasoline by accident catch fire, the most effective way to extinguish it is to stop the access of air; that is, smother the flame. Since gasoline is lighter than water, it will float on the surface of the latter, and any attempt to extinguish it with water will spread the flame. Sand is a good extinguisher, as is also aqua ammonia. A large bottle of this dashed upon the floor of a motor-house will extinguish a stubborn blaze.

Club Advantages

The Automobile Club of Buffalo is to have a country club house. Buffalo motorists are wide awake to the advantages of membership in the Buffalo club. If Rochester autoists would wake up to the value of organization and double the membership of the local club, this city could be far ahead of Buffalo, in motoring matters. The majority of the motorists should accept the protection and benefits procured by the Rochester Automobile Club through its affiliation with the state association, and should be willing to pay their share in procuring them, and by giving their assistance secure even more protection and benefits.

Leaving all other matters out, and taking legislation alone, it is hard to understand how the motorists of Rochester can enjoy the protection given in this respect, knowing that it is secured by their fellow motorists who are more than willing to do their share by paying their dues and belonging to the great association which is doing every thing in its power for the furtherance and protection of the interests of automobilists.

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- A feature for all—young and old. Watch for it!

The Orchestra and Orchestral Music

A Review of the Works of the Great Masters--A Tribute to the Achievements of Theodore Thomas

M. URSULA ROGERSON

THE orchestra in its present complete form, is the result of a long development in many directions. It is the most perfect means for expression in music, and offers to the composer, the maximum of resources. The instruments of which an orchestra is composed are grouped by similarity of construction, and are usually classified into three main groups as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1—STRING INSTRUMENTS | { Violins—Violoncello.
Violas—Double or contra Bass. |
| 2—WIND INSTRUMENTS | { Wood Wind { Flute—Bassoon.
{ Oboe—Clarinet
{ Horn—Trombone.
{ Brass Wind { Trumpet—Tuba. |
| 3—PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS | { Drums—Triangles.
Kettledrums—Cymbals. |

The harp is a stringed instrument but is not included in this classification. The string quartet forms the foundation of the orchestra and "by the manner in which a composer makes the string quartet speak the master is revealed." The parts written for these instruments constitute the basis of the entire orchestral composition.

The combination of instruments used in the orchestra, is the result of a definite purpose to produce music independent of restrictions that existed in the days of the domination of the church.

The early composers before the 17th century, bent their efforts to the production of choral music which was sung for many years without the support of instruments, then came the organ, and later the viols and other instruments as accompaniments to the voices.

This combination of instruments was not according to a system, and the works of the composers did not demand them as a support to the singers, until Monteverde and Scarlotti began their work in the field of opera. They were later followed by Bach and Handel, who used all the important instruments comprised in the modern orchestra except the clarinet, which was introduced by Mozart, who also pointed the way for use of the trombone.

Haydn, "the father of the symphony," determined the course of orchestral development. Beethoven established the orchestra as "the composer's instrument." With him every group of instruments was used with more detail to produce characteristic effects both separately and in combination.

He did not, however, make use of the harp, for, it was not until seven years before the great composer's death, that the double-action harp was invented by Erard. The modern school of orchestration was founded by Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) whose genius was essentially instrumental and symphonic in character. Like his great contemporary, Wagner, he played but little, and only on such instruments as the flute, flageolet and guitar. The orches-

tra was his instrument and he possessed an unerring instinct for its capabilities either as a whole or in its component parts. In his stupendous "Requiem" the climax of orchestral concert-music is reached.

It is to Richard Wagner we must turn for beauty of sound and novel tone-colors. Mr. Finch says: "Wagner thought out his tone-pictures in colors and when his palette did not contain the tint his imagination called for, he invented it. For example, the dragon in



THEODORE THOMAS

"Siegfried" is musically heralded by the unearthly sluggish sounds of the new contra bass tuba.

For the shepherd scene in "Tristan" he had specially made to his order a wooden trumpet, which enabled him to make the change from the shepherd's lament to his joyous strains.

In "Die Meistersinger" he uses a lute, an ox-horn in G flat, and other devices for special realistic effects.

The rainbow scene in "Rheingold" is iris'd in the tones of six harps, and so on, but in spite of all this multiplying of particulars, Wagner did not change the balance of forces.

With him as with Beethoven, the strings, greatly enriched by subdivisions, continue to be the nucleus of the orchestra.

The highest type of instrumental music is the symphony; but the music of the orchestra also includes overtures, symphonic poems, tone poems and suites, and the concerto for a solo instrument with orchestral support. The majority of the public has no conception of the intellectual and physical power necessary on the part of the conductor, to bring out the idea of the composer of orchestral works. The modern conductor is a mediator between the composer and the audience. "He is a virtuoso who plays upon men instead of a key board, upon a hundred instruments instead of one." He is the intermediary who wakens music into life and gives an interpretation of it to the public. In the progress of music culture of today, he is a stupendous power.

Richard Wagner was the greatest of orchestral conductors, but he has left gifted disciples to follow in his footsteps, among whom may be mentioned Theodore Thomas, George Henschel, Wilhelm Gericke, Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Walter Damrosch, Anton Seidl, Frank Van der Stucken, Victor Herbert, Frederic Stock and the late Fritz Scheel.

To Theodore Thomas belongs the credit of raising the standard of orchestral work and of spreading a popular appreciation of the classics in absolute music, throughout the United States. From the beginning of his labors in New York in 1864 to their close in Chicago in 1905, he was continually stimulating a love for the best that could be found in orchestral productions, and has done more than any other maestro to encourage the growth of music in this country. Today, October 11th, we celebrate the seventy-second anniversary of his birth, and pay homage to the memory of one of the world's greatest musical benefactors.

Rochester musicians will be interested to know that Franz Kneisel has engaged Willem Willeke to succeed Alwin Schroeder as 'cellist in his quartette. Mr. Willeke is a native of Rembrandt's country, and has belonged to the Vienna Opera Orchestra.

Knew What it Meant.

"Do you know what it is to be hounded from place to place; to have your footsteps dogged and your life made miserable week after week?"

"Perfectly well," she replied. "I played Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for a whole season."

George S. Crittenden.

A "Something Different" Theatre

Arnold Daly Will Run His Theatre on Novel Lines, in Which "Atmosphere" Will Figure as One of the Chief Inducements to Attendance

NO free seats whatever, not even to critics," "no speech making," and "no advertising in the newspapers," are some of the negative conditions under which Arnold Daly will open the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre in New York next Tuesday. In a prospectus which he has distributed among the homes and clubs of the "cultured set" he says:

"This little playhouse band box is for the night when you feel that you want 'something different.' You shall have comedy, tragedy,



ARNOLD DALY

Who begins a season at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York, next week and will run the house under novel conditions

farce and melo-drama and even the problem play, but in all of them I hope you will find a new touch. The curtain will be rung at 9 o'clock and the bill will be changed every five weeks.

"I would like it understood that in declining free seats to critics and others, there is no feeling of dislike or animosity. It is simply this: We have a small theatre, very few seats, and not being subsidized by the government, cannot indulge in dramatic philanthropy. No fair minded person would allow the fact that he must pay \$2 for his seats to interfere with his opinion."

In stating that he will do no newspaper advertising, Mr. Daly says that his only hope for support is by building up a patronage among those who really want to see something that is well written, capably acted and staged more with a view to "carrying out the atmosphere



FORBES ROBERTSON

Whose illness has compelled him to cancel his American tour this season

of the plays presented than to simply please the eye."

The opening bill at the Berkeley Theatre will be a play in two scenes by C. M. S. McLellan, entitled "The Shirkers," a one act tragedy by Mme. Hanako, entitled "The Martyr," and a satirical comedy by Charles F. Nirdlinger, "Washington's First Defeat."

Forbes Robertson Overworked

IT has just been learned with regret that we are not to see Forbes Robertson here this winter after all. Continued ill health has caused Mr. Robertson to request his American managers to cancel his tour for 1907-'08. His break down is said to be due the strenuous work and long journeys he was forced to make in this country last season and he had to take up more engagements immediately on reaching London again.

Forbes Robertson is so intensely engrossed in every character he plays that his acting calls forth much mental and physical exertion. Of a high-strung and somewhat nervous disposition, the continued strain on him not only as leading actor but stage manager of his own productions is bound to tell its tale unless the necessary rest and recreation are forthcoming. This has been almost impossible with him for the last two years. All students of the drama will wish him a speedy recovery to sound health.

"Peter Pan's" Welcome Return

IN response to a general request from playgoers hereabouts, arrangements have been made with Charles Frohman for Maude Adams to play a return engagement of "Peter Pan" at the Lyceum Theatre on the first three nights of next week, with a matinee on Wednesday. The original running time of the performance has been so much improved upon since it was last here that it is now definitely announced for the benefit of persons attend-



HERE IS "PETER PAN."

Miss Maude Adams comes back with Barrie's delightful "Fairieette Fantasy" next Monday.

ing the play from out of town—that the evening performances will begin promptly at 8:15 and end at eleven.

The story of the play appeals to men and women of all ages, to say nothing of the children, with all the fancy and imagination that can be brought to bear upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Darling, a young couple, have three children, Wendy, John and Michael—and a dog nurse, Nana, who bathes and dresses the little Darling children. Peter Pan, a boy who would not grow up, comes in at the window, spirits the children away to the Never-Never Land and introduces them to all sorts of adventures, which children have pictured scores of them, but which all the grown ups except Mr. Barrie, the author of the play, has forgotten. There are fairies, and lost boys, who live in a wonderful house under the

(Continued on page 17)

No International Clash on Golf Rules

OLIVER STURGES JONES

IT is a matter for some congratulation to those who have the true interests of the game at heart on both sides of the Atlantic, that the possibility of any breach between the Royal and Ancient Society of Golfers of St. Andrews and the United States Golf Association now seems very remote, and the recent invitation which has been accepted by C. B. MacDonald, our first amateur champion, to become a member of the Rules Committee of St. Andrews, further strengthens this belief.

This committee meets next May and it was the very plainly, though politely, worded request of the U. S. G. A. which was forwarded to St. Andrews last July, calling for a general revision of the rule code to meet the conditions under which the game is played in this country, that made it evident to the parent body that it would certainly be the best policy to at least consider the suggestions that were offered from this side.

The St. Andrews Society of Scotland stands in its relation to golf just as the Marylebone Club of London is recognized as the governing body of the cricket world and while the U. S. G. A. has always proved most loyal to St. Andrews, it was felt that, to use the concluding words of the letter addressed this summer to Captain Burn, chairman of the Rules Committee, "the time has come for a revision of the rules. We do not mean by this that the existing rules are seriously at fault in matter of substance or that an effort should be made to throw them aside and attempt the

drafting of an entirely new code, but the existing rules certainly do need revision, re-arrangement and better expression."

"While our executive committee is opposed to separate American legislation, we would be

opinion except when on the fair green or the putting green the ball is in a hazard, barring only casual water, ground under repair, sand below or sprinkled on the course, bare patches or snow and ice, besides permanent grass in a hazard.

While some minor changes may be made this winter by the St. Andrews Rules Committee to meet any pressing needs, it is hardly likely that the general overhauling of the code will be undertaken until the meeting next May, when Mr. MacDonald will be on hand to safeguard American interests.

The procedure of the Golf Rules committee has been such as to secure representative legislators without having direct representation from the different clubs. The method which it employed was to elect individuals who attained sufficient prominence in the game to make their opinions on the rules of value to membership in the Royal and Ancient Society, and then nominate them for this committee. The committee thus represented all elements in British golf, and included the most capable men it was possible to secure. The Society has simply employed the same method to give representation to America, and has chosen Mr. MacDonald because he happens to be qualified and at the same time already a member of the club.

Mr. MacDonald takes this view of the action. He joined the club while a student of



ROBERT B. NIMMACK

Last year's champion of the Genesee Golf Club addressing his ball on the eighth tee, South Park

failing in our duty if we did not call your attention to present conditions."

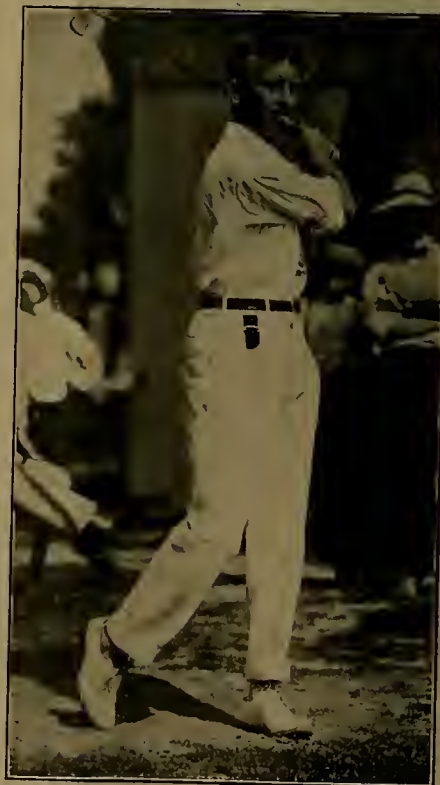
There has been considerable correspondence between the two bodies since, and all the affiliated clubs of the U. S. G. A. have been asked for a general expression of opinion as to the necessary changes. These have now been received by Secretary W. Fellowes Morgan, who will submit them to the executive committee at a meeting to be called this month, by which time also the advance draft of the amended rules, which the St. Andrews men have been quick to see the advisability of drawing up meantime, will have arrived.

Clarity of expression will be one of the matters to be considered by the American Committee, the rules as they stand at present having been stigmatized by one of our former amateur champions as being "badly defined and written in abominably bad English." In the definition of a hazard for instance, according to one U. S. G. A. committeeman, the present rule errs for general application in stating a hazard is "any bunker, water (except casual water), sand, path, road, railway, whin, bush, rushes, rabbit scrape, fence or ditch." In his



ALEXANDER ROSS

Finish of drive with a wooden club. Ross is the professional attached to the Brae Burn Country Club, near Boston, and is holder of the U. S. open championship



GILBERT NICHOLLS

Finish of drive with a cleek. Nicholls is the professional employed at the Brookline Country Club, Mass. He was runner up in the last U. S. open championship

Modern Use of the Tee

Even the Use of a Pinch of Sand Was Prohibited in the Early Code of the Rules

St. Andrew's University, and learned to play the game there.

This committee has hitherto been composed of fifteen members. The prompt acquiescence of the "Royal and Ancient" and the recognition granted the U. S. G. A., should be a guarantee that one set of rules will continue to govern the golfing world, for which every one directly or indirectly interested in the game will be devoutly thankful. The enormous growth of the game in this country and the high skill attained by our leading amateur players has attracted great attention in Europe. By placing Mr. MacDonald on the Rules Committee, the Society has yielded on a point which has been denied many clubs and associations of large membership in Britain, a fact which will go far to eliminate any further discussion, for some time to come at all events, as to the

TO players who have not delved deeply into golf-lore, it always comes as a surprise to learn that the early rules of the golf code prohibited an artificial tee. "Your tee shall be on the ground" was the order of the old St. Andrews players. When the pinch of sand was first used at the tee, no one seems to be able to say exactly though it could seem to be a relatively modern custom. What the old golfers would have said about the modern use of cartridge tees, the umbrella rubber rings or the pieces of matting, used in wet weather, must be left to conjecture.

But, after all, there was some utility in the provision prohibiting the use of a tee. It taught beginners as well as experienced golfers how to pick their ball up clean off the turf with a wooden club and in that way it must have helped improve a man's game through the green. Even today, there are many professional teachers who insist upon learners beginning to strike the ball without the aid of a tee, in order to accustom them to the more difficult use of the clubs through the green when the ball may neither be touched nor teed.

CONTESTANTS IN THE RECENT GOLF TOURNEY AT OAK HILL BETWEEN THE COUNTRY CLUB AND PARK CLUB OF BUFFALO



Designed for *EVERY FRIDAY* by Fred H. Agan, Staff Artist

practicability of devising a distinct set of rules to govern American golf.

In drawing a comparison between golf as played in the United States and in Great Britain, a well known English authority on the game has evidently become very much impressed with the earnestness displayed over here in developing the game to its highest point of exactness and our anxiety to avoid any loop-holes in the interpretation of the rules. He evidently voices the opinion of the Rules Committee, of which he was for many years a member, when he says, after admitting we are fully justified in our wishes to have the rules thoroughly revised:

"The American player always seems to be thinking of a catchword in the chain of his previous study before he plays the next shot, to be always mentally on guard lest he has forgotten some trifling detail which shall throw the whole of his system out of gear. The British player on the other hand, is more devil-may-care, more intent upon the fun to be got out of the game at the moment, less careful of his style, more anxious to enjoy the passing benefits of the relaxation. On the one side elaborate care to apply principles

carefully thought out beforehand, on the other side, a certain amount of careless, buoyant recklessness, which is joyfully expressed as long as the ball is fairly well hit. That seems to mark the distinction between American and British golf."

This about sums up the situation as they regard it at St. Andrews today. We "elaborated" on the English Rugby football rules to an extent that the English and American codes at this game are almost totally distinct today and old-time golfers evidently fear some such "disaster" may occur to drive the Royal and Ancients to dread a similar fate for golf.

Don't Cramp Your Greens

In laying out the links at Oak Hill as well as at the Country Club at Brighton, much wisdom was shown by not attempting to force a quart into a pint measure, i. e., it was deemed more advisable to have a liberal nine hole course than to have eighteen greens which, owing to the comparatively small acreage available, would necessitate a perpetual criss-cross game with much attendant danger to players. The Crescent A. C. links near Brooklyn were constructed on this latter plan

many years ago chiefly with a view to getting some of the big tournaments by having a full course. But the area was always too limited and these links have just been reconstructed by George Strath into a nine hole course of 3,176 yards with a bogey of 42. The old eighteen hole course was 4,562 yards.

In spite of its cramped conditions, the old Crescent course was the scene of many matches and competitions that have helped to make golf history in America, and some fine players hit their first ball on it. There was a sensational open tournament at the Crescent links in May, 1899, in which Findlay Douglas won the qualifying round prize with 74, but lost in the semi-final to Amos Dwight on the nineteenth hole, who beat H. S. Bowns in the final. The new nine hole course is as fine a test of golf as any one need desire. The order of the holes is of 265, 481, 470, 424, 343, 346, 342, 252 and 253 yards. The double round gives eighteen holes of 6,352 yards.

An Expert Authority

Bobby—"Pa, is rum a curse?"
Pa—"Some kinds, my boy."

Both High Schools Well Matched

After Making Due Allowance for Local Conditions in the Opening Games, There Seems Little to Choose Between the Two Teams at Present

HUGH A. SMITH

WITH the games of last week rubbed from the slate, the skirmishing is over, so far as the local football camps are concerned, and the coaches now have the decks pretty well cleared for the sterner actions to follow as the schedules mature. The two high

boys were out to avenge themselves for their summary treatment on Culver Field.

Coach Langslow has had to make but few shifts, fill few vacancies. It has been one of his aims to keep last season's great scoring machine as near intact as possible. His team, as a

been used as "Mal" Romig's understudy at quarterback, makes a much better half than quarter. At the latter position, Silvernail picks holes well and sifts through the line for substantial gains, while Romig's familiar presence is needed to infuse speed and spirit into

SCENES DURING AN AFTERNOON'S PRACTICE OF EAST HIGH'S SQUAD.



COACH SULLIVAN

Designed for *EVERY FRIDAY* by Fred. H. Agan, Staff Artist

CAPT. WARD

schools both have clean tally sheets as yet, and are eyeing one another with jealous glance and a grim determination centering on Thanksgiving Day.

To draw any definite comparison between the two aggregations at the present stage of the game is unsatisfactory at best, as the respective coaches have found different conditions with which to contend and have steered their courses along different lines, which will only converge on Thanksgiving's frosty gridiron.

NOT UPON EQUAL TERMS

West High adherents have been more or less prone to point to the two Canandaigua Academy scores on successive Saturdays, in which their favorites have forty-five points the advantage of the Orientals, as the comparative dope sheets have it. They should bear in mind, however, that the Canandaigua aggregation which East High met was vastly different to that which Langslow's husky men drove back and forth over Culver Field the week previous, having six new men in the line-up; that it was playing on its own field, backed by its own crowd; that the halves were limited to fifteen minutes, and, finally, that the village

result, is already fairly well molded; already learning to unify its efforts. Coach Sullivan, on the other hand, has found himself obliged to build up a backfield, to plug holes at guard and center, to fill an end, and to discover where Captain Ward's weight and aggressiveness can be used to the greatest advantage.

WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED

It is thus only natural that the Orientals have not yet developed their team formations to the degree desired in a championship team. Were the two schools to meet tomorrow, West High would doubtless rule a hot favorite, but many of the difficulties on Alexander street are already straightening, and, with the material at hand there, backed by never failing spirit, it looks at this distance as though it would be a toss up between the two institutions, when they finally face each other for the big silk banner.

Another element, which must be taken into account as affecting the result of East High's efforts at Canandaigua, is the fact that Coach Sullivan took advantage of a supposedly easy game to try several experiments, and the result was some valuable lessons gained. For one thing, he learned that Silvernail, who had

the men, as well as to supply the strategy.

SOME DIFFICULTIES SETTLED

It has now been also demonstrated that Clark can be depended upon at fullback; that Kraft's weight and track ability stand him in good stead in the backfield, although he is still crude as a halfback; and that Captain Ward is a better tackle than end. This last fact will perhaps excite the most interest, as the disposition of the plucky captain has afforded one of the chief puzzles for the coaches to decide.

Tired at end, it was found that his build rendered him naturally a trifle slow at that position, where speed is a main essential. The same applied to the backfield, until it was finally contemplated shifting him back to his old place at center, where no one had been able to quite fill his shoes. Bacon upset those calculations temporarily, at least, by putting up an improved game at the fulcrum position, and Kraft's shift to the backfield on Saturday gave the coaches an opportunity to try Ward at the vacant tackle, where he played throughout the game. For his first game at that difficult point, he showed encouraging form and proved one of the most consistent ground gainers.

OCCIDENTALS ALL TO THE GOOD

West High met a worthy foe in Starkey Seminary and has fit occasion for congratulation in that it kept its goal line still unsmirched. The line showed more of a shake-up than it has since Yancey picked the final line-up for the eleven of 1906. Neither Zetsche, Lehn nor Forsythe started the game, and the first named was the only one of the trio to be pressed into service at all. Lee was moved out to tackle, and Foster was placed at Lehn's guard. This combination proved as effective as ever, and the shift did not affect the team play materially, as the veteran back-field was still intact.

The three backs are doing most of the work visible from the grandstand, as far as getting into the enemy's territory is concerned. Ball is the same giant that he was last fall and a glutton for work, while Uderitz and Niven can always be depended upon to do their share. Dunherr did not get a chance at quarter on

forward pass and open play, which they used in such spectacular fashion last Thanksgiving Day, and which their supporters wish to see them put in successful operation. The only forward pass pulled off successfully in Saturday's game was engineered by the Starkey boys, shortly after West High had scored its first touchdown, and immediately subsequent events nearly tied up the score. That single pass had the West High rooters on the anxious seat for the time being, and demonstrated how suddenly such a play can alter the aspect of a game.

West High may need the forward pass against Masten Park at Buffalo tomorrow. It certainly is likely to against such aggregations as Syracuse High and East High. The season is yet young, however, and Langslow's supporters have every confidence that he will have his men taking advantage of the new rules in every manner deemed feasible, before they actually feel the need of such training.

Under such a combination of circumstances the wearers of the Yellow have no need to feel shame over the plucky stand they took against the heavier Niagara warriors. The most discouraging aspect developed by the game was the fact that, although the team advanced the ball much more freely than its opponents, it had to lose through ineffective punting. 'Varsity surprised its supporters by the manner in which it tore through Niagara's line, but those same supporters were subjected to about the most agonizing experience in football, when on two different occasions the team advanced the leather within five yards of the coveted goal, only to fumble once and to be held for downs the second time. On its ground gaining form the Yellow should have been returned a victor.

It was this inability to put the finishing touches on a long march down the field, which characterized the work of the team last year, and it is hoped that it will be eradicated before

MYSTERIOUS PLOT HATCHING AMONG WEST HIGH'S PLAYERS



COACH LANGSLOW

Designed for EVERY FRIDAY by Fred H. Agan, Staff Artist

GRAD. COACH HAGAMAN

Saturday, Smeed starting the game and Cummings finishing. Smeed seems to have slightly the call for the position, which has occasioned the keenest competition of any on the eleven. He worked his followers hard and fast during the opening half against Starkey, in which period both touchdowns were scored. Cummings' showing should not be disparaged for that reason, however, as he had comparatively little opportunity to prove his metal.

ARE PLAYING STRAIGHT FOOTBALL

West High is still depending very much upon its brawn and power at straight football to sweep away all opposition. While one or two new formations were tried last Saturday, they had, for the most part, as an objective point an end or line gain. Skin tackle plays were very numerous, and, with such men as Ball and Uderitz to advance the leather, proved very effective.

The Occidentals have yet to develop the

STROUD IN HARD LUCK

Coach Stroud has been having his troubles in the 'Varsity camp. After it was learned from Niagara's defeat of Colgate that the Catholic institution would be a very stiff proposition, requiring all of the team's strength, the injuries which Captain Jordan and Symonds sustained in the Syracuse game developed sufficiently to keep them out of the game. As they were among the most valued mainstays of the already light line, their loss afforded an almost irreparable handicap.

Symonds is not expected back in his position at guard much before the Hamilton game next week, and Captain Jordan's condition is uncertain at best. Keiber rejoined the squad just two days prior to the Niagara game, and, going into the struggle with but one afternoon's workout, was a host in himself. He will bolster up the line materially in the games in which he participates.

many more games. The 'Varsity also needs to work on the new game, making most of its gains now on line or skin tackle plays.

Not once last Saturday did it handle a forward pass cleanly. Of the new regulars Pray has shown splendid form in line smashing tactics; Wood is putting up a strong game at left guard, and Hunt is developing promising form at center. Jimmie Fowle, playing full-back for the first time against Niagara, put up a slashing game and looks good in his new position.

Not What He Wanted

Gentleman—"I want to buy a first class parrot."

Bird Dealer—"Sorry, sir, but we haven't any firsts in stock to-day. But we've got some that will go as high as "Darn it" and "By gosh."

Gentleman—"I'll call again."

New Game Develops Daring Plays

Veteran Football Experts Marvel at the Innovations that are Coming into Vogue as a Result of the Change in Rules this Season

GEORGE H. BROOKE

ALL of the big teams have now started upon their football seasons in earnest. The game itself is more open than ever before, and the eyes of veteran players are becoming more astonished every day at the variety and daring of the novel tactics under the new rules. In fact it is the biggest and best opening our football has ever had.

The possibilities of the new game are only limited by the audaciousness and skill of the players. In the early games of the season the coaches realize that they must practice that style of game which will be most effective in the final matches, therefore everything is being tried with this object in view.

AS WALTER CAMP DOES

Walter Camp of Yale, sometimes called the "old gray wolf" of the gridiron, teaches the Yale elevens the style of game that gradually wears down the opponent while it saves the energy of the Yale players. Last year, against Harvard, the Eli coaches sent Knox in to make a brilliant open field run very much in the same way that a clever base ball manager will send in a good hitter from the bench when a hit is needed. After Knox had made his run to within striking distance of the goal then he was taken out and a heavy line smasher was put in his place.

The public ought to be taught the beauties of our game somehow. If the coaches would combine and start a crusade of education with this object in view we would have greater crowds at the games and the public would enjoy and appreciate our football more.

I should like to take the reader into a coaches' meeting some evening out in the beautiful new training house at Franklin Field, the home of the Penn eleven. Scouts who have been sent out to watch Michigan or some other team play come to the council with their reports. Men who have been officiating at a Yale or Harvard game come back with a new wrinkle. The coaches listen to reports, discuss new tactics, talk over their own team and decide on policies.

It really is the "war game" in more ways than one and if the average spectator could get into such a meeting his eyes would be opened wide. These war councils are going on at all the big colleges.

THREE WELL ADVANCED

Up to date Yale, the Indians, and Penn have made the greatest progress. Yale in her game with Syracuse had some fine practice and true to her coaching policy gradually wore down her big opponents. As the game advanced Syracuse got weaker and weaker while Yale got stronger and stronger and the Eli linemen began to sift through and tear up the plays of



CAPTAIN MAGOFFIN
Famous half-back of the University of Michigan

the visitors. Coy did some effective kicking and his ends, Piggott and Burch, covered his punts in great style.

I hear Burr at Harvard is sending out punts of sixty yards. He has to come back out of the line however to kick so that Yale will be prepared to block the Harvard ends and cut off a great many yards by rushing the punts back. Yale is working her forward passes brilliantly. Her coaches place a great deal of dependence on the on-side kick and are using it with splendid effect. This play is more useful than ever, because, no matter if your side has been penalized 50 yards if you gain only one yard on a kick it gives you a first down and you still have the coveted possession of the ball.

HARVARD'S COACHING SQUAD

Coach Crane has certainly selected an able corps of assistant coaches. With Lieut. Daly for the quarterbacks, Leary for the ends, Cutts for the tackles, and Lewis for the centre, he has plenty of brains for his football councils and plenty of skill for the coaching of the thousand and one details of development.

A prominent Harvard man told me the other day that Harvard never gets the seasoned material that Yale does. There are fewer society men making the Harvard team this year than ever before. "Josh" Crane has the "scrapping" spirit and he will doubtless put a lot of fight into the Harvard team this fall.

REAGEN ANOTHER "STEVIE"

At Penn the coaches have developed a good defense and a fair kicking game. Their offense is not polished off yet, as far as forward passes go, but with a splendid set of backs their rushing game has so far swept all defense away. Reagen, the new quarterback promises to fill a hole on the Quaker eleven that has needed plugging ever since the brilliant "Stevie" left college. He looks like a star but we will have to wait until the real tests come.

Penn plays Swarthmore tomorrow. The latter college beat Penn last year and the big Quakers are thirsting for revenge. As Swarthmore has been in the limelight lately because of the peculiar legacy from an old Quaker lady, a great crowd will be on hand to view this game. As most people already know, Miss Sarah Jeanes left the college a million dollars provided the college would cut out all athletic games with other institutions. The managers are considering the question and in the meantime the footballers are hustling harder than ever for they may possibly be "the last of the Romans."

TIGERS' CLAWS ARE OUT

At Princeton, the coaches are working away at developing a good line and seem to be succeeding. They have the bump of fighting spirit strongly developed at Princeton and any team that beats the tigers will have to take a lot of clawing.

Keep your eye on the Indians and also the Navy. They both have great teams this year. The Navy has Yale coaching this year, as West Point has always had.

Villa Nova College worked a neat forward pass on Penn the other day, so well, that it may be worth while describing the play. The fullback went back as if to punt and when the ball was snapped to him he waited until the opponents were nearly on him and then ran over to the right and threw the ball forward to his end who had started down the field but had stopped and turned in toward centre.

The Penn end and half-back who were blocking this man evidently thought that the fullback was going to run with the ball so they rushed forward to tackle him thus leaving the end free to receive the pass. Practically the whole Villa Nova team was there to interfere for him and the play came near to scoring.

EVERY FRIDAY

Scenes, Grave and Gay, in the Bison City

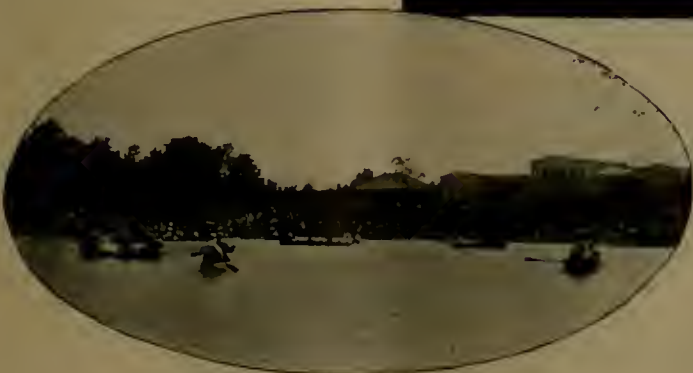


Albright Art Gallery in Delaware Park—

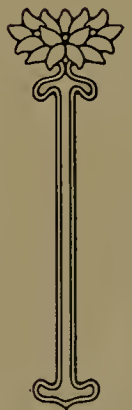
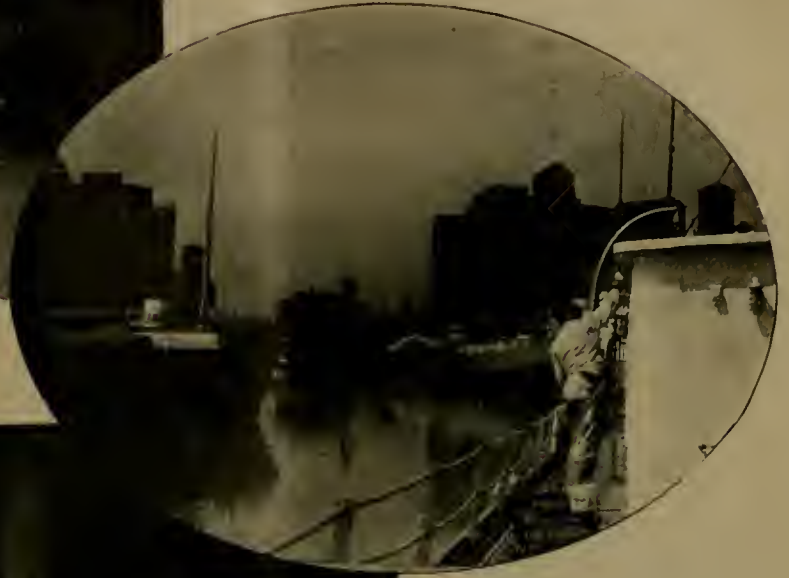
One of Buffalo's Show Places, Containing Some Famous Works of Great Masters. Presented to the City by a Buffalo Philanthropist. View Never Before Published



A Busy Saturday Afternoon on Park Lake—Delaware Park



A Close Range View of the Harbor



One of the Life Boats



McKinley Monument—

A Triumph in Photographic Art—Being a View Taken at Night Exclusively for "Every Friday"

Luscious Grapes At Their Best

Interesting Facts Regarding The Growth, Packing and Shipment To All the World's Markets

HARRY R. SANFORD



The grape business in the Lake Keuka grape belt is the leading industry in that rich agricultural section of the state. The industry dates back to 1836, when J. W. Prentiss set out a vineyard on his farm as an experiment, but it was not until some five or ten years later that he commenced shipping on a scale worthy of mention. The variety was confined to the Isabellas. He shipped during the first years from two to three tons per season, and at times he experienced some trouble in finding a ready market.

But little advancement was made in the Keuka region towards increasing the acreage until 1872, when the thinly settled rural district, realizing the profit that was being made by those in the business, commenced securing vines and setting them out. Since then each year the acreage has increased until now the entire lake region is included in the industry, and it is estimated that there are from 10,000 to 15,000 acres of land exclusively devoted to growing grapes. The industry has so rapidly increased that it has extended beyond the

lake shore, and the vineyards may be seen far up Pleasant Valley, beyond Hammondsport. Land that was at first not considered of much value has been set out to grapes and now is estimated, in some instances, worth from \$250 to \$300 per acre.

The grapes have brought the grower a handsome profit, netting at times from five cents per pound to a much better price, the rates varying according to the crop grown, and also according to the demand. The wine industry is rapidly using up all of the surplus grapes grown in the district.

Each year the grape business in the Keuka

and other kinds of work during the summer months. In the fall comes the harvesting, housing and shipping of the grapes which lasts until after the holiday season. Wages paid amount in to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

As to the profits realized there have been several estimates. The statistics of eleven vineyards gives an average gross receipt of \$70 per acre; deducting \$15 as cost of operation, this leaves a net profit to the owner of \$55 per acre.

The value of the vineyard property in what can be strictly termed as the Lake Keuka grape belt, is estimated at \$7,000,000.



FARMERS DELIVERING GRAPES TO FRUIT HOUSE

belt gives employment to a large number of men, women, and children. It is hard to estimate the number employed in one way or another, but the total will perhaps run up into the thousands. The work in a vineyard includes the pruning and pulling of the brush during the winter and early spring months; then the straw and willow tying; then the cultivating and spraying of the grapes

There seems no trouble in finding a ready market for the grapes. In every city and town of importance from the Atlantic to the Middle West, may be found grapes that have been grown in the Keuk belt, bearing the name of either the grower or the shipper. There are two points from the Keuka Lake region where these shipments are made: Penn Yan and Hammondsport. The shipments are about equally divided between these two places. The work of handling the grapes from the time of shipping to the time they reach their destination means considerable in many ways. Special fruit trains daily leave these points during the season.

Only once in 25 years has there been a freeze in the lake region doing great damage before October 20th. This occurred a few years ago, the loss being but about two cents per basket below the average for the remainder of the season.

With the growth of the grapes there has steadily been growing up another industry, that of the making of wine and champagnes, and this has assumed large proportions. The headquarters of the champagne industry are in the Keuka belt, and it is estimated that



READY TO BE LOADED INTO ICED CARS



ONE OF THE MANY TRAINS OFF TO CITY MARKETS

nearly two-thirds of all of the American champagne is produced there. A large number of these cellars are in the upper lake region. The amount of money invested in the wineries will run into several millions of dollars. Many of the brands have taken special premiums at expositions in Chicago and Paris. The making of champagne in this locality dates back to 1860.

The grape crop for the present year has

been estimated by William Wise, of Penn Yan, who is the largest individual shipper of grapes in the state, as being a full crop. This year's crop has been free from the troublesome grape rot which so often finds its way into the grapes in the Lake Keuka region. The reason for its non-appearance this year, Mr. Wise states, is due to the drouth which has prevailed for the greater portion of the season.

Additional Stage News

(Continued from page 9)

ground, under the leadership of their captain, Peter Pan. There are red Indians and pirates and all the paraphernalia pertaining to those old familiar friends of childhood.

Back to their real home the Darling children are wafted under the guidance of Peter Pan after the strangest of adventures during their stay in fairy land. The five acts, close with the most touching of stage pictures—the fairy home of Peter Pan rising among the tree tops and Peter standing at the door waving a handkerchief to those out front who still believe in fairies.

Stage News and Notes

Drury Lane's annual melodrama seems to have "made good" again this year and it doubtless won't be very long before we shall see Cecil Raleigh's latest production, "The Sins of Society," on this side. "Animated and ingenious, abounding in thrills and not nearly so sinful as we expected," is a fair summary of what the apathetic London scribe says of it. Constance Collier is "superb and impressive" as the heroine.

Laura Niles Hall will play the leading female part in Rachel Crothers's new play, "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," which is to be presented in the Madison Square Theatre, about the middle of the month.

Another October production will be that of

Channing Pollock's new play, "The Secret Orchard," in which Adelaide Prince, Henrietta Vaders, Vincent Serrano, Walter Hale, and others will be seen.

The Adelphi Theatre in Philadelphia under the management of the Messrs. Shubert was

opened last week. "Joe" Weber and his company in "Hip, Hip Hooray," were the attraction. The new Adelphi is one of the handsomest theatres in the country, but, is marked by its plainness, the color scheme being dark red and brown throughout.

Otis Harlan has succeeded Charles Bigelow as leading comedian in Anna Held's "Parisian Model" company which has just opened its second season. Miss Held's latest additions to her wardrobe are some of the most marvelous "creations" that have ever been evolved by French modistes.

Alfred Sutro's new play, to be produced in a few weeks at the London Comedy Theatre, is to be called "The Barrier." Rumor describes it as a strong piece with a showy part for Marie Tempest.

Denman Thompson, now in his 70th year, is giving New York "The Old Homestead" once more after a long absence from the metropolis, during which time every good-sized village in the country, to say nothing of the towns, have had a chance to see his perennial drama. The piece seems to have lost none of its popularity and the Academy of Music has been crowded at every performance.

Literature

INTO a cleverly compiled work of fiction depicting many stirring incidents in every day life at "Kent College," George H. Brooke, the football critic of EVERY FRIDAY, has woven much valuable instruction on the fine points of the game, which are further emphasized by several highly realistic illustrations as well as numerous diagrams which elucidate many of the complicated tactics employed by the leading college teams today.

Mr. Brooke's wonderful success as football coach to Swarthmore College is now partially explained, for his clearness of expression in "The Story of a Football Season" makes it very evident that the thickest-headed football player could hardly fail to execute the various manoeuvres of the game with Mr. Brooke as his instructor.

Players, past and present, will eagerly read this story with great interest and the spectator who never entered the lists himself, will certainly enjoy more thoroughly the next football game he attends. Mr. Brooke may not have "given away" all his methods for producing a winning team, but many a coach will find a hundred and one "tips" in this book on points on which he was not altogether clear or unable to explain to his pupils before. It is just here where the science and knowledge of football are welded together into a marketable asset such as only a man of Mr. Brooke's application to and skill in such games can attain.

The J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia are the publishers of "The Story of a Football Season," and it is on sale here at Scranton, Wetmore and Co.'s store.

WHITMAN BENNETT, Madison Square Theatre, New York—"I shall always examine my copy of EVERY FRIDAY with interest."



MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

As "Anna Karenina," her great success in the dramatization of Tolstoy's famous novel

A Barge Canal Proposition

Syracuse Can Also Boast of a Contract That Requires Capital and Nerve to Carry Out



J. ROOSEVELT SHANLEY

FRANK BROWN

A. M. STEWART

J. C. STEWART

THE biggest proposition that ever confronted a contractor in this section of New York state, and maybe in a much bigger section, is that of building the Barge Canal from Brewerton to Mosquito Point, several miles west of Cross lake.

This contract covers 43 miles and the contracting firm is going to get \$3,500,000 for doing the job.

The firm which has this contract is the biggest in the country, and is well equipped for the work.

The removal of 7,000,000 cubic yards of earth is one of the things the contractors will have to do. Just how many steam dredges will have to be used hasn't been figured out yet, but they cost \$150,000 a piece. Out in Oneida lake, where a channel will have to be dredged for many miles, a dredge will be built. It cannot be brought to the lake. It will have to be made there.

The big cut for the Barge Canal goes through meadow lands and villages, through valleys and hills, but the contractors have undertaken the task with as light a heart as though it was a mere matter of digging a sewer trench across the street. The cut through the meadow lands is to be 200 feet wide and from 32 to 38 feet deep. While much of the job means dredging lake and river bottoms, yet this is a small part of the work. At one point a bend in the river is

cut off, shortening the course by five miles. The distance from Brewerton to Three Rivers by river is 23 miles. The Barge Canal will cover it in eleven. A 1,000-foot pile dock is to be made at Brewerton. Three Rivers will practically be wiped out, and it is one of the Summer resorts of Central New York.

The firm which has this mammoth contract will employ hundreds of men, and the work will consume many months. The firm is Stewart, Kerbaugh & Shanley of New York city. Three firms combined to make one. There is the Stewart company, with A. M. and J. C. Stewart; Kerbaugh & Brown, consisting of H. S. Kerbaugh and Frank Brown, and the Shanley Brothers, W. C. and J. Roosevelt Shanley. J. R. Shanley, Frank Brown, A. M. Stewart and J. C. Stewart are the members of the firm who have just inspected the big Barge Canal proposition.

Who Got the Money?

WHERE the \$50,000 or more went which was stolen from the treasury of the city of Syracuse back in the nineties is still a matter of much speculation.

Chief Clerk Willis G. McDowell, who had been in the office since 1893, after confessing to the part he played in the manipulation of the books was removed from office on Oct. 3.

He walked out of the office that noon a dejected figure, and no man acquainted with

the facts or no man who knew the man but felt the keenest pity for him.

He had played his cards and lost. When the nemesis came on from New York to hunt out the thief or thieves, it was in the form of W. E. Allan, expert accountant for Price, Waterhouse & Co., and Allan is such a merry-faced, genial sort of fellow that it is hard to imagine him the ferret he is.

But he went about his work with dogged determination. Willis McDowell was the man to help him. McDowell had been in the office for years and years, but he was away on a furlough. He wasn't in the best of health, but he recuperated in short order when informed that he was needed.

McDowell wasn't suspected. No one ever thought, until very lately, that McDowell had a finger in the pie. He started in to help out the expert accountant, who had been called in to untangle the terribly tangled books. Pretty soon the expert was asking his assistant, McDowell, to explain certain things, and it finally got to the point where explanations were not available.

Then the Mayor called McDowell in, and he made a whole breast of it. He had profited not a cent by the wrongdoing in the office but he had not another man to cover up a dead man's thieving. That was the gist of it.



WILLIS G. McDOWELL

Elbert F. Allen, honored by every man who knew him, had been in the treasurer's office for many years, first as deputy and later as treasurer. His brother, Frank Allen, was appointed to office by him. Frank died in 1896, and then began the manipulation of the books to cover up deeds done in other years.

Whether McDowell and E. F. Allen profited not at all by their acts remains to be seen. McDowell says that he did not.

Did Willis McDowell and Bert Allen manipulate the books in the city treasurer's office for many years to hide the faults of another and to keep unsullied the name of a dead man?

Some Views of Buffalo and Her Citizens



County Judge Harry L. Taylor (the tall man) and Surrogate Louis Hart of Erie County, just now very strongly in the lime-light. They are doubtless arranging the details of a political coup.



Squaw Island



The Ansley Wilcox Home
Where Roosevelt took the oath of office and which has many historical associations.



One of the Windy City's Great Granaries—

This is the interest that dictated the Empire State's barge-canal policy.



Three members of Buffalo's Life-Saving Crew who are interested in the movement for pensions for veterans in the service. The Congressmen from the Buffalo and Rochester districts are especially active in the matter which will be brought to the attention of the next session of Congress.

NOTES & FALL FASHIONS



By Courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Company



Many of the fall features in fashions are of so pronounced and radical a character, as to be hardly such as will dominate during the season. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note what the noted designers of costumes, wraps and millinery have in mind, even though the buying public may not care to follow them to any extent.

Paquin, always acknowledged as a leader, though radical and daring in his ideas, comes



An exact reproduction of a model by a noted Parisian costumer. Made over taffeta silk—entire costume being of net and lace in the new golden russet color. Waist has touches of dainty trimming in velvet and braid. Shown by courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Company.

out this season with something distinctly new in skirts.

This designer was really the originator of the decided Empire vogue, and he has been much copied and followed. The new skirt has so narrow and clinging a cut as to be quite suggestive, coming as it does upon the heels of wide, circular and pleated modes. The style of it necessitates the use of rather heavy fabrics, though they will be in soft clinging materials, adapted to draped effects.

Another Paquin extreme is the use of two fabrics in both coat suits and costumes. These combinations include perhaps one material in two distinct colorings. For instance, a black broadcloth coat will be worn with a deep brilliant-hue broadcloth skirt. This is a distinctly novel treatment and aims to become quite popular.

Another extreme is a black velvet coat with a green broadcloth skirt; still another, a black striped velvet coat worn over a dull gray skirt. Thus the combination idea is worked in many different ways, and it is applied to costumes, as well as to coat suits.

SCARF VEILS IN DRAPED EFFECT

Another summer novelty which shows no intention of losing in favor, is the scarf. They are now worn in such a way as to be severely noticeable. They are draped over the hat, drawn down over the brim to the nape of the neck, enclosing in a sort of hood the elaborate coiffure of puffs and waves. This drapery is caught with a handsome ornamental pin in bar or crescent shape. Sometimes a jeweled barrette is used for this purpose, and it is passed through the hair and the veil pinned tightly down.

HATS ARE GROWING STILL LARGER

Many of the more recent hats that come from Paris are enormous in size, and fairly loaded with feathers—marabout, nageoire, goura and vulture of the most weird description and expensive type. If flowers are employed, they are used in quantity and are very large in size. Thus everywhere, does the cost of real fashionable dress become a marked feature of the season.

FASHIONABLE COLOR MINGLINGS

Very frequently are purple and blue employed together, both in the construction of hats and dresses. The purple is the full rich tint at present in vogue, and the blue of a rather dark mineral shade, having often a white reflex. Another fashionable color mingling is rosewood and pink, though blue, but of a higher shade, is also employed in conjunction with rosewood.

THE NEW FALL PETTICOATS

The long, coat-shape white cloth wrap is clearly indicated to take the lead for winter among high class garments of a dressy order. It is the ivory or cream-white shade that prevails. The trimming is in most cases Irish point placed in bands, or broad and exceedingly handsome self-colored silk braid. Both are accompanied by pendant passanterie motifs, or, what is at present extremely fashionable—silk ball fringe, the balls as large as cherries, and carried out in crochet-stitch in silk cord.

THE NEW FALL PETTICOATS.

Tailored silk petticoats are shown in a great variety of styles and colors. The flounces of these garments have stitched folds, ruffles and bias pieces. In the more fancy garments, they are also tucked, shirred and pleated. All colors are seen, such as brown, blue, green, red, black and white.

Changeable silks too, are very fashionable.

A very attractive model is of red and green, having a graduating flounce, accordeon plaited. The top and bottom of the flounce are trimmed with a narrow ruching, which adds much to the garment; a full dust ruffle of plain silk, in matching tone with the red shown in the petticoat proper, is applied.

Purples, heliotropes and lavenders are likewise popular, but will hardly prove a permanent feature in style.



Theatre Coat, shown over an evening gown of lace, trimmed with Dresden ribbon. Coat is of tan broadcloth, heavily embroidered in white, making a very striking effect. Lined throughout with taffeta silk and lace. Shown by courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Co.

Miss M. Kenney who has for six years been both foreign and American buyer of Corsets, Waists, Petticoats, Lingerie and Infant's Wear is now with the Duffy-McInnerney Co.

Another great stride in the general improvement of Rochester's transportation facilities was taken when the Rochester, Syracuse & Eastern road completed arrangements with the local trolley system to run its cars to the center of the city, thus affording easy access to the banking houses, the down-town railroad offices, some of the principal hotels and one of Rochester's largest department stores as well as many other business houses. Although undertaken as an experiment there is little doubt but that it will become permanent.

Duffy-McInnerney Co.

First Showing and Sale of Furs in Rochester's New Store

An Exposition That Has No Counterpart—Embodying the Very Latest Styles at Attractive Prices. Every Dollar's Worth New This Season.

Granted that the Furs here are as worthy in every way, as it is possible to buy, then the distinctive advantage over the exclusive furrier must lie in the prices which you pay. The furrier has a short season at the most; he must command generous prices for his product. Furs in a store such as this are only incident to the business—though they form as thorough and complete a stock as any department, and are priced correspondingly.

This is our first Fur Season in Rochester.

What we have gathered to show you, represents the work of a full year in choosing and selecting the skins; in having the garments made to our liking; in making sure that every distinct detail of our Fur Stock was exactly as it should be.

From close observation of what is possible to obtain in Furs, we show what we believe to be the most complete and gorgeous collection of kinds ever presented in this vicinity.

So elaborate and comprehensive is the stock, that it is possible to choose a garment at most any price that you care to pay, and yet so carefully has the selecting of each individual skin been looked after, that you are assured of the most trustworthy quality, little matter what you pay.

Four examples of the way we price our Furs, serve to illustrate the savings that are yours throughout the entire stock.



Genuine Eastern Mink, natural color, two-stripe Throw Scarf, and five-stripe pillow muff; sold by exclusive furriers for \$40. Our price—

\$25.00 Set



Nearseal Jacket; new blouse effect with collar, cuffs and reverses of fine River Mink. Sold by exclusive furriers for \$55. Our price—

\$40.00



Genuine Black Lynx Throw Scarf and large pillow Muff; very pretty finish. Sold by exclusive furriers for \$25 the set. Our price—

\$15.00 Set



Genuine Parisian Paw Throw Scarf and large pillow Muff to match. Sold by exclusive furriers for \$15 the set. Our price—

\$10.00 Set

Our selection of higher cost garments, embraces practically everything that is now in demand—and you may be sure that **ONLY THE FINEST SKINS** have been employed in the making. Every garment is backed by our positive guarantee as to quality—if what you get is not what you want, your money back for the asking.

We repair Fur garments of every nature, making such alterations as may be necessary that they may conform to the newest modes. Let us figure with you on the work.

DUFFY-McINNERNEY COMPANY

Main and Fitzhugh Sts., Rochester

The Henry L. Springer
Fur Co.

FUR FASHIONS

Foremost Features

Custom Fur Work

A Cordial
Invitation
to You

At our new headquarters, 197 Main Street, East, we are making to order all the latest and leading creations of the Fur Season. As complete and comprehensive a showing of styles ever did justice to your highest expectations. Every garment—every fur piece gems of the Furrier's best skill and taste—with the pleasant absence of fancy prices.

Honest values assured and your inspection solicited.

Repairing and Remodeling

The Henry L. Springer
Fur Co.

197 Main St. E.
Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. J. L. Heffron, Dean of Syracuse University

The College of Medicine of Syracuse University has a new dean, and this is the third head within three years.

Dr. John L. Heffron, who comes of a family of physicians and who is considered one of the most able men in his profession in Syracuse, is now in charge of this department of Chancellor Day's big university.

Syracuse has students from every state in the union, from every county in the state and from several other countries. Japanese, Chinese, full blooded Africans, Hindus, etc., mingle with the sons of that great conglomeration which goes to make up the American citizen.



DR. JOHN L. HEFFRON

Who has recently been made a dean of Syracuse University

Dr. H. D. Didama was for years and years the head of Syracuse Medical college, and he fell like a mighty oak which had weathered the storms of decades. Then Dr. Gaylord P. Clark was called to the chair, and his taking off was as the thief which comes in the night. Called home from Europe by the death of his father, Charles P. Clark, president for a quarter of a century of the Syracuse Savings bank, the son was stricken with heart trouble, and before even his most intimate friends knew of his illness he lay in a shroud.

Now Dr. Heffron is called to succeed these learned men as dean, and he fills the position well. His father and his grandfather before him were physicians, and for many years he, himself, has been a professor in the same college of which he is now the head.

Natural Curiosity

Mrs. Gramercy—"So you never ask your husband how he makes his money?"

Mrs. Park—"No, dear; that's immaterial to me. But what I would really like to know is how he spends it."

20,000 Readers Believe in and Respect "Every Friday"

They have faith in its advertisements. The results show beyond a possibility of doubt that "EVERY FRIDAY" reaches the people who buy! "EVERY FRIDAY" reaches the home; stays in the home, you'll see it right on that library or sitting-room table, or up in the madame's boudoir—she reads the Fashions, Stage, Fiction, and women's departments. You'll see it on "His" desk because there are Industrial, Political and Commercial News in it, you'll see it with the younger folks, they read the Recreation, Club, and Humor departments.

"EVERY FRIDAY" goes where you want your goods to go—it's the entering wedge.

If you want to advertise and don't know just how, where, when, or how much, call if you can. If you can't, write or phone—but for goodness sake! let's do business and still more business.

The Millionaire Vampire

(Continued from page 6)

across his card the words, *I am from 21 Center street. Important!* gave the card to the butler and asked him to take it to Mr. Gage.

Following this servant, who returned almost immediately and reported that his master would see him, Doctor Winter mounted the broad stairway and was ushered into a large, pleasant room on the second floor.

A man of about eighty sat in a chair by one of the windows with a buckram bound volume lying open on his lap, but as the doctor greeted him by name he put the book aside and arose, and the former could see that a wire ran from a battery on a near-by table to a metal plate attached at the base of the millionaire's brain. A further glance discovered to the physician that the battery was fed by a heavy insulated wire that entered at one of the windows.

The millionaire signalled the obedient butler to retire, then regarded his visitor with a look of questioning alarm.

"I trust that nothing is seriously wrong that Mr. Vonburg has sent a physician!" he exclaimed.

"No, Mr. Gage," Doctor Winter hastened to reply. "I beg you do not be alarmed. Mr. Vonburg"—"So that's the man's name," mentally hyphenated the doctor—"has sent me to make an examination of your general physical condition, with a view of reducing the power."

"Ah!" there was a look of intense relief in the other's face as he was reseated.

From the moment that Doctor Winter had stood on the curb at the entrance to East Station and felt the vital power being drained from his body, he had seen through the phenomenon sufficiently clearly and steadily as to have reached his present position without having made a single false step, but now that he was in the very presence of the millionaire vampire it would be well to make doubly sure before acting decisively.

Yet there seemed little to discover that his acute reason and subtle intuition had not already discovered, and a swift examination of the millionaire's person decided him to act at once. He was about to speak when the telephone bell rang, and the other left him to answer the call.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo! this is Vonburg!" came the answer distinctly enough for the doctor to overhear. "Quick! attach the storage line to your brain! This building is on fire and I will have to disconnect the power. In case—" Here the message was snapped like a broken wire.

Turning about with ashen face, the millionaire disconnected the wire attached to the plate at the base of his brain, and seizing a similar wire issuing from the opposite side of the battery-like machine on the table attached that to the metal plate.

"My God!" he cried, studying a scale on the battery, "there is scarcely enough power left in storage to keep me alive till morning!"

Doctor Winter looked the wretched million-

aire directly in the eyes. "Mr. Gage, that great, wise, and merciful judge—Nature—condemned you to death a month ago, and it is well that you should die to-night! By this invention of Vonburg's you have been enabled for weeks to draw from unconscious thousands of your fellow men the vital forces that keep you alive, but I shall allow it no longer! In the name of manhood I protest against this outrage! You are but a vampire, sir, sucking the life forces from the thousands of workers that daily pour into East Station, and what do they receive in return? Nothing!"

The millionaire drew back from the angry physician as from a flame of fire. "You are a traitor!" he gasped.

"No, I am not," replied the other, seeking to calm himself. "I am not in your employ, nor in the employ of your agents. I observed a metal strip set into the curb at the approach to East Station and found that a wire connecting one end of that strip runs through Vonburg's office to this room, where it ends at the base of your brain. There can be but one conclusion—You are being kept alive by draining from every man, woman and child whose foot touches that plate a certain quantity of vital force, slight in each instance, yet in the aggregate sufficient to give you the strength of youth. No, you need not protest; it is too evident!"

The millionaire clasped his hands. "You won't betray me?"

"I must, and I will!"

"Name your price of silence, and I will pay it now."

"No!" came the stern reply. "You have unlimited wealth; use it and buy this vital force honorably from willing subjects."

"Vonburg will not permit me. He fears the law."

"That is why this business must end!" exclaimed the doctor. "With your riches you could buy helpless children like sheep and drain them of their young lives, and not even a physician could tell how they died!"

"Don't!" pleaded the millionaire, cringing into his chair.

"My God, sir!" cried Doctor Winter, aghast, "I believe you have been guilty of such dastardly deeds! Ah, you vampire, I have your guilty record now! That was the way you kept alive before you placed the steel strip at East Station!"

The other arose and staggering to the battery moved a small nickel lever, then turned about and with every show of feebleness and submission approached the physician.

"You are right!" he whined. "I am an old, old man, and an old man's highest duty is to die! Give me your hand."

Doctor Winter drew back a step in disgust, when instantly the millionaire vampire leapt upon him, and with almost demoniac strength and fury crushed him to the floor. "You traitor!" he shrieked, his white beard crackling with the volume of vital force that now

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poured into his body from the storage battery.

Realizing his danger, Doctor Winter wrenched one arm free and tore away the wire that ran to the plate at the base of his assailant's brain. Instantly all strength left the millionaire, and shaking him off the physician arose.

"The lust of life has made you more fiend than man!" he exclaimed.

The other crawled off and once again attached the wire to his person, then set the nickel lever at the lowest notch.

"That cost me an hour of life, and I will die long before midnight unless Vonburg comes!" he whined. "He is the only living soul who understands the force."

Doctor Winter stepped to the telephone, at the same time keeping a watch on the other, lest he should repeat the attack, and called up the baggage room at East Station.

"Can you tell me if there is a fire at 21 Center Street," he asked as soon as he had got connections.

"Yes," came the answer. "The building has just collapsed from a gas-main explosion."

"Anyone hurt or killed?"

"A hackman reports a man was crushed to death under a beam. He had gone back to get something in the burning building."

"Did he describe the man?"

"Said he was a big, fine looking, black haired man."

"That will do. Thank you."

Doctor Winter hung up the receiver and crossed the room. "I will send the butler," he said, and went out, without looking back.

He found the butler lolling in the reception hall. "Mr. Vonburg has been killed in a fire and the shock may kill Mr. Gage. Should it do so, I advise you to destroy that battery in his room, as it might get you into serious trouble. That is all." He left the craven servant backed against the wall and quit the mansion.

When he reached 21 Center Street he found it a heap of ruins, while protruding from beneath a heavy steel girder lay the machine that he had seen in Vonburg's office, now scarcely recognizable and wholly useless. Turning down to the morgue, he found that the man who had been killed in the fire was Vonburg.

Angling

O'er the high veranda rail,
With no thought that she would fail,
And the river miles away,
Baby Nell had fished all day.
Then I clasped my babe so fair
With her tangled golden hair,
And while fondling her I thought—
Fishes 'round here have been caught
On the green sward, but with bait
That is guilelessly called fate.

Martha Beattie.

When're a choleric man you meet,
A person of caprice and whim,
Keep up beside him on the street,
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Czars of New York State

(Continued from Page 1)

fact the Speaker is "Rules," and his will is law in the hours of the Legislature's life.

While much has been said and written about the undesirability of placing so much power in the hands of one man, it is doubtful if there will be a change as members, wearied of turmoil and wrangle incident to sessions of the legislature, turn with positive relief the unraveling of the tangled skein over to "Rules" back of whom looms the commanding figure of the Speaker. In the hands of a strong man, the speakership is an immense position. Even in the hands of a weaker man, the place confers great power. No one ever thought that James W. Wadsworth, Jr., with but one term in the Assembly as training, would be able to dominate the body as did the masterful Nixon, with his dozen years of legislative training and seven years in the speaker's chair. Yet Wadsworth has been able to do what Nixon never did, held the Assembly in defiance of Governor and Senate throughout a regular and a special session because the powers higher up would not arrange a senatorial district in which his home county was not placed to his liking. This incident serves to demonstrate something of the power which attaches to the speakership of the New York State Assembly.

Not many speakers of New York in recent years have attained high honors in politics. Probably in large measure this is due to the

many enemies they are compelled to make in running through the business of a single session of the Legislature and the many persons to whom they must needs refuse favors. William F. Sheehan was elected lieutenant-governor, there he stopped. Who thinks of Bush now? Sulzer is in Congress and has been mentioned for governor but that is all. Malby is "in Congress," he has not been heard from. Hamilton Fish was a candidate for governor in the state convention of 1896 but his following was meager. He is now an assistant treasurer of the United States in New York. James M. E. O'Grady, concededly the cleverest speaker since James W. Husted, served one term in Congress, but got out of touch with the political powers that be in Monroe county and was retired to private life. S. Fred Nixon, who held the speakership longer than any one in the history of New York politics, aspired to the lieutenant-governorship and the governorship but failed in both ambitions. Mr. Wadsworth is a young man of rare natural ability, a Yale graduate and a scion of a family of politicians. Will he be an exception to the rule?

Time alone will tell. Certainly, with Hughes as the popular idol and "the new idea in politics" uppermost in the public mind, the outlook does not seem favorable at the present moment. But popular sentiment is fickle and the American public is like the Indian, "heap uncertain."

ONE OF THESE DAYS

J. S. BRIGGS

One of these days, when the world has grown better,
Hearts will be happier, troubles grow light,
When creed-burdened man shall have broken each fetter,
And girded himself in the cause of the right;
When old Plato's regiment stops gaining members,
As bigotry starts some new orthodox haze,—
Truth's blaze will flash forth from its now flickering embers,
And facts displace theories one of these days.

When the folly of fighting our friends we uncover;
When each non-essential's kicked out of our creeds;
When Christians all over the world shall discover
"The religion of God" will be all that one needs;
When the ceasing of wars does away with the fighter;
When "do unto others" guides all of our ways,—
Then the gentler man will be reckoned the mightier,
And dogma won't count for much, one of these days.

One of these days, and it is not much farther,
Millenium's church will triumphantly stand
On the one fundamental, that God is our Father,
And man is our brother, and then, hand to hand,
I see Christian and heathen, both wiser and better,
Having both broken through superstition's thick maze,
And our hearts will be lighter, God's sunshine be brighter,
The world more worth living in, one of these days.



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Rochester Men at Harvard

Howard Osgood, C. H. and H. B. Palmer, Levis Prizer, Joseph Husband, Harry Michaels, S. F. Pattison and Others

J. H. HANFORD

THE opening of the college year of 1907-8 at Harvard sees the usual quota of Rochester men enrolled among the students. With the possible exceptions of Cornell and Syracuse, universities at our very gates, Harvard is the most popular institution in the country among the professional students from Rochester. The undergraduate body contains few representatives from this city. The University of Rochester, Syracuse and Cornell, and the small colleges of the East contain most of the collegians from Rochester.

The only entering freshman from Rochester this year is Howard Osgood, who graduated from Bradstreet's School in 1906, but spent last year there in preparation for Harvard. In the class of 1910 are Charles H. Palmer, Jr., and Henry B. Palmer, also graduates of Bradstreet's. The only junior is John W. Warner, Bradstreet's 1905. The only seniors who entered Harvard in their freshman year are Levis Prizer and Joseph Husband, Bradstreet's 1904.

Mr. Husband has taken an active part in college journalism, as a member of the staffs of the Harvard *Lampoon* and of the *Crimson*. Theodore A. Miller, a graduate of the University of Rochester, 1907, has entered senior this year and intends to remain four years doing post graduate work in the classics.

Entering the graduate school of Arts and Sciences are Harry Michaels, U. of R., 1907,

who will do a year's work in history and economics, preparatory to entering into journalism, and Sidney F. Pattison, son of the late Rev. T. Harwood Pattison. Mr. Pattison has been teaching in the University of Colorado since his graduation from the University of Rochester in 1898. He intends to take a master's degree in English this year. Entering first Law is Clarence M. Platt, U. of R., 1907, Karl Kaelber, U. of R., 1907, and John Prizer, Harvard, 1907; first Medical, Alvah S. Miller, U. of R., 1907.

In their second year of graduate work are J. Holly Hanford, U. of R., 1904, who is studying English, and Charles W. Watkeys, U. of R., 1901, who is specializing in mathematics. Mr. Watkeys was instructor in mathematics in the University of Rochester in 1906. He has been appointed instructor in mathematics at Harvard for the present year.

Raymond D. Havens, formerly of Rochester, U. of R., 1902, has just returned from a four months' trip in Europe to enter on his fourth year of graduate work in English. He expects to come up for the degree of doctor of philosophy this year. John W. Johnson, Harvard, 1905, has returned for his third year's work in the law school. After completing his course he intends going into business in Rochester. Rochester H. Rogers, Williams, 1902, A. M., 1904, has also returned for his final year in the law school.

To Remove a Prejudice

To what is the popular prejudice against motoring to be attributed, and how best may the anti-motoring classes be brought to regard the car, not as an unnecessary evil, but as an indispensable adjunct to national prosperity and progress? These are the questions which the motorists in general would like to have answered. One reason for the ill-feeling existing among certain classes is the suddenness by which motoring reached its present position. Many men dislike to have anything sprung upon them. They are naturally suspicious and see in this, as every other novelty, an attempt to interfere with their rights. It is only a few years ago that motors were entirely unknown, yet to-day there is scarcely a road that does not echo with the toot of the automobile horn. People have been forced to accept this state of things almost against their will, instead of being gradually educated up to it.

Again, the early users of the motor are to blame for much of the prejudice existing, as the majority of them viewed their car as little else than a speed machine, and by carelessness and recklessness helped postpone the day, which will surely come, when the motor will be in more general use on our roads than the

horse-drawn vehicle. At the present time most persons who buy cars do so on the grounds of utility alone, regarding the car as a superior sort of carriage, and the time will soon come when for every purpose of traction and locomotion, the motor will replace, to a large extent, all other means of transportation. Whenever highways are so improved that the tremendous strain now imposed upon all motor vehicles is diminished, it will be possible to construct reliable cars at much less than the cost of those of to-day.

One of the principal reasons why cars are so expensive is that they must be built to stand the strain of traveling over the worst roads they are likely to meet. In ten years time or less it is hoped that the worst roads will be as good as the best to-day; then it will be possible to build lighter cars and fit smaller tires, which in addition to being cheaper will last twice as long as they do at present.

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To "wear the trousers" still!

N. B.—Illustration posed by Herma Moore;
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Roses and The Season

In summer from grassy mead and hill
I gather roses velvety for her;
In winter, when all is dank and chill,
From stores I send them at \$2 per.

A Day on a Pony Farm

(Continued from page 4)

ing been shown at exhibitions throughout the country. Bressay, one of the finest specimens in the world, captured the first award at the New York State Fair in Syracuse this year. He seemed to realize the fact as he stood for the photographer on the green surrounding the stables. A number of children in the village look upon Bressay as their own and he is the pride of the farms. They harness him, pet him and love him for himself first, and then because he stands at the head of a band of little members of the animal kingdom, which furnishes a constant variety of delightful entertainment.

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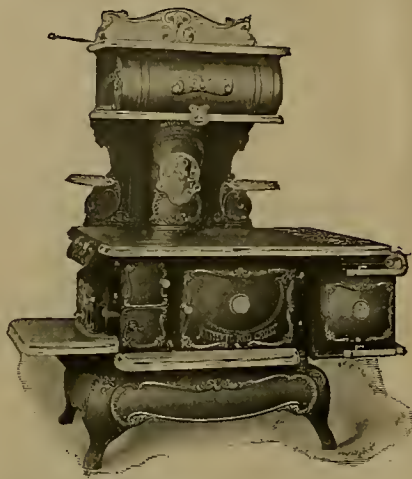
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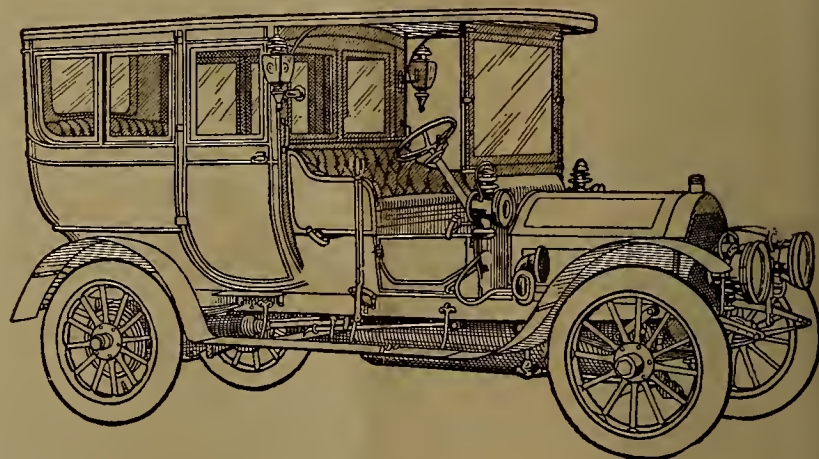
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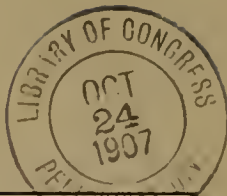
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Every Friday



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October 18, 1907

Volume 1.
Number 7.



ALAN C. FOBES—A MODERN DAVID

“Fobes and The Corporations” -- *Fred E. Dutcher*
“The Rochester Brotherhood” -- *James L. Brewer*



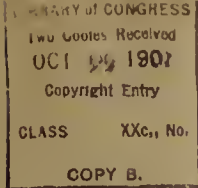
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MAIN AND FITZHUGH STS., ROCHESTER



Every Friday

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine of Special Features and Comment

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Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., October 18, 1907

No. 7

How Fobes Gripped with the Corporations

A Mayor Made by a Boss who has Baited the Boss and Won—A Chapter in the Municipal Regeneration of Syracuse

FREDERICK E. DUTCHER

ALAN C. FOBES, Mayor of Syracuse, is not afraid.

There are rings and rings, and rings inside of rings, but Alan Fobes walks all around the rings and through the rings, like the magicians of old, and winks his eye and snaps his fingers at rebuke.

He has made the lighting company back water, pump water out of the stock tank and come to time, and the men high in the republican party are the principal stockholders of the same lighting company.

Alan Fobes isn't afraid to buck the boss or court public opinion. He's Mayor, and he's Mayor because he's Mayor. Even Francis Hendricks, boss of the republican party for 25 years, has no more to say about what's what in Syracuse than the meanest citizen.

And Francis Hendricks is pretty close to the people of the Syracuse lighting company.

Alan Fobes bucked the tiger and he won, and there's a story in it. The name of Francis Hendricks does not appear in the list of directors of the Syracuse lighting company, but he is an ally of the men who are. How much stock Francis Hendricks holds in the Syracuse lighting company doesn't appear. Maybe he doesn't hold a cent's worth, but his lieutenants do, and Alan Fobes, Mayor of Syracuse, has bucked the bunch.

Among the directors of the Syracuse lighting company are Hendrick S. Holden, Albert K. Hiscock, Louis L. Waters and John J. Cummins.

The morning paper of Syracuse is controlled by a similar organization. Francis Hendricks is president; Hendrick S. Holden, treasurer and Albert K. Hiscock, secretary. This organ speaks for the boss.

These are only instances. There are numerous other big Syracuse corporations which are controlled by the same men.

When Alan Fobes started to buck this aggregation he put the Syracuse lighting company down and out.

No man can say that Alan Fobes is controlled by "the boss." He fought the Syra-



JOHN J. CUMMINS

A Mighty Power in Syracuse Public Corporation Circles

cuse lighting company, tooth and nail, and he won. A man who goes against the "powers that be" and wins is a "dandy," in the common parlance of the day. Alan Fobes did it.

In his message to the common council on Jan. 2, 1906, Mayor Fobes called attention to the lighting situation in Syracuse, and that statement was the forerunner of the greatest upheaval which has ever occurred in New York state. It invoked the authority of the State to act, and it acted. The lighting Commission of the State had never before been called upon to arbitrate the subject of electricity, but Syracuse's Mayor asked that commission to act, and it did. And through it Mayor Fobes saved Syracuse \$120,000. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars isn't a small matter for most people.

Syracuse's lighting contract was about to expire. There was only one bidder in the field. The Syracuse lighting company offered to take a one-year contract for \$98.55 a light. For a five year contract it was willing to make a contract for \$82.12½ a light. That was the price offered when bids were advertised for. The Mayor would not stand for it, even if the generals of the republican forces were back of it, and bids were re-advertised. Then the company bid \$79.38¾ on a five year contract, but this wasn't low enough yet. It was only a subterfuge. Then the Mayor appealed to the State Commission of Gas and Electricity. It was said at the time that this was only an election move, and that Fobes would not carry the lighting question up to the Court of Last Resort.

He did. The hearing was on for weeks and weeks, and the Mayor won. The commission fixed the maximum price for street lights at \$68 per year, and the price of electricity for private consumption was reduced from ten cents per kilowat to eight cents per kilowat, and that is the price now being paid.

That's why Mayor Fobes is Mayor, and that's why Francis Hendricks is wondering if the control of the administration is safe. The U. G. I. is now in control of the Syracuse lighting company, but that fact does not deter the Mayor. Francis Hendricks is a power, but he is not powerful enough to dissuade Alan Fobes. Things are doing in Syracuse, and there is still more for Fobes to do.

John J. Cummins is president of the Syracuse lighting company and would like to be Mayor of Syracuse. Francis Hendricks would like to have him there. John J. Cummins represents the head of the corporate interests of Syracuse. There are rings and rings and rings inside of rings, and all these rings revolve about the same head. But Francis Hendricks or no other man can undo what Alan Fobes has done. He is a power unto himself.

Every Friday

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 18, 1907

The Weasel is With Us

THE Century Dictionary thus defines the term Weasel as applied to a biped—"a lean, mean, sneaking, greedy fellow." He is in our midst again. He is almost always with us, particularly when the campaign season opens and the Bosses need to rehabilitate their secret-service systems. Sometimes he goes to New York, sometimes he takes a vacation in parts unknown but he always has an eye-single to his contemptible avocation—that of delving in political and financial dirt, of tale-bearing, of malicious injury to those who incur his spite, of treacherously eliminating from the slimy pathway of his purpose the honest man or the stalwart soul. His shining mark, although he himself works darkly, is the man or the interest that dares protest against robbery of the people or corruption in public life. His soul, mean and small as the body that holds it, thrives on revenge, on hypocrisy, on trickery and deceit. He blights men with his spleen—he unscrupulously seeks his tools in places high and low, and to our city's shame, he gets them. His keenest delight is to grip the man in his toils—to flatter, to ingratiate, to finally bluster and threaten the hapless victims of his cunning. And in it all his greedy talons reach out for the feathers that furnish his nest—that gratify his o'erweening vanity and in which he disgustingly preens himself. Do you know him?

Genesee Power Possibilities

MANY very important interests are engaged in earnest endeavor to convince the state, through the Water Supply Commission, that its duty lies in the development of the water-power of the Genesee river for the public benefit. Few residents of the Genesee valley realize the enormous possibilities of the proposition. For years engineers have estimated, prospected and reported. Lord Kelvin, during his visit to Rochester several years ago pointed out a possible plan of development, commented on the marvelous opportunity that lay at our doors—but—nothing was done.

Private exploitation of this great utility must not be tolerated. There is abundant evidence that private enterprise is ready, nay, eager, to invest millions in the project and declares without hesitation that it sees a seven per cent. profit in the investment. Mawkish sentimentality defeated the efforts of a private corporation in the

legislature to secure a franchise for undertaking the work this year. The argument of the sentimentalists was that the construction of necessary dams and power houses would destroy the beauty of Letchworth Park just deeded to the state for park purposes. The fact was and is that all of the dams and power-houses will be located either above or below the Letchworth property—that instead of destroying the scenic splendors of Portage Falls, located within the boundaries of the property, the conservation of water supply and its subsequent release after energization would enhance their beauty. Then came another class of sentimentalists who mournfully pointed out that a reservoir, such as was contemplated meant the wiping out of "fair villages" and "sacred towns of the dead." In this progressive day, this argument is of small consequence. The interests of the few must give way to the needs and welfare of the many. What is the wiping-out of a few farms and a few small towns, especially when they are well paid for, compared to the generation of 60,000 horse-power for the use of the industries of a valley populated by 600,000 busy people? New York city, proposes the demolition of 37 villages to get adequate water-supply for its 4,000,000 souls and there is no protest.

So there is small basis for argument against the realization of the project. What, then, is the real secret of opposition? Seek the reason from the transportation and power corporation of the valley! If the state undertakes at the suggestion and solicitation of the authorities, the development of the Genesee river power, the most available opportunity, considering expense, from Alaska to Florida, 60,000 horse-power can be developed and sold at COST. It can be sold to the Rochester Railway and Light Company and to all the trolley-lines that traverse the western portion of the state at COST! And then the Public Utilities Commission can step in and insist on lower fares, decreased freight rates, power and electric light service. Do the corporations want the state to develop this power in the interests of the people? There is where the real opposition to the project lies and it must be over-ridden. Already several prospective legislators of the valley are campaigning on this issue. All who really have public welfare as their aim should do so.

A PROFESSOR of Semitic languages in John Hopkins University tells us that Solomon never wrote the "Songs of Solomon" and that they are merely a collection of love-songs. Inasmuch as Solomon is generally credited with an exceedingly amorous disposition and deemed the hero of a hundred courtships, he probably needed the poetic ammunition whether he made it or not.

The Guilty Corporations

THE smug Lemuel Ely Quigg makes small bones of admitting that the Metropolitan "yellow dog" fund paid him \$15,000 for "influencing" legislation at Albany. But this is immaterial as compared with the revelations before the New York Public Utilities Commission which shows that the Metropolitan has not hesitated to commit the felony of destroying many of its books, checks and vouchers. Many corporations in Western New York are guilty of the same crime, some, we grant, through ignorance of the law, but more because there is something to conceal. In view of the miserable financial fiasco in telephone high-finance whose effects locally are distressing it is more than probable that some bankers are trembling in their shoes. We shudder and exclaim over "yellow-dog" funds and corporation crimes in the Metropolis—we are strangely callous to abuses under our noses.

The Bane on the Thoroughbred

IN this country, horse racing and betting may almost be regarded as synonymous. At all events, they are inseparable; for it is argued that the one cannot be conducted profitably without the existence of the other and in those states where racing is not illegal, the anti-betting laws are so framed as to leave a loophole whereby the bookmaker is permitted to do business at certain places under the cloak of a "favored clause." It is according to such terms that the Jockey Club, the self-constituted authority of the "sport of kings" in the East, dispenses its gracious permission to various associations to hold meetings from time to time, when those who are willing to pay a big admission fee to the grounds may make their wagers in the protected betting-rings unmolested.

It may be safely said that not five per cent. of those who journey out to a race-track go with the sole idea of witnessing a horse-race for the pure love of sport alone and this, unfortunately, includes women as well as men. Bet they must, on such occasions when the hand of the law is lifted for the time being; for the spirit of gambling is inherent in human nature, and the man possessed of the strongest of wills who suddenly finds himself in the maelstrom of speculation, invariably succumbs to "try his luck" with Dame Fortune and so obtain an additional thrill to the race itself, much as a cocktail is taken as a fillip to a good dinner. It is from such beginnings that the race-track adds one more to the ranks of those who neither "toil nor spin," but prey upon each other, the weakest dropping by the wayside in their thousands, as compared with the tens who fatten on the spoils.

It is the ever-present gamester, with all the vicious elements that are invariably allied to his environment, that precludes the presence at the race-track of all self-respecting citizens, even as an occasional recreation. And the more is the pity of it, for there is no more glorious animal than the thoroughbred horse with its almost human intelligence and beauty in its every action as it strives to out-pace its rival in the fleet contest. But it has amounted to this, that practically every owner of race-horses and all allied to the business of racing cannot or will not find sufficient compensation in it without recourse to betting. In this lies the bane of the race-track.

More than pleasing, therefore, is it to note the great success this year of James R. Keene, the veteran financier, who devotes all

his time now-a-days to the development of the thoroughbred and enters his horses against all comers without ever placing a bet on their chances in the race. With such horses as Colin, Superman, Peter Pan, Ballot and Celt, aided by others of less note, Mr. Keene's winnings in stakes and purses this year already approximate \$350,000. His victory in the Futurity was a double one, a victory which held meeds of wholesome gratification for James R. Keene, for both Domino and Commando the sire and grandsire of Colin were owned and raced by Colin's master. That this success means much to the man who has the true interest of the thoroughbred at heart is apparent. Mr. Keene maintains in Kentucky one of the most expensive breeding establishments in the country and while he always willingly "pays the piper" when an adverse balance is shown in his

stable expenses, his triumphs this year should go far to atone for previous losses if not by the money, at least by the grand succession of triumphs. True sportsmen cannot help but joining in their congratulations with a fervent wish that all race-horse owners would enter the lists in the same spirit and with the same end in view as does Mr. James R. Keene.

ONCE IN A WHILE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

IT is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today—
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

SHADES of Davy Crockett !
If the famous bear-hunter of the early forties had been equipped with modern arms, to say nothing of floored and walled "tents," "stables," easy chairs, up-to-date cooking stoves, bedsteads, a typewriter, a stenographer and even two mails a day, the genus *Ursus* would have been extinct long since in the United States, and The Nimrod of the White House would be compelled to confine his stalks after big game to baiting the Trusts. Crockett had presidential aspirations ungratified. Roosevelt is President. But Crockett shot more bears in the Texas and Louisiana canebrakes than the President ever will, despite his

superior equipments. Crockett had the best of it.

MARY JANE HOLMES, in the minds of some "higher critics," did not measure up to their exalted ideas of literary style in her writings. The fact remains that her homely stories, sweet and simple in their romantic interest, will live long after her scribbling critics pass away. A woman who brought entertainment and uplift to thousands of firesides throughout more than a half century of her busy life, has little to fear from such criticism. After all, it is results that score, and the popularity of Mrs. Holmes' works stands out as a magnificent result.

Entertainment For All!

**Men, Women, Boys and Girls—Read the Instructions Below
Carefully and Exercise Your Ingenuity**

WE want you to write for EVERY FRIDAY. There is much talent among our readers that has not been developed. You may never have attempted anything in the line of verses; but we shall make it so easy that you will be anxious to try. Will pay you for successful effort.

Not a guessing contest.
Not an estimating contest.
Just an exercise of your literary ability. Nothing dependent upon lot or chance. A pleasing form of entertainment.

Here Is The Plan

The publishers of EVERY FRIDAY will pay \$10 to the person who fills in the fifth line of the verse printed in the coupon below which will correspond nearest to the fifth line which the editor has in his possession.

First—Write along the dotted line of the coupon your conception of what the fifth line of the verse should be and fill in the space assigned for your address.

Second—Cut out the coupon around the black lines and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin as your entrance fee, to cover the expense of handling answers.

Third—Address the envelope containing your coupon and entrance fee, to Publishers, "EVERY FRIDAY," 323 Sibley Bldg., Rochester, N. Y., and write *plainly* at the lower left hand corner of the envelope the word LIMERICK. Enclose nothing but the coupon and entrance fee in this envelope.

Fourth—The same person may send in any number of coupons with changes in the fifth line; but an entrance fee must be inclosed to correspond to each coupon.

Fifth—Coupons must be in hand in our office by Monday noon of each week in order to secure insertion in the issue of EVERY FRIDAY of the following week, when favorably passed upon by the editor.

A Pleasing Pastime

Here is opportunity to write for the press and to receive remuneration for your time and effort. As interest in the work increases we shall offer greater inducements to enter the field.

Limerick last lining should be a popular pastime throughout Western New York, as the result of this suggestion by EVERY FRIDAY. Last lines can easily be supplied, and a little study of appropriate endings for the verses will develop originality that will be especially interesting, not only to those who are directly engaged in it, but also to our readers generally.

It is a form of entertainment which all may enjoy. Any person may fill out the coupon and send it according to the instructions. Yours may be the very one selected for publication in our next issue. And if it should not, an opportunity will be provided for the following week.

As examples of the ease with which the Limerick may be completed, we append a few examples:

There was a young fellow of Lee
Who thought it an excellent spree
To sit on a post
Dressed up as a ghost

Suggested for the last liner for above:

"No re-'spectre' of persons was he."

Also:

"The key to his conduct—whiskey."

Also:

"I'm like Eve, a side issue, said he."

Some maidens at Ryde on a trip
Went off to the shore for a dip.
They thought they had got
To a nice lonely spot

Suggested for the last liner for above:

"When 'Ahem!' from a 'him' made them skip."

Also:

"My wife wrenched the glass from my grip."

Also:

"Submarine signal rang: 'Sink the Ship!'"

Your success in Limerick last lining may lead you to attempt some more extended writing for our columns. We shall be pleased to have you consider it.

The Coupon

EVERY FRIDAY LIMERICK	WHO IS SHE ?
	Of Rochester she is the belle, But Syracuse wants her as well. Now Buffalo's caught her And claimed her, a daughter !
	Name.....
	Address.....

Fill out last line of above verse, enter your name and address and send the coupon, with ten cents in coin or stamps, to Publishers, "EVERY FRIDAY," 323 Sibley Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

To Myself at Ten Months

Can it truly be
That you were me,—
You round little, white little, shiny-eyed elf?
Is it really true
That I was you,—
You plump little cherub, and still was myself?
Yes, it must be so!
But do you know
How queer, and how near to the senseless it seems
For a man full-grown
To have to own
That once he was subject to spankings and screams?

Who would ever guess
I wore a dress?
I, who am wearing such dignified suits?
Who would dare say
That once I'd play
And revel in glee, with two tiny red boots?



Now you just look here,
A man to fear
Am I! I'm known as a Thinker, they claim,
And it won't go well
For you to tell
That once I was "Baby" in size and in name!

But! Within those eyes
There's something wise,
And the longer I look, the surer I grow
That behind that brow
—So furrowed now!—
Was knowledge more pure than I've since come to know.

Can it truly be
That you were me?
Yes, round little, white little, pucker-mouth elf!
And I'm proud sir, too,
That I was you,—
You dear little fellow,—and still was myself!

The Tomb of Genius

"The world is full of buried talent," said the unrecognized genius, sententiously.
"There's quite a lot of it about," admitted the editor, peering into the W. P. B.

EVERY FRIDAY

The Mission of the Evening School

ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN

AFTER the work of the day is done, while the city lights show only on the home-hurrying throng, or the pleasure seeking crowd, a great question is being settled:—shall we be assimilated, or shall we assimilate? Will the future show that we have maintained the standard of our civilization, or that we have slowly and surely fallen below the mark set for us by the founders of our republic. In Rochester, for instance, from Jefferson avenue to Clifford street and back and across to Pierpont and Alexander streets,—wherever one of the evening schools is situated, the problem is being solved. For to all the many foreigners and time-pressed Americans, the evening class is the only avenue to advancement and enlightened citizenship.

"My brother's smarter then yours," said a little girl, triumphantly, to a school-mate. "He works all day and earns money to give to my mother, and then he goes to school in the evening."

This "brother" is one of the thousands in any city who must toil by day: whose only hope of enlightenment and betterment is through the evening school. Think of it!



HOWARD D. MINCHIN

Instructor at the University of Rochester and Intensely Interested in Evening School Work

One hour and three-quarters of instruction in which to allow the time-pressed and the foreigner to become acquainted with our standards. Five and one-quarter hours per week set against sixty hours of toil and their environments outside the factory and the shop, and yet this fraction of time spent with the true teacher who deals with minds and with hearts, is like "a little leaven that leaveneth the whole."

Not of small account is the patient work of the teacher who has to build up a vocabulary

"This phase of the educational system of our country is comparatively new. There has been but little discussion of the problem and still less work done towards its solution. The evening school has sprung from the stern necessities fixed by the struggle for existence. It fulfills three important functions: a—it provides a school for those children who cannot be brought into the day school; b—it affords an education for the ambitious men and women of limited education, who are employed during the day; c—it provides a means of educating the foreigners who come to us. That the evening schools are being considered as a factor in our local educational system we have as evidence the establishment in the last five or six years of seven schools, one of them an evening high school.

"There seems to be a tendency in some quarters to regard the evening school as very inefficient, but such an opinion would never be entertained by one at all acquainted with the system. They are as much a legitimate part of our system as the day school. It may be said of the evening high-school that it occupies a most important place in the community. It has been said that the day high-school is the 'poor man's college'; then the evening high-school is the poorer man's college. The young man or young woman who will deny himself or herself of the amusements common to youth and attend an evening class three evenings a week is possessed of a determination which knows no failure. Such are the kind of people found in our evening schools. To such are we proud to minister and to such must we look for the uplifting and furthering of our great civilization.

PROFESSOR HOWARD MINCHIN,
Supt. Evening Schools, Rochester.

for those who know absolutely nothing of our language. Each new word added to his hard-earned vocabulary is a step in the evolution of the individual. And the gain of a few hundred words to the one who comes to our country to do business, to earn his living, to become a citizen, is as great an achievement as the rapid progress of some advanced pupil.

And so the process of assimilation goes on. And Uncle Sam adopts into his great family every year those who have adapted themselves to our ways of living, who swear allegiance to the flag, and, if need be, swell the ranks of the Boys in Blue.

Last year fifty-five hundred pupils, men, women and children, seized the great opportunity offered in the Rochester evening schools. —A little army of individuals, each with his own peculiar need and aim, but all enlisted under the praiseworthy cause of improvement.

In this mass of learning-hungry, we find all grades, from those who are learning the rudiments of the English language to the pupils who are making their high school "points" in Latin and Greek.

For the first time a regular course of study has been adapted to the needs of the evening school, and pupils are enabled to do the regular work of the seventh and eighth grades and complete the high school course. Here, too, we find a commercial department, where book-keeping, stenography and type-writing fit the ambitious youth for office work and a business life. Besides the mere form of routine

scholarship we find the great masses of "the hurried" are absorbing a working, practical knowledge of basketry, cooking, manual training, sewing and millinery. Also we find many who are learning to prepare dishes for the sick. This leads us to the conclusion that whatever individual steps are taken, whether it be in carpentry, short-hand, or Greek, the state is looking for citizens, for men and women, who will be useful, thrifty, self-supporting and patriotic.

There is no employer of indiscriminate labor in any city but is keenly awake to the desirable possibilities of the evening-schools, there is no manufacturer who does not realize the beneficent results of having his workmen attend them. As a natural result you will find broad-cast, a sentiment radically in favor of such an attendance. And the Pole, Greek, Italian, German, Russian, who avails himself of the great opportunity is sure to find hearty encouragement with those who pay him the price of his bread-and-butter.

Not only does the school teach the rudiments of citizenship—the mere knowledge, sufficient to muster a man into the rank of electors; but beyond that, a young woman is taught the



CLARENCE F. CARROLL

Rochester's Superintendent of Public Instruction

desired task of making bread, mending clothing, of caring for the invalid—in short, of making a home for him who gives voice to the proud boast that he is an American. In fact, it would seem that there is no ambition but what might find a stepping stone in these schools. The pupil is not only taught to meet his conditions in life, but is also encouraged to exceed and better them. He is taught he may go as far as he wills, and beyond a working knowledge of our history and customs he

(Continued on page 27)

The Evolution of Donaldson Vickers

Telling how a Clergyman Embraced the Opportunity for Righting Himself with God and Woman, thus Redeeming His own Soul

MARGARET ANDREWS OLDHAM

I.

A CONGERIES of peculiar circumstances had made of Sara's mentality a curious piece of patchwork. No fact that she knew fitted into any other fact in her mind, because she had never acquired any knowledge by study. "Things just come to me," was her explanation for knowing out-of-the-way information. She was intelligent on many obscure questions and uncommon subjects; sympathetic to tenderness; merry, poetical, artistic; beautiful—to the tips of her dainty boots, unwittingly so,—but never serious.

She was too young to be *passée*, for Sara was only twenty-two, yet there was a colorless thread of indifference running through and spoiling the pattern of her life.

There had grown up in the minds of those who knew her a feeling of resentment at the thought that she could ever marry; that she could ever be all that she was to any one man. One liked to drink in Sara's delicious personality as one takes of the starlight, and the sunlight, and all the delightful, free permeating joys of nature. And Sara was as impersonal in the radiating of her self as were these elements of the universe.

For all this, there must have been a touch of the woman in her somewhere,—sometime—for occasionally there were tears on her pillow, which she kissed and then patted lovingly till the place was dry, just as she would have smoothed the tumbled curls of some crying child and said, "there, there, dear," till the tears were all gone.

Then, for a day or two, Sara preferred to be alone, to dabble in her painting. There was a far-away look in her lustrous brown eyes—an unanswering look—such as one sees upon the surface of a still lake where only the distant, moving clouds are mirrored.

Few objects ever grew into recognizable form under her brush, and even these would often require a label. Her best attempt was a little child, sometimes an infant in billows of rippling lace; again, as a child of three or five years, with grave eyes and premature face. Sometimes there was almost a suggestion of art promise in the face of this child in which there was never a wandering from the ideal conception attempted in the portrayal of the broad brow, the straight refined nose, and the full, affectionate lips.

One tearless, and very typical day in Sara's life, she was playfully showing her "den" to an artist of some repute, as a child might show her play-house. He smiled indulgently at the evident and untutored labor in the results of her brush-work. He knew that she could not be serious in this, for Sara was never really serious in anything; there was a

disconnected and wasted beauty and effort in it all that appealed to the man of utilized aesthetics. What if she should really be ambitious in this art? Suppose this were, after all, the key of her mysterious, tantalizing, uncertain heart?

A wave of hope swept him to her side. "Sara," he said, with seductive intonation, "you might, some day, become a distinguished artist; you, yourself, are the perfection of art conception. If you will frame my life with your love, place a halo over it with your beauty, and poetize it with your presence, I can become anything, and you"—

"Yes, and I"—she repeated teasingly. "Finish your fairy-tale. Why didn't you say, 'you will live happy ever afterward?' Come now, I was prepared to hear you make fun; I showed it to you for that purpose, but not to have this added to it! This is just my little play-house—that is all."

His eyes rested on the face of the last little boy of about five years, presumably, whose cupid lips were hardly yet dry. "Who is that child?" he asked.

"I never saw him," answered Sara, "he is purely ideal."

"But he seems to have grown up with you; here he is, an infant; here a little older; here, again, clearly the same face."

A wistful, woman look came into her face then, that this man who loved her had never seen before, or believed her capable of. "Tell me about this," he pleaded. "I never knew you interested in anything, or in any person, as you seem to be in this child."

They were standing before the easel; the southern sun pointed a golden finger at the baby-face. Sara was a creature of impulse; an emotion swept over her like an angel's wing. She put out her hand tremblingly toward the picture. "This is the only—thing—on this earth that I love," she said, "except father, of course. I never saw this child, or one like him, but—I love him, I love him! I even kiss his crude canvas lips."

How the artist in him wanted to sketch her as she said that! It was beautiful, and all woman, too! He held the key at last.

"Sara, dear," he said, very tenderly. "I will help you love this boy; I will paint him for you in such perfect and glorious expression, such natural and responsive conception, that you will expect him to step out from the canvas. I will teach you to paint him."

Her face flushed, her eyes drooped, her hand lay impassive between his. He went on:

"You can give him *all* your love; I can wait."

She did not move, only her lips twitched just a little nervously. Then he drew her very, very tenderly to him, pressed her cheek

close against his and continued, almost as though he were crooning a lullaby:

"And then, some sweet day, this little boy *will* come into your life; he will press his little lips to yours—like this, and put his arms about your neck, and you will love him—oh, so much more than you ever loved his picture, and then—oh, Sara! *then*, you will love *me* for his sake."

He could feel her breath coming faster and her heart beating quicker, and—could he believe it? She leaned on him a trifle willingly!

He waited just a moment to check the intoxication of his senses, and to dispel the fear of the illusion; then, in the same quiet, purring tone asked: "Will you, darling?"

And Sara promised.

But the "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" befalls more mortals than any volume, save the Great Book of the Tragedies of Hearts, can enroll, and the next month, which was to have been given over to wedding preparations, unrolled a startling panorama.

II.

Only once had Sara left her home, and that was the two years she was at boarding school, from her fifteenth to her seventeenth year. She had then been brought home ill, and, before the long delirium of fever had released her consciousness, her mother was laid to rest by the same old rector that had performed her marriage ceremony. Then Sara vowed that she would never leave her home, or her grief-crazed father, and this loving vow she had religiously kept for nearly six years. She had stipulated that, after her marriage, she should live in her old home, amid the familiar scenes and friends of her childhood.

But just as Sara was preparing to enter into this new and mysteriously delightful phase of life, her father, Mr. Durand, died suddenly, leaving her in the care of an old aunt who had taken the mother's place and the servants of the house who were an integral part of her life.

Following close upon the death of her father, came the death of her old rector, the patient, saintly old man who had tried to lead her feet in the right path, and who had given his blessing on her coming marriage. She felt a sense of personal grief and loss in his death, more so than in that of her father who was a scientist, always buried in his study, having little to do with the world outside his books, since the death of his wife.

The old rector had loved her as a father, and she had mourned him as would a child.

So the marriage, instead of being a great social event, in a flower-decked church, was to be a quiet affair at home, after a few months of seclusion. Sara was not conven-

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No Man's Man or a Puppet Man?

WHAT kind of a man would be selected as the executive head of a private business, capitalized at over 100 millions of dollars, with annual expenditures of over 5 millions, conducted in the interests of over 200,000 stockholders?

Would the shareholders choose a man of undoubted respectability and amiability, but whose record induced the impression that he would cater more, nay even betray, the interests of his employers to hostile, rival or scheming interests, that he might be, and probably would be, subservient to pernicious influence, that he might wink complacently at corruption and mismanagement, that he might permit waste of the stockholders' funds, or their extravagant use, that, indeed, the chief price of his elevation was a tacit compact that such an arrangement would be permitted?

WOULD THEY, SOBERLY AND SERIOUSLY, COUNTENANCE THE SPECTACLE OF SUCH A MAN IN CHARGE OF THEIR AFFAIRS?

Or would they select a man of rugged integrity, of honest intent, whose whole record, even in a minor place in the administration of that corporation's affairs, has been one of virtue and protest against extravagance, mismanagement and corruption?

The city of Rochester is a corporation—its assessed valuation is considerably over 100 millions of dollars—its annual expenditures are over five millions of dollars and its stockholders, in other words, its citizens, numbering two hundred thousand people, are face to face in the political campaign this year with just this business proposition.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, MR. TAXPAYER?

You know generally about your business—you have, however, but a meagre idea of "the inside"—the venal grasping of the public service corporations for advantage, their deals with the bosses, the bosses' deals with the public-service corporations and the grafters. The grafters and the public-service corporations are voraciously insistent that the bosses shall fill public offices with puppet-men, "safe and sane" men, as the Harrimans and the Archbolds and the Rogerses call them.

Two candidates are presented to the voters of Rochester for the important office of mayor. One of them is confessedly the candidate of the republican "machine" and therefore of its Boss, for the Boss of Monroe is the "machine" and the "machine" is the Boss. The other is no man's man.

Whatever the faults charged to Mr. Cutler's administration the fact stands out that the grafters of the machine have had hard sledding during his regime and the corporations have been forced to reluctantly yield more adequate service and a better rental for their franchises.

When Mr. Cutler, last June, announced his intention of retiring from the mayoralty candidacy the corporations exulted and the disgruntled henchmen wearily cooling their heels outside "the crib", beamed with joy.

"Now," said the grafters, "we will force the Boss to give us a mayor who will be plastic" (and that means a mayor who will "stand for the boys" and the boys' dark schemes).

"Now," said the corporations, "we may hope for the nomination and election of a man who will be 'safe and sane', who will 'let-up' in the endeavor to force us to yield an honest return for the privileges we have looted from the people."

Later, at the request of friends, Mr. Cutler indicated that under certain circumstances he might accept a renomination. THEN CAME THAT FAMOUS CONFERENCE. Some say that Mr. Cutler was coldly informed that "the business interests", which meant in this case the corporations, would not contribute to his campaign fund and that he must therefore stand aside. Not a thought of his record or his qualifications. Others say that Mr. Cutler was blandly told that he might have the nomination but that the patronage must be controlled by another. Both stories may be true. At all events Mr. Cutler was ruthlessly thrust aside and Hiram H. Edgerton, true enough a man of respectability and amiability, became the Puppet-Man.

And Hiram H. Edgerton is Boss-stamped. The corporations, the grafters and the Boss wanted a plastic man, a handy man, an agreeable man, whose record of fealty and puppetry would reassure the "interests"—hence, Edgerton.

For eight years Mr. Edgerton has stood, or sat, as President of the common council. Does anyone deny that throughout that time the thumb of The Boss was his brain and that he is now the candidate of the Boss, nominated by the Boss because he was "a complacent, amiable person" and acceptable to "the interests" and that if elected mayor he will be aught but a cog, even a willing tool, of the "machine"?

The truckling republican press prates of his kindliness—it is conceded. They sing his praises as a fair-minded man towards his employees—granted. But the workingmen of Rochester to-day, and the great body of the people as well, are not considering respectability and amiability as the sole qualifications for the headship of their corporation—they are seeking RESPONSIBILITY—an executive whose record does not shout from the house-tops that he is the political creature of another.

Consider the pristine nerve of the Boss—he points to Mr. Edgerton and says "Elect him on Cutler's record!" But the people are looking forward, not backward. They are not considering records of administrations but of candidates, and the reason of their candidacy, and their probable efficiency if elected. They are heart-sick of deals—of betrayal of their interests and their pockets. They know the menace and the defiant attitude of bossism. They want a REAL mayor—a president who will administer the affairs of their corporation for THEIR welfare—not a mannikin, not a mass of respectability and amiability but a courageous man, owing fealty to none but the people, no tool of the corporations or the tool of a tool of the corporations.

But no boss nominated William Ward, the democratic candidate, for mayor although it is more than likely that the bosses would have chosen to have him owe his nomination to them if they could. They would like to bind him with the fetters of embarrass-

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Cards and Card Leaving

One of the Obligations of Society that is Exacting in its Demands and Which, Accomplished Well, Becomes an Art in Itself

KEITH GORDON

TO the woman, matron or débutante who takes her place in the world of society and intends to fulfill her tacitly assumed obligations, the matter of calls and card leaving must rank first in the order of these obligations, and will make a somewhat severe demand upon her time and attention. The men of her family add their share to her burdens, for they have neither time nor inclination for the never-ending round of calls entailed by participation in dinners, dances, teas, etc. Bachelors, however, cannot shirk their duties, and society holds them relentlessly to their fulfillment or, if they fail in this, drops them; save in a few instances where they are too richly endowed either with worldly goods or social gifts to be put aside.

Hours of calling are in the larger cities limited to the two afternoon hours, from four to six o'clock, and where the lady has "a day at home," as far as possible calls should be made upon that day. It sometimes is impossible to do this, as when several ladies have the same day, and in larger places the great distances preventing more than two or three calls within the prescribed hours. Then one can only apologize for the necessity of calling upon another day. Of course when it is only a question of leaving cards, without asking for the ladies of the house, all days are the same.

In smaller cities and suburban towns where earlier hours are customary for lunch and dinner, formal visits may be paid from three, or even half-past two, to five in the afternoon, and in these smaller places informal and friendly calls are frequently made in the evening.

There is a commonly accepted view regarding the much debated subject of first calls, or calls upon new acquaintances, that they should not be made until a meeting elsewhere with an introduction has taken place, or where the existence of mutual friends affords a ground for desiring the acquaintance. Some ladies have adopted a fashion of sending their cards for certain reception days instead of making a first call, and if this is responded to by a call, the acquaintance is established. This custom may recommend itself as a saving of time, but can scarcely be regarded as a gracious and friendly way of receiving a newcomer into the ranks of one's acquaintances.

First calls should be returned promptly, never allowing the interval to extend beyond ten or fourteen days. It is the custom in all American cities for residents to call first upon new comers. Washington is an exception, as etiquette there must be more or less influenced by the presence of the diplomatic, foreign, and

official elements, which will be separately taken up.

A gentleman does not call upon a lady unless she has invited him to do so, or he does so accompanied by a mutual friend, who gives him the requisite introduction. When calling upon ladies whom he knows but slightly, a gentleman sends up his card, but where he knows the ladies well he does not do so, merely giving his name to the servant. If calling upon the sons or daughters of the house, he should leave cards for the father and mother, whether he knows them or not. Regarding the routine of calling, if a lady is driving the man-servant will first inquire if the lady of the house is at home; if she is, the lady hands her card to the servant at the door, who should be ready to receive it, and precede her to the drawing-room. If at home and intending to receive callers, a lady should be in her drawing or reception room during calling hours. At the conclusion of her visit, which if a formal one, should not exceed fifteen or twenty minutes, she must leave two of her husband's cards, if the hostess is a married lady, and one of each of her daughters who are in society, if their names are not upon her own card. She may also leave cards for a grown-up son, but it is better that he should make his own calls if taking his part in social life. If the lady of the house is not at home, these cards are left with her own, which she will also leave for any daughters of the house who have taken their places in the social ranks, but many elderly ladies do not leave cards for these younger ones.

If calling upon a friend who is visiting in the house of a lady with whom you are not acquainted, you must leave a card for her. And whether you ask to see her or not, will probably be dependent upon the attitude of your friend, who will doubtless know if a meeting would be agreeable to her hostess. It is well to avoid even the appearance of making your friend's presence in her house an excuse for forcing an acquaintance if it is not desired.

An invitation to dinner or lunch, whether accepted or not, must be followed by a call, and this is equally imperative for men as women, and this call must be made always within the week following the dinner or luncheon. Invitations to balls, musicales, theater-parties, garden parties, and "at homes," whether accepted or not, will be also occasions for a call within a week of the event, but it is not imperative in these cases to ask for the ladies, and cards may be left without doing so, but if the call is made upon a lady's day then it would be necessary to enter and make the call a personal one.

There are calls of congratulation to be made upon receiving announcement of a daughter's engagement, upon the birth of a child, or any occasion which especially calls for the good wishes of a friend. When cards are left upon such occasions "congratulations" may be written over the name upon the card. There are also visits of condolence to be made, and in these cases inquiries are made for the members of the family, and one card is left, which may be inscribed with such an expression, as, "With deepest sympathy," but you do not ask to see any one, as you would do in the case of congratulations. These must be personal visits, and cards should not be sent by servants nor by post.

Visits for the purpose of inquiring for a sick friend, and of condolence are returned by cards thanking for the kind inquiries and for sympathy, the former upon recovery, the latter at such time after as the affected person determines to renew their social duties. Visits of congratulation, if very formal, may be returned by cards, but by personal calls if among more intimate acquaintances. A bride usually sends out cards for two or three reception days as soon as she is settled in her new home, and sometimes cards announcing these days are sent with the wedding invitations. Her new acquaintances will then call upon her upon those days, and she will not call even upon her friends until they have called upon her.

Strangers in town who wish to see friends or acquaintances whom they have there, should send their cards with address by post.

On returning from abroad or after any continued absence from home one sends cards to their entire circle of acquaintances with whom they wish to renew social relations, and when one is going away for a long absence or is removing to another city, it is customary to send cards with the letters P. P. C. (*Pour prendre congé*) in the left hand lower corner. These may be sent by post also. In the matter of calls and cards one general rule may be always followed. A personal call is returned by a call, a card is returned by a card, and very few occasions arise where a call would be returned by a card, or a card by a call.

An Exalted Thespian

"What sort of a billet's he got now?" asked the one mummer of the other.

"At the very top o' the profeshun, laddie; the very top," said the other with enthusiasm. "He sits right up at the top o' the flies, an' tears up paper for the snowstorm."

EVERY FRIDAY

A Modern Disciple of Velasquez

Albert Prentiss Ward, Rochester's Gifted Artist, who Embodies all the Characteristics of the Great Spanish Master in His Works

M. URSULA ROGERSON

TO bring the influence of Velasquez and other great masters to the modern student and art-lover, is a noble purpose in any place or clime; but to make Rochester the field for such a mission is to undertake a task that requires the guiding power of an absolute faith in the great possibilities of this life, especially at a time when public sentiment is so fully engrossed with commercial and scientific competition.

"There is so much power in faith," says Bulwer Lytton, "even when faith is applied but to things human, that let a man but be firmly persuaded that he is born to do some day, what at that moment seems impossible, and fifty to one that he does it before he dies."

It is such a faith as this, that prompts Albert Prentiss Ward to locate his studio in Rochester and create an American art center in this city.

Mr. Ward is a young man of genius, and inherits from his New England revolutionary ancestry, sterling qualities of courage, that will enable him to accomplish whatever purpose he has in view, for the growth and advancement of art. He is descended from a family of portrait painters, and at an early age showed marked ability in the art of design and color. Fortunately for him, his parents encouraged the gifted boy, and gave him every advantage of an art education.

Mr. Ward was born in Worcester, Mass., but when a young child, came with his parents to Rochester, where he attended the public schools, Mechanics Institute, and the University of Rochester, after which he continued



ALBERT PRENTISS WARD
A Modern Disciple of Velasquez

his studies in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. His artistic abilities became so marked; that his father, Mr. A. W. Ward, sent him to Paris, where he could receive inspiration and instruction from the best modern artists, in the "Académie Julian" and "Ecole des Beaux-Arts." He was a pupil of Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens, S. Seymour Thomas and James McNeil Whistler. During a portion of the years spent in Paris, Mr. Ward was accompanied by his devoted mother, to whom he owed much of the artistic instinct that guided him in his work.

To be a pupil and friend of S. Seymour Thomas is the desire and ambition of all modern art students in Paris, for he is at the present time the greatest master of painting. This privilege Mr. Ward enjoyed, and before returning to America, made a memorable sketching tour of Holland, accompanied by Whistler and Seymour Thomas.

Rochester may well be proud of its young citizen, for Mr. Ward, who is still in his thirties, has gained a high place in the art circles of Paris, and his purpose now is to extend his art-work in his native land.

Mr. Ward is an indefatigable worker, and puts his soul into the composition of the subject before him. During the present year, he has been daily in his studio at 99 Park avenue, painting four great works for the mural decoration of a large Roman Catholic church recently completed, in one of the leading cities of the United States.

These original mural paintings are partially completed in the artist's studio and then sealed to the church wall, where they are finished according to their surroundings. The subjects of the two largest, which are twelve feet wide and nine feet high, are "Mary Magdalene" and "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." The two smaller panels are, "The Death of St. Francis Xavier" and the "Death of St. Barbara." In viewing these remarkable canvases, one is impressed with the artist's perception of truth and beauty of light, "the light of the white radiance of day." Also, the exquisite harmony of color with which he fills his pictures.

Nothing is overdone. He speaks the language of the great Spanish Master, "who drew the minds of men that lived, breathed and seemed ready to walk out of their frames," who holds "as 'twere, the mirror up to nature to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Mr. Ward has a brilliant future before him, for he is an enthusiast whose guide is Nature, and whose delight is Truth, which will lead him to the highest place among American artists of the present day.

Musical Notes

The Rochester Maennerchor has begun its rehearsals under the directorship of Heinrich Jacobsen. It has a membership of sixty, and the outlook is very encouraging for a successful season.

Guernsey Curtiss, baritone, was heard to advantage at the Organ Recital given by Miss Alice Wysard at the Second Baptist Church Monday evening. Mr. Curtiss has a rich, full voice, under excellent control, and an artistic

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"DEATH OF ST. BARBARA"

(Copyright 1907 by Albert Prentiss Ward.)



Detail of Face in Ward's Painting, "Death of St. Barbara"

EVERY FRIDAY

All Eyes on the 'Varsity To-morrow

If Rochester Football Players Can Lower the Colors of Hamilton, Much Will be Gained to Atone for Previous Disappointments

HUGH A. SMITH

THE local 'Varsity football squad has reached a crisis and passed safely through its gravest stages, unless present indications count for naught. The Niagara game marked the on-coming of the danger point; the Colgate disaster, its culmination, and the victory over St. Lawrence the turning point, with convalescence in sight.

The origin of all the trouble may be traced to that unfortunate clash with Syracuse, the wisdom of which game so early in the season, if at all, has been gravely questioned by followers of the team. The line at best was

gate game in a nutshell. The game afforded no real line on the 'Varsity, as it could scarcely be considered a 'Varsity aggregation which faced its ancient rivals.

The truth of the above axiom was further demonstrated last Saturday, when the wearers of the yellow, with Captain Jordan and Pierce back in line and Keiber in the game, played all around St. Lawrence, although tallying but a single touchdown. The men, playing with grim determination and revived confidence, appeared like a rejuvenated team, and the Cantonians were never dangerous.

'Varsity faces its perpetual football hoodoo, Hamilton, on Culver Field to-morrow, and interest is keen. While Keiber will not be in the game, Symonds may be back, completing the original line, and hope is running high since the team found its feet last Saturday. If it can turn the trick on Hamilton, the season will prove the most successful in years in that one greatly desired achievement. Hamilton generally bewails its weakness during early days of the season, only to develop the needed strength and craftiness in due season for its games with Colgate and Rochester.

FOOTBALL WARRIORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER IN THEIR WAR PAINT
AND SOME OF THEIR CAMPAIGN DIRECTORS



Reading from left to right their names are :

TOP ROW—F. S. Macomber, athletic council; Prof. J. H. Gilmore, Coach Stroud, H. Roberts, Slater, Rupert, Abbott.

SECOND ROW—Snell, ex-asst. manager; Burr, manager; Saulsman, Joy, D. Roberts, Vao Buskirk, Dennis, Smith.

THIRD ROW—W. Roberts, Armbruster, Macberlein, Pray, Grant, Parce, Warner.

FOURTH ROW—W. Pryor, grad. coach; Zimmer, grad. coach; Capt. Jordan, Dunn, Hunt, Schermerborn, Alling, Wells, Funk.

altogether too light to afford the loss of three such men as Captain Jordan, Symonds and Pierce, who were put out of commission at a critical stage of the season by the Salt City monsters.

A most patent fact disclosed by the Colgate game is the important part played by just two or three men on a line. Cripple the line in but one or two positions, and, regardless of the strength of the rest of the team, it can be made to look an out-classed aggregation. This generality tells the sad tale of the Col-

The team still disclosed an inability to land a "knock-out," when it was held once for downs on St. Lawrence's three-yard line and again on the ten-yard mark. There was an increased diversity of attack, however, which was encouraging. The forward pass was negotiated successfully several times, while Saulsman proved a clever ground gainer round the wing. Pray is proving himself a tower of strength in advancing the leather on straight football, with Fowle and Ramaker holding up their end nicely.

The boys from Clinton held Cornell to a 23 to 0 score in its opening game, a creditable showing, but were swamped 43 to 0 by Lafayette last Saturday. This latter score must be taken with a grain of salt, as the Easton institution frequently occasions a nervous feeling among the big elevens. If, perchance, the Lafayette game had the same effect upon Hamilton as the Syracuse game had upon the local collegians, there is still another source of hope.

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EVERY FRIDAY

Indians Lead All in Gridiron Work

While Admitting the Syracuse Men a Very Formidable Team, the Red Skins Showed Superior Knowledge in Football Tactics

GEORGE H. BROOKE

THE curtain of the gridiron stage was raised a little higher last week and we can now get a better view of the strenuous football actors as the plot thickens. One thing we *do* see, and that is, that most of the teams are working to the limit on open play and are not throwing away their valuable time on blind line plunging. At present writing I should say that the Indians leave all the first-class teams in the brilliancy of their forward passing tactics.

The Indian-Syracuse game last Saturday was a fine illustration of this. Syracuse after

The Indians take a lot of pride in their football. The "yellow" streak is an unknown color among them, and they take their knocks stoically. On the other hand, they are super-sensitive about public opinion, and they love to stand in the limelight as much as any matinee idol. In the winter of '96 I was invited to Carlisle by Orville Hickock, then coach of the Indians, to handle the kickers for a few days before the final game with Brown in Madison Square Garden. One afternoon I noticed that there was a little friction between some of the players. After practice I asked

Duquesne. In this the Indian clad in football armor stood with his foot on the white man's neck.

"These two pictures," continued the coach, "made the rest of the Indians so jealous of Cayou that for a week afterward they would throw down the ball and say 'give it to Cayou, he's the best player.'"

Yale has made big strides in the modern game. She is working on the hard accurate forward pass, whereas last year she used the high, long pass to a greater extent. Her coaches have a great kicker in Coy, the full

FOOTBALL BRIGADE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SYRACUSE, SHOWING THE PLAYERS WHO BATTLED WITH THE RED-SKINS ON SATURDAY



The two bottom rows compose the squad which went to Buffalo. In the bottom row, beginning at the left, are Waugh, Stein, Banks, Reynolds, Cadigan, Barry, Fisher, Horr, Van Arnam and Stimson.

Those in the second row, from left to right, are: Dudley, Champlin, Scully, Larkin, Capt. Park, Preston, Anderson, O'Brien and Burtoot. Manager Haight is in the upper left hand corner of the picture, and Trainer Keane is in the upper right hand corner.

her excellent game with the powerful Yale aggregation is recognized as one of the most formidable machines on the gridiron. With the giant Horr at tackle and Banks, the brilliant open field quarter-back, and a heavy bunch to back their efforts, the Salt City team is hard to beat. Yet the Redskins, with a lighter team on a wet field, out-generaled and out-played them in the fiercest kind of a battle. Mount Pleasant is a keen general, and realizes the daring necessary in modern attack. The policy of "hold the ball" is antiquated, and the quarter-backs who stick to it might as well take seats in the background of the picture.

Hickock what was the matter, and was informed that there was some jealousy because one player had been praised more than others.

"Back in '93," said Hickock, "the Indians went down to Pittsburg to play the Duquesne Athletic Club, and beat them easily. Cayou, the swiftest of the Indians, made some wonderful runs. An artist happened to be among the spectators, and a week afterwards he sent two pictures to Cayou in token of his admiration. One picture showed the battle of Duquesne, fought in 1793. The white soldier stood with his foot on the Indian warrior's neck. The other pictured the 1893 battle of

back, and they are wisely seeking the fastest pair of ends in the college to follow up the kicks. Piggott and Alcott seem the selections.

Clever coaches are teaching their men this year to place their kicks and to make them difficult to handle rather than to try for distance alone. I see that Annapolis got the ball within scoring distance of Vanderbilt's goal last Saturday by a cleverly placed punt by Douglass, and the recovery of the ball by Daguc, the fast Navy right end. Annapolis beat Swarthmore last year on just such a play by the same players.

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Farmer Starkweather's Obstinacy

To It the State of New York Has Erected and Maintained a Monument—An Incident in New York History

M. J. WHEDON

NEARLY a century ago, near Eagle Harbor, a small hamlet in Orleans county, lived Andrew Starkweather, to whose stubbornness the great State of New York has erected and maintained a monument all these years. True, it is not a marble shaft with a glowing epitaph, nor does it record the glorious deeds of a warrior brave, yet it speaks eloquently its message and generations have wondered at the man.

At the time of the construction of the original Erie canal, Starkweather owned about fifty acres of land, a farm of ordinary value in that community and worth not more than seventy or eighty dollars an acre. It was so situated that the canal divided it, leaving the house on one side and the barn on the other. The old man bitterly opposed the digging of the Clinton ditch, and as a sort of peace offering and to settle the claim against the state, for Starkweather was reckoned of some importance in the locality, the officials offered to build a bridge across the waterway and maintain it forever, or they would authorize the payment of \$5,000 for his claim. The obdurate farmer seemed to care naught for the large sum proffered, but insisted that the bridge be constructed.

This was done, and the state, faithful to its agreement, saw to it that the structure rivaled any along the route of the big ditch. And there it stood until 1863, when the canal was enlarged, receiving, at various times, the necessary repairs and improvements, an ever-present proclamation to the public of the bit-

ter opposition of a man who was decidedly against the construction of this great waterway, and who, despite personal loss, insisted on his rights to the letter.

When the canal was enlarged, a new bridge was built at this place, and although the original owner of the property had long since passed away, his son inherited the idiosyncracies of the father, and for years had the sole benefit of the bridge maintained at public expense. No one crosses the span aside from these connected with the household, as there is no roadway approaching it on either side, except the narrow pathway from the barn on the north to the old ivy-covered brick house on the south.

Three or four years ago, the structure had become dilapidated and the timbers so weak that the superintendent of the division deemed a new one advisable. Accordingly, a modern steel bridge was built. And there it stands today, the wonder of strangers with its story almost forgotten by the old residents of the neighborhood. With the construction of the barge canal, it is quite likely that a fourth bridge will be built, and yet scarcely a score of people will cross it in a twelve months. Today it is owned by the grandson of Andrew Starkweather, and while the farm is not as valuable as it was when the old pioneer first made his compact with the state, yet there has never been the slightest indication that the original agreement would be abrogated.

Some of the mathematically inclined, residing in the vicinity, have figured out what could

have been done with this \$5,000 if the original Starkweather had sagacity enough to accept the offer made by the state and put the money out at interest until the present. With the original amount re-invested only once in ten years, and interest computed at five per cent., and it would have been easy to have obtained seven in those days, the princely offer would have amounted by this time to more than \$350,000. If the interest had never been compounded, yet it would amount to something better than \$25,000, or more than ten times the value of the farm today.

If this interest money had been used to buy farming land at fifty dollars an acre, it would purchase a seven thousand acre tract, or more land than there is in the town where the property is located, and the next one adjoining. Or, if the owner had wished to do something for education, he could have built a new school house for every school district in the county, better ones than are now provided, too, and pay the salary of the school commissioners for a score of years. From a philanthropic point of view, the accrued sum would pay off the whole canal tax for the barge canal in the entire county, and leave thousands for other benefactions.

And, yet, here it stands to-day, a bridge which has almost in reality cost the Starkweathers enough, not only to allow them to live in luxury all these years, but to be one of the richest families in the county. The pioneer of the family paid the price of having his own way.

Musical Notes

(Continued from page 9)

temperament, that makes his appearance on a programme a delight to all who hear him.

Rehearsals are now being arranged for the Symphony Orchestra. Ludwig Schenck, conductor, extends invitations to all musicians, who wish to become members, to send application as early as possible.

Carl Pohlez comes from the Stuttgart Opera to succeed the late Fritz Schul as conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars.

Gustave Mahler, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will receive from the Budapest and Royal Vienna Opera houses, a pension of five thousand dollars a year.

Puccini's new opera, "Marie Antoinette," will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House during the coming season.

Word comes from Tokio that a Japanese organist named Saito, has recently given the

first Bach concert heard in that country. It is only about twenty years since the study of music was introduced in the Conservatory at Tokio, and steady progress has been made in this branch of education. In Kobe is a flourishing musical society called "The Chopin Club," where musical competitions of Chopin are played, and sketches of his life are read.

The Paris Conservatory has met with a serious loss in the death of Antonin Marmontel, its renowned French piano teacher. Monsieur Marmontel was also second choir director of the chorus at the Grand Opera.

At L'Opera Comique, Paris, will be produced Claude Debussy's new opera "L'histoire de Tristan," which promises to be an important event in the French musical world.

Answered

Bagley—"Bailey, what's a figure of speech?"

Bailey—"My wife, Bagley."

Geo. S. Crittenden.

Whose Little Girl?

When Mamma scolds her little girl,
Or Papa's sweet bonbons have bought her,
She says with saucy emphasis,
"I'm Papa's little daughter."

When Papa chides or frowns at her,
For naughty ways we have not taught her,
She says with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm Mamma's little daughter."

When Papa and when Mamma too,
Must scold for wrong in which they've caught
her,
She sobs in broken-heartedness,
"I'm just nobody's daughter."

But when she's sweet and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought her,
She says with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

Margaret Andrews Oldham.

The Grave of Daniel O. Shays

Comparatively Few Know That Leader of Famous Insurrection was Buried in Livingston County—A Patriot as Well as a Rebel

SAMUEL T. JENNINGS

WHAT boy or girl of school age is there who has not heard of Shays' rebellion. They have studied United States history and have read of the insurrection in Massachusetts in 1786 which threw the country into

debated, and for upwards of seven years but little was accomplished. Of course this condition could produce nothing in the way of prosperity or confidence and the prevailing state became one of disaster. The statesmen at work trying to solve the difficult problems were forced to resort to taxation to tide over the delays. Promises were held out and the colonies waited in the hope that better times would come, but finally they became restless. Impatient hearts influenced those less impatient. A condition of unrest spread throughout the land, and finally the storm gathered and broke in fury. Massachusetts was the scene and Daniel O. Shays the leader. Taxation had become so unbearable that many

were unable to pay. It was estimated that the average debt of each person was \$200, and hundreds were thrust into prison for non-payment.

This aroused the ire of Shays and he rebelled. He had fought in the Revolutionary war and had served with such gallantry at Bunker Hill that he was brevetted captain for his distinguished services. Naturally the farmers flocked around the captain, and, led by him, they marched to Springfield 1,000 strong to seize the arsenal there, but his forces were forestalled by the militia. He succeeded, however, in stopping the session of the Supreme court and put an end to all actions for debt.

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SHAYS' HOME AT PELHAM, MASS.

a fever of excitement. Perhaps it was taken too seriously at the time, for after events showed its leader to be a rather harmless, phlegmatic, portly individual, and not a dangerous rebel; but just then the country was in an excitable condition, and a rebellion of any sort naturally worked men up to a pitch of frenzy.

But, although the story of Shays' rebellion lives and has a place in the text books, and is a familiar matter to all who have studied history, it is doubtful if there are many who know that the leader of that famous insurrection is buried in Livingston county, far from the scene of his rebellion. How many are there who know that after the excitement attendant upon the insurrection had died away and Shays had disappeared from public interest he went to Western New York, which was then the "Far West" of the country, lived and died in the town of Sparta, Livingston county, and was buried in a small country cemetery?

Incidentally how many are there who could have told his name correctly off hand? He is called Shay, O'Shay, O'Shays and various other incorrect names as often as he is named correctly. "Shays" with the final "s", is the correct spelling of his name. But the present interest lies in his resting place rather than in the memory of the insurrection that made him famous. Briefly the history of his rebellion may be told as follows:

The Event Reviewed

The American colonies, after they had shaken off the rule of England, were in an unsettled state. The government was not centralized and the master minds of Hamilton, Washington, and other political leaders were at work trying to bring order out of chaos. Suggestion after suggestion was offered and



THE GRAVE OF DANIEL O. SHAYS

Recently discovered spot in ancient necropolis, the burial place of one of America's heroes

EVERY FRIDAY

Robert Mantell on a Brief Visit

Rochester Apparently Slighted by the Theatrical Syndicate in the Limited Time Allotted to Many of the First Class Attractions

OLIVER STURGES JONES

JUST why those who control directly or indirectly the majority of the country's so-called high-class theatrical attractions—high in price, but not always high in quality of entertainment—have designated Rochester as being little better than a "one night stand,"



ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL

Tragedian of great merit who will be seen in the roles of "Shylock" and "King Lear" at the Lyceum tomorrow

is probably best known to themselves, but certain it is that the perpetual change in the menu at the local theater of the syndicate is a cause of much querulous comment as well as no little disappointment or inconvenience to a very large number of people hereabouts who cannot always arrange their business or private engagements to suit the caprices of the Great Moguls of the stage.

Last week, three separate companies of players were offered for public patronage, and the same thing has happened this week. Attention to this, let it be understood, is drawn as much for the benefit of the play-goer as for the play-actor in the hope that something may be done to remedy the "take-it-or-leave-it" methods which are enforced upon both. For instance, Robert Mantell, whom William Winter, the dean of theatrical critics, has so frequently eulogized as the "greatest Shakesperean actor in America," is, at comparatively short notice, brought to Rochester to-morrow for "two performances only," and then moves on to Buffalo, where he will give eight performances next week!

Why this discrimination against Rochester in favor of Buffalo? The latter certainly has a total population nearly twice as large as

Rochester, but almost two-thirds of these "Bison citizens" are unable to understand the English language! There must be some explanation for meting out the theatrical pabulum in such apparently incongruous doses. It does not happen once or twice, but many times, in a season that Rochester is so treated and it is hoped that these remarks will be heeded in the good natured spirit in which they are written and that some remedy will be forthcoming or at least, that some cause will be assigned why "three nights or less" is the limit set for the visits of theatrical companies here.

In the meantime, it is a pleasure to be able to herald the coming of Mr. Mantell to the Lyceum to-morrow. As an actor of romantic and classic roles, a man of fine physique and commanding stage presence, he is well known in Rochester by those who recall his splendid work in Monbars, Macbeth, Lady of Lyons, Othello and the other famous plays in his repertoire. And this visit too will be all the more noticeable because Mr. Mantell will be seen in two great Shakesperean characters which he has not before given in Rochester. He will play "Shylock" to-morrow afternoon and "King Lear" at night.

Elsie Janis Makes Good

ALTHOUGH the libretto of "The Hoyden," as furnished by Cosmo Hamilton, is not of a very high order, Elsie Janis made the most of her opportunities at the Lyceum last night and her "imitations," many of which and quite



ELSIE JANIS

Vivacious and clever little mirth-maker who is playing a short engagement here in a new musical comedy

new to Rochester, delighted the audience. The music, which is by Paul Rubens, contains many delightful numbers and, altogether, Charles Dillingham has given us a well-rounded production.

The cast is a long one and there is a very



DE WOLF HOPPER

Popular comedian comes to Rochester next week with his latest success "Happyland," for which De Koven wrote the music

large and well trained chorus which contains a host of pretty girls. While Miss Janis is always the life of this musical comedy, the other principals are seen to advantage especially Sam Reed, Arthur Stanford, Isabel d'Armond, Nellie Beaumont, and the Ward brothers. The company concludes its visit to Rochester to-night.

De Koven Opera on Monday

IN "Happyland," which comes to the Lyceum for the first three nights and a Wednesday matinee next week, De Wolf Hopper is said to have created for himself a character which will make "Wang" take a second place in his repertoire. Certain it is that the critics have unanimously acclaimed "Happyland" as one of the most diverting of light operas and the tall comedian and his resonant voice have been greeted with crowded houses everywhere.

"Happyland" is the work of Reginald De Koven and Frederic Ranken and that is a suffi-

EVERY FRIDAY

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

cient guarantee that the music and libretto are both of a high order. The story begins eighteen years before the opening of the play when the King of Elysia forms a peace compact with the King of Altruria by which the Princess of Altruria is to marry the Crown Prince of Elysia. As there is no Crown Prince, but a Princess instead, the argeement is a gross deception, especially as there is neither Prince nor Princess of Altruria. Many amusing complications ensue as each potentate is compelled to substitute someone as his heir. The Crown Prince of a third principality having met the daughter—the real Princess—falls desperately in love with her, and further increases the complex situation. It requires two acts of highly amusing misunderstandings to straighten matters to every one's satisfaction.

The Shuberts have spared no expense in the elaborate mounting of the piece, and the costumes are characterized as "a dazzling harmony of color." The many effects are all as perfect as mechanical theatrical science can make them.

Mrs. Fiske's Southern Tour

MRS. FISKE opens her season in "Leah Kleschna," with her Manhattan Company, this evening at Norfolk, Va., and will continue her tour southward with New Orleans as the objective point. Owing to the doors of the theatrical syndicate being closed against her, Mrs. Fiske has not appeared at all in this territory since she rose to the prominence she now holds. For ten years not enough cities have been available to her to make a southern itinerary profitable.



This season the managers of certain vaudeville theatres, recognizing the expressed desire on the part of the people to see her, have displaced vaudeville for the nights of her en-

gagements. Birmingham, Mobile, San Antonio, Houston and a dozen other places are included in the tour.

May Robson Next Thursday

May Robson, in Anne Warner's comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," will follow De Wolf Hopper's engagement for the balance of next week at the Lyceum Theatre.

Stage Notes and News

London critics speak very well of the Belasco-Egerton Castle comedy "Sweet Kitty Belairs" which has just been produced at the Haymarket Theatre. Eva Moore is given high praise for her work as Kitty.

Dorothy Donnelly, who created the chief role in "The Movers,"—which play, by the way, is to be presented again this season—has been transferred by Henry B. Harris to "The Lion and the Mouse," in which play she will temporarily interpret the role of Shirley Rossmore.

Alfred Sutro, author of the "Walls of Jericho" and other plays has arrived in this country to witness the first performance in America of his latest London success "John Glayde's Honor" which will be given in Milwaukee on November 4 with James K. Hackett in the leading role.

The tour of "The White Hen" company came to a sudden end in Terre Haute, Ind. last Saturday night, due apparently, to some difficulties between Louis Mann and the Shuberts, his managers. The company had been playing to big business in St. Louis and other western cities.



MARY QUIVE

(Designed by Fred H. Agan, Staff Artist)

THREE "BIRDIES" IN "WOODLAND"

In response to popular demand, another revival of this opera has been made for the current season



"Woodland" Much in Demand

WITH all the country still clamoring for "more," it is not surprising that Henry W. Savage has practically been compelled by the theater-going public to make another revival of "Woodland," the Pixley and Luders "Audubonesque musical frolic" (ahem!), and

if the bookings of the season can be so arranged, it is expected that this most novel among modern stage productions will pay another visit to Western New York before very long.

This season's "Woodland" company is a strong and competent one, and among the

principals will be found many of the best known singers and comedians who have ever been associated with light opera. Prominent among them are Alonzo Prine, George W. Leslie, Harry Benham, Dwight Allen, H. A. Barrows, Mary Quive, Frances Graham, and Lila Smith.

EVERY FRIDAY

Last Cruise of the "Water Wagon"

Incidents of a Trip by Four Rochester Boys Down the St. Lawrence River From the Thousand Islands to Quebec in a Sloop

MILTON E. CROUCH

THE good ship Water Wagon with her jolly crew of four set sail from Rockport one Saturday afternoon late this summer on a cruise to Quebec, which we had planned during the previous winter months. The "Water Wagon" when she came into our possession was a twenty-one foot sloop of rather ancient architecture. The cabin was a home-made affair distinguished by the name "Cafe" painted conspicuously on it in large red letters. The boat was old, she leaked badly and the cabin was a primitive affair with several of the windows broken, but what did we care for that? We were out for a good time and nothing could dampen our ardor.

With a strong wind in our favor, mainsail and spinnaker drawing full, we slipped rapidly

into rapids that threatened to wreck our craft.

"Keep to the right, Bill, there's less broken water over there." We kept out of the broken water only to be swept ashore and on the rocks by a strong cross-current. "Into the water, fellows, she'll grind to pieces if we don't look out." We all got out and after

burg. "I guess that's enough rapids' shooting for us in this antiquated tub," said Sher. We all agreed, and, after shooting the light rapids at Farren's Point we entered the canal at Dickenson's Landing around the Long Sault Rapids.

"Benj. Harrison of New York," that looks good to me, lets strike them for a tow." The captain of the barge was a very clever fellow and allowed us to take a tow-line from the "Benjie." At 11:30 that night we entered the first lock behind our new found friend. We kept that tow through to Montreal, passing the prosperous city of Cornwall, through the new Soulanges Canal, Lake St. Louis and the Lachine Canal. "Benj. Harrison of New York" was certainly good to us and it seemed



"OUR TOW" THE BARGE BENJ. HARRISON IN THE LACHINE CANAL

down stream past Chippewa Bay with its many little cottages and picturesque camps, past the little city of Brockville and at eight o'clock were tied up for the night at Ogdensburg. Sunday morning saw us hoisting sail and starting on the most eventful day's sail the old "Water Wagon" had ever been through. We believed that by taking the South channel we could avoid the Galops Rapids but we were soon undeceived, for, rounding a point of Isle au Galop we swung



THREE OF US WENT FORAGING AMONG THE FRENCH CANADAIN FARMS

much shoving and pushing managed to get her into the straight current again which carried us at a good rate down past the town of Cardinal.

It was useless trying to keep steerage way in that current so we lowered sail and trusted to luck to get through safely. As we neared Iroquois the current seemed a little less swift and we again hoisted sail in an endeavor to



TWO OF US OFF DUTY

like losing an old friend when they dropped our tow-line in the basin at Montreal.

What did we do first in that city? We ate, ate everything on the bill of fare. From Saturday afternoon until Tuesday night we had been content with what our commissary had supplied; but now it was different, we were in civilization again and felt the need of a square meal.

The cabmen must have taken us for Cook's Tourists by the way they haunted us with

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SUPPER ASHORE NEAR SOREL ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF ST. LAWRENCE BELOW MONTREAL

make the canal around the Rapids du Plat. "We can't make it, old man, see, we're going to miss it suré," and miss it we did by a good hundred feet and were soon swept into the rapids. With rapidly increasing speed we rushed on towards the broken water.

The old "Water Wagon" took the breakers with a rush, the spray flew back the whole length of the boat, and, now rushing sideways, now bucking them stern first, we finally cleared the rapids and passed the little city of Morris-



THE "WATER WAGON" IN ONE OF THE LACHINE CANAL LOCKS—THE BARGE BENJ. HARRISON ON THE LEFT



THE LAST OF THE "WATER WAGON"

Dr. Crapsey and "The New Theology"

JAMES LEWIS BREWER

ROCHESTER'S experiment with the "new theology," so-called, under the leadership and direction of Algernon S. Crapsey, lately convicted of heresy by the Protestant Episcopal Church, is considered an event of vast significance by its supporters. Certainly Dr. Crapsey's Brotherhood movement has started under auspices that indicate a vitality full of promise. Its adherents maintain that the leaven of it is plainly at work throughout the world, and that the momentum insuring its resistless oncoming has been attained. That the "new theology" has obtained a considerable foothold cannot be denied and more and more is it commanding the critical attention of the people.

Of course the "new theology" implies a departure from the "old theology." As a matter of fact it sweeps away most of the chief dogmas of the Bible which are the life of the "old theology." It follows science in the "higher criticism" of the Scriptures, which does not accept them as inspired, but as fallible human literature. Such criticism declares the story of the fall of man untrue, denies that Christ was more than human in the sense that all men are human—although a great ethical teacher and prophet, denies the Atonement, Resurrection and Last Judgment, and, incidentally, the miracles.

The fundamental point of divergence in the "restatement," as the "new theology" is sometimes termed, is necessarily at the beginning in the denial of the fall of man. Naturally this does away with the necessity of the Atonement by Jesus, and hence Jesus is considered no more than a son of man.

The Atonement by Christ being considered the central fact of Christianity, it is natural that Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, bishop of London, who is making a notable visit to the United States at this time, a staunch champion of orthodoxy, should emphasize it in denouncing the "new theology." In a published interview he has asserted rather bitterly that "the future lies with no church which sinks to what is called the 'new theology.'" He declared that "the eternal son of God came into the world and gave himself for his brothers, that the Christian religion does not consist in a belief in a good man named Jesus Christ dying on the cross, but consists in a belief in the sacrifice of God himself."

For religion for practical purposes, what is brought out by the "new theology" is the ethical teachings of Christ, and, mainly and simply, the brotherhood of man. It does away with the "historic sacraments" and the elaborate formalisms of orthodoxy. While the "old theology" has tended to emphasize ceremonial and worship in religion, the "new theology" emphasizes moral and ethical effort.

The "new theology" is startlingly revolutionary in its extreme enunciations. There is some differences among its advocates but they are not essentially important. The chief feature of it of easy grasp to the lay mind is that it banishes supernaturalism. In the extreme type it regards man as the source of all authority. Only as such, it maintains, can he be a free being, a moral being possessing the power of choice. If he owed his existence to God, were a creature of God, then God, and not he would be responsible for his actions.

Perhaps the most lucid, popular recent exposition of the "new theology" has been given by Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple of London.

Dr. Campbell's Views

Dr. Campbell is well-known in America having visited here in 1903. It is said that he will visit America again shortly and it is expected that he will be heard in Rochester under the auspices of the Brotherhood. A prominent Rochester journalist, who was in London this summer, writes as follows of Dr. Campbell's church and congregation:

The City Temple is a great modern church, without the beauty of an old cathedral, or the purpose of one as sanctuary and shrine; but designed to seat a vast congregation in comfort, bring its members within hearing distance of the preacher, and put them in close communion in song and prayer. It is the rule that seat-holders shall be in their places ten minutes before service begins, and at that time the doors are thrown open to strangers, who are usually waiting in a long line in the street. They are let in rapidly, made welcome, and seated wherever there are vacancies. On this occasion every seat was soon filled and chairs were set in the aisles.

Dr. Campbell has been making a tour of his country addressing the provincial pastors at their request. The bishop of London scouts his influence, declaring that both the high and the low church in England are vying in preaching orthodoxy.

Dr. Campbell declares the starting point of the "new theology" to be the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. It differs from Unitarianism in that respect, for the latter puts a gulf between God and man. The "new theology"

makes no real distinction between humanity and the Deity.

"Our being is the same as God's," says Dr. Campbell, "although our consciousness of it is limited. We see the revelation of God in everything around us.

The "new theology" is startlingly revolutionary in its extreme in terms of its own highest; therefore it reverences Jesus Christ.

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ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY
Rochester's Exponent of "The New Theology"

The Annual Hill-Climbing Contest

Attention of Local Automobilists Centered on Annual Contest on the Dugway Hill— News and Notes of the Big Automobile Show

TO-MORROW, if weather permits, motor cars of all descriptions will gather at the Penfield Dugway to witness the annual hill-climb of the Rochester Automobile Club which was postponed from last Saturday on account of the inclement weather. There are over twenty-five entries and as the cars in the different classes are well matched lots of good sport and excitement is expected. The method of classing the cars this year, by the listed price instead of horse-power is meeting with approval.

Visitors to the Eighth National Automobile Show under the auspices of The Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, to be held at Madison Square Garden the week of November 2-9 will see something in a novelty in the music line for the occasion. This will be the introduction of telharmonic music to take the place of the brass bands used heretofore. This is the first time that telharmonic or electric music as it is sometimes called has been used in such a vast arena as the Madison Square Garden. In the basement of the Telharmonic hall there is an immense musical "power plant" in which the music is made and sent out just as electric current is sent to all parts of the city. The music will radiate from about a hundred different trumpets scattered over the Garden and concealed in draperies

so it will be impossible to see where the music comes from. There will be a variety of music ranging from the popular street melodies to opera and the martial music of the big brass band.

Members of the Rochester Automobile Club who intend visiting the big automobile show should get their 1907 membership cards if they wish to take advantage of the reduced railroad fare secured by the club which is a fare and a third for the round trip for the member and the immediate members of his family, as the rate cannot be secured if the card is not shown.

This is the first time in the history of automobile shows that the show has been held at so early date. It is at the ideal touring time so that prospective purchasers may enjoy a demonstration trip into the country.

Yellow tags with black letters and figures have been adopted by Pennsylvania as the standard for 1908. This will bring them much different than other years. There have been 20,000 licenses issued in that State so far this year.

This year's automobile shows promise to surpass anything ever before attempted in that line. The unlicensed show at Grand Central Palace from Oct. 24 to 31 from all appearances will be a glowing success and the Licensed show at Madison Square Garden will be a

dream of color schemes and surprises. At this show which is to be held from Nov. 2 to 9 there are 285 exhibitors in all, 39 of whom exhibit pleasure vehicles and 13 commercial cars. The main floor, elevated platform and exhibition hall will be taken up with the pleasure cars, while in the basement will be found the commercial cars, and also about 70 accessory exhibits. The rest of the accessories have been placed on the Mezzanine platform, the balcony, concert hall and the 2nd and 3rd tier boxes. The unlicensed show will make a record for itself by having nearly all the nights set apart for special classes of visitors.

Rochester and Buffalo automobilists who are members of the local clubs will be pleased to hear that the Trunk Line Associations have reconsidered the request of the A. A. A. for reduced fares to the shows and any member in good standing is entitled to the reduced fare (one fare and a third for the round trip) which includes the immediate members of the family. The unlicensed show has also offered to admit free Oct. 31st all persons showing membership card in the A. A. A. Secretary Van Tuyle of the Rochester Automobile Club is also trying to get reduced hotel rates for the members of that club. This is an ideal time for the shows and there will probably be about 800 Rochester Autoists in attendance.

No Man's Man or a Puppet Man

(Continued from page 7)

ing pledges now but they cannot. He conducts his own campaign, he has no manager, he is no man's man!

In the face of contemptuous rebuff, braving ridicule, sometimes a member of the majority Councilmanic body he has opposed his fellows and flayed them sturdily, sometimes in a hopeless minority, he has raised his protest against discrimination, greed, political chicanery, corruption and municipal extravagance. For years the man has made his lonely, honest fight. The Boss, whether of his own party, or the opposing one, has been his anathema. Tearing aside the trickery of verbiage or the subtly-concealed effort to attack the people's money or to foist indecent or incompetent government upon the taxpayer he has hurled himself unswervingly at his mark. For years a servile press, controlled either by the Boss or the corporations which control the Boss, has ridiculed or ignored him. It has sought to keep from the people the knowledge that at least one man has never "dealt"—at least one alderman has been honest. William Ward's record is unimpeachable. Right or wrong he has

been honest—he has never swerved, he has never even faltered. He is respectable—he is amiable—but, above all, he is **POLITICALLY UNSHACKLED!** Can Mr. Edgerton or his supporters say as much? Do they dare say it in the face of the records?

Primarily, candidates for the greatest office in the gift of the city should show clean bills of health as to personal character. In that respect both Mr. Edgerton and Mr. Ward are similar. But, looking further, the people seek a new deal, a square deal, not for the corporations or the Boss. They will base their voting-opinion, not on the records of other men, but on the public records of the candidates themselves—they will vote not along sentimental lines, because a man "is kind to his help", but because a man's record proves he is not in sympathy with their political betrayal. The municipal campaign in Rochester is, indeed, "a business campaign". Its conclusion, by the verdict of the ballots, will be based on sensible, not sentimental premises. And the people are growing more sensible every day.

These Are the Reasons



For every man that

Earns a Dollar

For every man that

Spends a Dollar

For every man that will

Save a Dollar

For every man with a

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our "Acquaintance Sale" is of special interest to every economizing housekeeper. Come, get "acquainted"—our goods and prices will do the rest.

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Indians Lead All in Gridiron Work

(Continued from page 11)

In the Swarthmore-Penn game last Saturday the latter team was enabled to win entirely on poor punting and handling of punts by Swarthmore. Neither team could rush the ball far enough to score, although Swarthmore, by the aid of forward passes and line bucking, went over forty yards to within drop kicking distance, and scored by that means. Penn never got near enough to score, except through the kicking game blunders of her opponents. Penn worked a beautiful on-side kick, however, which gave her a deserved touchdown, although O'Brien should have expected the play, and been "Johnny on the spot."

Coach Crane is panning out pure gold as the chief of the Crimson football forces. As was pointed out in this column a week ago, Crane was very wise in the selection of his assistant coaches. Cutts, the line coach, has made master strokes in his shifting of men in the line. He has moved Burr, the all-American guard, out to tackle, and changed the giant Parker from center to guard in Burr's place. Then he has put a faster man in at center who will undoubtedly be called upon to back up the line. Crane has gone silently to work, and he and his cabinet are working out Harvard football on up to date lines.

As usual, out of the West comes a report like this: "Michigan runs up a big score." Coach Yost has been fond of big figures for some years, and maybe big scores appeal to the fiery Western imagination. We, in the East, however, like smaller scores, for several reasons. First, we do not want the team over-

confident, and secondly, when we find the game easy, we immediately try out new men, new plays, and weak points. The Indians and Princeton seem fonder of big scores than any others in the East. I have just been looking at the individual photos of the players on the Michigan team, and they size up most formidably. Yost is practicing them on the high 1906 Yale forward pass.

The Tigers are plugging away and improving at the same rapid pace they did last year. Costello, the Bucknell coach, who has been up against both Princeton and Cornell, says that the latter will win in the game to be played on next Saturday.

Wesleyan has played both Yale and Princeton, and "Bosey" Riter, her coach, says that, at the present writing, it is a toss up between the Tigers and the Elis.

Local Football

(Continued from page 10)

The High Schools dealt a body blow to Buffalo's football pride last Saturday, and, incidentally, showed signs of encouraging development. Although West High lacked but a single point of equalling last season's score against Masten Park, the game was by no means as easy a proposition and called upon Langslow's men to show some of the open work and tricky formations which their supporters have been eagerly awaiting.

It remained for East High to give what was probably the most clever exhibition of the new game seen on a local gridiron in trouncing Central High. From the score, 33 to 0, one could hardly believe that the teams were about evenly matched in straight football, but such was the case.

The forward pass was more in evidence, and double passes netted gains.

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Restore your gray or faded hair to its natural color by one application of

The Queen Gray Hair Restorer

A liquid preparation that is simple to apply, and leaves the hair soft and fluffy.

The Queen hair dye has no odor or sticky effect. Some of its points are cleanliness, naturalness and durability.

The Queen is now being used successfully by ladies in all parts of the United States. It is recognized as the best preparation on the market to-day for coloring gray or faded hair.

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The Grave of Daniel O. Shays

(Continued from page 13)

Impatient For Reform

Great excitement prevailed and reforms were promised but were not granted soon enough to satisfy those burdened with taxes and a month later Shays led a force to Springfield again, but was dispersed with the loss of three men. The authorities were now thoroughly aroused and the state militia was ordered out against the leader of the rebellious forces. He was compelled to flee to New Hampshire and later to Vermont to escape a death sentence, but later, when the country became more settled and the affairs of the government had finally taken form, the memory of his bravery at Bunker Hill was urged as a cause for pardon, and it was admitted that his grievances had been heavy, so Uncle Sam pardoned him.

Shays was not an adventurer or freebooter as has been said, but rather a quiet retiring man. At the time of his pardon one of his friends, Jonathan Weston, who had been to Western New York told him tales of the wonderful fertile western country, and he moved to Cayuga county with Mr. Weston, who taught several terms of school in that county. Captain Shays moved farther west and finally settled in Livingston county in the town of Sparta where he lived a quiet and uneventful life. At that time there was in Livingston county a young boy, fourteen years old who afterward became president of the United States, Millard Fillmore. He worked in the town of West Sparta, and one day had occasion to go with his employer to Sparta and they saw Captain Shays. Fillmore in writing about the meeting afterwards said, "I was not much impressed with him, and was disappointed with his personal appearance. He was by no means commanding in appearance and his dress was quite ordinary. I wondered how the talkative old gentleman had ever been so prominent."

Shays squatted on a lot in Sparta and married a widow named Havens. He lived in Sparta for several years, was granted a pension by the government for his services in the Revolution and finally died in 1825 at the age of eighty-four years.

After his death his grave was unmarked by any stone and its location was forgotten by all but a very few. Had it not been for the enduring devotion of one of these friends, Samuel Craig, or "Nonny" Craig, as he was called, the grave would never have been marked. "Nonny" Craig late in life became a county charge, but one day he asked permission to go to the cemetery where Shays was buried and mark his grave. It was granted, and the old man secured an uncouth piece of slate stone and placed it as a marker for the grave of his friend. The grave and its marker remained uncared for years and years and finally the stone toppled over. A few years ago when some members of the Livingston County Historical Society went to the cemetery to locate the grave the stone was not

found until after a most diligent search had been made. It is shown in the accompanying picture. The rude inscription on it shows that lettering was not in the province of "Nonny" Craig.

But time is gradually bringing about a change in the estimation in which Shays is held, and in all likelihood there will be a more suitable monument at his grave. The Livingston County Historical Society has been corresponding with the Massachusetts Historical Society on the matter for a number of years and once it seemed as though action would be taken jointly by the two organizations, but Senator Hoar of Massachusetts was opposed, and his arguments served to delay the matter. Lately it has been renewed, and perhaps before long Union Cemetery, the small inconspicuous and unpretentious grave yard near the head of Conesus lake, will be graced by a monument erected by the admirers of the late captain, who, while remembering his faults, are willing to forgive them and to remember that Captain Daniel O. Shays, as well as being a rebel was also a patriot, that his grievances were real ones, and that he had served his country when his services were sorely needed and had fought, bled and shown himself willing to die for the struggling colonies.

The Hyphen

The lesson had been clear enough,—

The teacher had explained

The uses of the hyphen, till

She thought each child was trained

To understand its meaning; so,

When principal came in,

She stepped up smiling, to the board,

And said: "Now, we'll begin

"Our lesson on 'The Hyphen'; first

We have this word 'bird-nest.'

Now, who knows what the hyphen's for?

And who can tell it, best?"

A bright new pupil raised her hand—

A chubby little one!

And said: "The hyphen's put there for

The bird to roost upon."

Margaret Andrews Oldham.

Along The Genesee

The shifting drama of to-day

Is full of life, blithesome and gay,

Along the river shore,

Where scenes of tragedy and strife,

Where acts of blood and savage life,

Were staged in days of yore.

And oft in dreams too strange to last,

The curtains of the silent past

Swing wide and show to me,

The vanished face of copper hue,

The swiftly gliding birch canoe,

Along the Genesee.

Alma Pendexter Hayden.

Literature

OF many books it has been said that they do not contain a dull page. Of no book of recent production, perhaps, can this more truly be said than of "Satan Sanderson," "the book of a thousand thrills," which Hallie Erminie Rives has prepared, through her publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, for fall reading. In word painting and simile, and in sudden transition, especially and in general, this book has all the characteristics pertaining to a Rives romance. From the hoodwinked bride to the pastor playing cards for money with a scapegrace son before the altar of the former's church, the book teems with "situations." We may expect soon to see a dramatization.

At the head of their fall list, Little, Brown & Co. have placed "John Harvard and His Times," by Henry C. Shelley, whose "Literary By-Paths in Old England" was one of the substantial holiday books of a year ago. Every Harvard alumnus ought to be interested in this, the first book published on the founder of Harvard University. Lilian Whiting in her new book, "Italy, the Magic Land," aims to present a living panorama of the comparatively modern past of Rome. Both of these books will be profusely illustrated.

The Macmillan Company are soon to issue the acting edition of Percy MacKaye's tragedy, "Sappho and Phaon." The frontispiece will be a portrait, in the character of Sappho, of Madame Bertha Kalich, the star of Harrison Grey Fiske's production of the play.

The recent awakening of American teachers and parents to the general prevalence of physical defects and backwardness among school children will insure a hearty welcome for the handbook announced by The Macmillan Company, "School Efficiency and School Reports." This book tells how 100 cities describe the work of their public schools; gives lists of questions answered frequently, answered occasionally, or never answered; and in a practical way shows the parent, the taxpayer, the trustee and the editor how to cooperate intelligently with the public schools.

One of the most striking short stories published in recent years in America was Jack London's "Love of Life"—an unemotional narrative of the experience of a man lost in the Northwestern wilderness, and barely escaping starvation. The story attracted considerable attention at the time of its first publication in a magazine, both as a remarkable example of London's ability in the handling of a difficult subject, and because the narrative was said to be based on an actual occurrence. This is the story that stands first in the new collection of London's short stories and gives its title to the volume. There are seven others in the book, and some of them are no less striking than "Love of Life." Altogether the book is certainly one of the most remarkable collections of short stories issued in recent years.

EVERY FRIDAY

Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes—A Unique Figure in Fiction

Her Death Makes the Two Accompanying Views of Her Home
Particularly Pertinent



THE home of Mrs. Holmes is located on one of the principal streets of the beautiful village of Brockport. The pretty home, as well as being the scene of Mrs. Holmes' literary efforts, was a Mecca for thousands of tourists while the latch-string was always out for her neighbors.



AT the table shown in the sunny library Mrs. Holmes penned 37 simple stories of romance and fiction that are known to millions of readers and some of which have been translated into no less than eleven languages.

Dr. A. S. Crapsey and the "New Theology"

(Continued from page 17)

It looks upon Jesus as a perfect example of what humanity ought to be, the life which perfectly expresses God in our limited human experience. So far as we are able to see, the highest kind of life that can be lived is the life which is lived, in terms of the whole, as the life of Jesus. Every man is a potential Christ.

"Humanity is fundamentally one; all true living is the effort to realize that oneness. This is the truth that underlies all noble effort for the common good in the world to-day."

This last principle is the basis of the Rochester Brotherhood movement.

Allied With Science

Dr. Campbell declares that the new theology watches with sympathy the development of modern science, believing itself to be in harmony with it—being the religious articulation of the scientific method, he puts it. Believing that the seat of religious authority is within the soul, and not in an external God, individual man, he says, is so constituted as to be able to recognize, ray by ray, the truth that helps him upward, no matter from what source it comes.

That the soul is immortal is affirmed by the "new theology," and that it passes through many stages in upward progress through the unseen world before it becomes fully and consciously one with its infinite source. "We make our destiny in the next world by our behavior in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected," says Dr. Campbell.

The "new theology" does not believe in a final judgment but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering which cannot be remitted by any work of another. When a deed is done, its consequences are eternal.

"We believe that Jesus is and was divine," says Dr. Campbell, "but so are we. His mission was to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God and we are called to live the life that He lived."

Such is the "new theology" in part upon which the Rochester Brotherhood movement is based. Its momentousness cannot be denied. Only a short time ago Prof. George M. Forbes of the University of Rochester, president of the Rochester Board of Education, gave a series of lectures in the Sunday school of one of the city's orthodox churches repudiating many of the cherished dogmas of the church. The "new theology" in various phases has a large following in Rochester, and the birth of an organic institution embodying it as pretentious as the Brotherhood headed by Dr. Crapsey makes the Flower City a focussing point for the eyes of the religious world of America.

All the Difference

"You said she couldn't sing," he remarked. "Yes."

"But I heard her, at an 'at home,' last night."

"I never said she didn't sing; I said she couldn't."

EVERY FRIDAY

NOTES & FALL FASHIONS



By Courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Company



A MERICAN women wear the best looking shoes in the world, and the product of the American maker is recognized the world over as the standard of style, quality and comfort.

In every European city, American shoe stores and American styles predominate—and Rochester-made shoes are to be found in the most of them.

Because we lead in shoe making, we very naturally lead in shoe fashions. Paris has little if any influence, on the styles. Color suggestions sometimes come from that center, but the Paris shoe is notoriously ill-shapen and ugly.

What Paris has given to America that is of merit, is the golden brown coloring. No novelty has ever grown so extensively in popularity—and it had its origin in Paris.

Paris has something to say regarding the trimming and the ornamentation on evening slippers. Beautifully hand-embroidered, ribbon and lace appliqued, beaded and spangled slipper patterns, in kid and satin, are imported from France, to be made up over American lasts. But here their influence stops.

Women's shoes have never been so dressy as for this Fall and Winter, on account of the high cut styles with fancy tops. This is bringing into prominence many extreme effects in cloth and leather combinations. In fact, shoes to match the gown—exactly in color—seem to be the order of the day.

Another extravagant fancy for the winter season is the use of the white kid boot, embroidered, beaded and spangled, in steel, cut jet, silver and gold.

The golden brown shoes which are to be so popular, are being shown with cloth, velvet and colored kid tops. But these colored tops are applied just as generously to shoes of black patent leather and black kid, as they are to the brown.

The prevailing last shows a fairly pointed toe, dropping gradually to a point from a box of medium height. The last has a medium swing, so that the foot has plenty of room for comfort. The edges are close trimmed, giving an extremely neat appearance, even though the soles are somewhat thicker than they have previously been.

With most types of shoes the high Cuban heel is the favorite, but in ooze calf or colored kid, the heel is more often covered to match. Some of the extreme models run from twelve to fifteen buttons in height with a waved or scalloped top that is higher in front than in the back.

In dress shoes and slippers, the prevailing

heel is still the Louis XV. It is not exaggerated however. Large and elaborate buckles are a feature.

Dark Colors for Winter

Much will probably be seen of black in the near future. Of late years, the vogue of this



COSTUME OF BLACK CHIFFON

Black Chiffon and lace over white taffeta, white Net Bodice and Japanese sleeve. Courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Co.

color has somewhat diminished, but a great many exquisite costumes will be seen in black at both the Horse Show and the Opera.

Quite all of the Fall and Winter colorings are rich and full, but a trifle dark. These of course are utilized more particularly for street costumes. For evening costumes, the sheer fabrics, when not of white, are of the lightest tints. Dove, mouse and copper gray (a new shade) are very popular, while a somewhat darker tint known as "taupe" (mole) is a great and legitimate favorite.

Long Sleeves for Waists

What we may almost surely count upon is the return of long sleeves—not exclusively—but for various types of street wear.

Many of the new tailored models show the full length sleeve of coat order. In many cases, walking and even visiting dresses, when the waist is of the same material as the skirt, the sleeves are quite long. The upper part is full to just above the elbow, the remainder down to the wrist fitting so tightly to the arm as to perfectly mould it, and extending in a long, narrow point half way up the back of the hand.

Waists of separate order do not often have the long sleeve; for them, there is either the more or less short balloon, the elbow-length bell, or some sort of Japanese arrangement which is really equivalent to no sleeve at all, and generally requires the addition of a rather deep fall of lace.

On the other hand, few fall garments of anything approaching a dressy type show the long sleeve, and here all sorts of Japanese contrivances come in full force. Some of the new models are very pretty and elegant. There is a wide, shapeless piece extending from the shoulder almost to the elbow, while underneath the arm the so-called sleeve touches the garment, and descends far lower, the slanting line beginning from the elbow.

It is on this lower part in the entire width of the band that the trimming, in the shape of embroidery or appliqued motifs, is placed, the garment in its entire length remaining open to the width of four or five inches, being merely attached across the center of the bosom by a broad embroidered band.

Some of the new models in lingerie waists are in all-over lace and embroidery, made up in insertion patterns, an embroidered stripe alternating with one of Valenciennes lace, which is hemstitched into the fabric. Some are shown with full length sleeves.

Very wide double frills with lace edges finish these waists. Some of these frills lap to one side, while others are arranged in the frilled bosom style.

The newest model coming from Paris is finished with a wide pleated frill surrounding the collarband, leaving the throat exposed. The front of the shirt has the Marie Antoinette frill, and a small bow of bright colored velvet ribbon is worn where the neck and bosom frill meet.

Lining the Winter Skirts

It has become greatly the fashion to line the skirts of transparent fabrics, whatever may be the color, with white mousseline de soie; this without prejudice to a loose under robe of white glace taffeta, on which the two sheer fabrics rest.

EVERY FRIDAY

HEADQUARTERS IN ROCHESTER FOR

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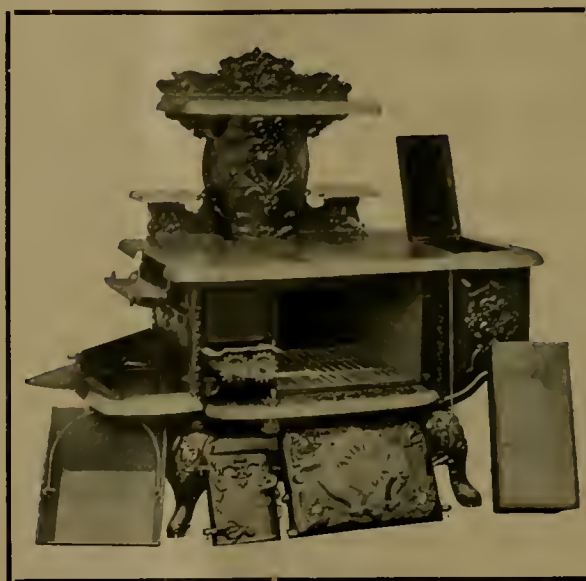
“NORMAN” STOVES AND RANGES

have back of them the reputation of fifty-five years of manufacturing and service in Rochester. A strictly local product—that started with the early growth of the city—and one which has continued to improve in merit and completeness with the years.

“Norman” Ranges have everything to commend them—are made strictly on honor—and really need no introduction to Rochesterians, though their demonstration here will have interest to those who may not know their worth.



Neither do they “eat themselves” with fuel—surprising how far a scuttle of coal really does go with one of them. And such bakers—everything done brown—top, sides, bottom.



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The temperature from it is invariably the same. From it comes a continuous supply of fresh air—and out through it goes all the foul air that may gather in the home.

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Honest values assured and your inspection solicited.

Repairing and Remodeling

The Henry L. Springer
Fur Co.

197 Main St. E
Rochester, N. Y.

Evolution of Donaldson Vickers

(Continued from page 6)

tional, so the mere fashionable mourning period did not enter into her calculations at all. Her lover was content to take his bride, even in a mourning gown—in which her brilliant beauty was most bewitching.

The appointed hour dropped quickly from the wheel of time. Only a few friends were present.

It had just occurred to Sara that she had not seen the new rector, or even heard his name. Only a few days had he been among them, and now he was reading, in a clear, well-modulated voice, the marriage service. Sara did not look up, but she heard his voice as one hears distant music coming nearer, and gathering in clearness, until the melody is distinct, and each note is interlinked with vibrant associations.

"If any of you know aught why this man and this woman may not be lawfully joined together in holy"—

Sara raised her head, as though lifting it above waters that would close over her, and looked into his eyes.

His hand trembled,—“wedlock,” he continued confusedly. “Wedlock,” he again stammered, and the book dropped from his hand. Almost at the same instant Sara’s swaying form was caught by her astonished and, almost, groom-lover.

People said it was nervous prostration, or grief for her father, or shock from the death of the old rector; whatever the cause, the marriage was postponed indefinitely.

Ten days later a note addressed to “The Rev. Donaldson Vickers, Rector of St. James’s Church,” was handed the new rector in his study. It ran thus:

“Please call at ‘Penmore,’ this evening at eight o’clock.

Sara Durand.”

Emotionless, and pale as the dead, the new rector sat before his study fire. Not a sigh escaped him. He was a piteous example of tension, hopeless in its strain.

Only once in the two hours had he moved, and then his eyes sought the little clock whose ticking seemed to have been muffled out of respect for the dread and silent hours it was marking off. It was now ten minutes of eight; it would require about that much time to reach the house. It may be that the Rev. Mr. Vickers cast a longing look at the inviting warmth and soulful composure of his study, but he betrayed no feeling of reluctance, and departed in the same manner as he would assume were he going to a marriage, a funeral, to preach a sermon, or as a lamb led to the slaughter.

Sara, in dress of close-fitting black, its long, severe lines displaying the exquisite contour of her figure, rose to meet him. She looked a very queen in dignity and stateliness.

“I wrote you to come,” she said without preliminary, “that I might ask you a few questions—I trust I have that right, as a member of your church here?”

There was a pulsing pause, during which she strove to look through the outer man into

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his soul. He merely bowed his head in silent assent. Then motioning him to a seat, she drew a chair directly in front, and, clasping her hands as if for strength, began with strained clearness:

III.

“I supposed that you were in England. I never dreamed that we would meet again.”

Still not a word from the tightened lips before hers.

“I can understand—now—that your mother had the right to take you away, as you were under age.”

Not a feature of the face relaxed, not a line of response.

“I wanted to tell her that I should be no obstacle in her or your ambition. But I was ill a long while, in the ‘Sisters’ Hospital.’ When I was better, you had both gone to England. When I asked about the child, they knew nothing, only that your mother had ‘made provision’ for him.”

Sara dug her hands into each other, and looked imploringly at the cold, non-committal man, who had not once raised his eyes to her face. Her temples were throbbing, and there was a strange sensation about her heart.

(To be concluded)

O'er Death's Perennial Snows

ROBERT W. NEAL

It was over. The last word was spoken—the last breath drawn—tears were past—the pitifully little group of carriages had ended their hurried return from the graveyard in the suburb. Nothing remained to plan or to do—except to sleep.

He sat in his studio, alone, thinking. Through his mind was running a phrase, remembered he knew not from what idle reading,—“O'er death's perennial snows;” and he thought, with a frigid pleasure in the figure, that her way henceforth was across the cold fields of death, and he need no more follow her; he was free—now.

For ten years she had been part of his life,—or he part of hers,—but the ten years had been torn away as a rough hand might strip out a chapter in a book. The years were lost, but at last he was without a claim to hamper him, for the grandparents had taken his boy already. Tomorrow he could go where he wished, do what he willed, be what he chose. The future could lay no constraining hand upon him now, for the last hostage was surrendered. The word “duty” ceased to stir a bitterness in his soul, and even now he mouthed it inwardly—for it had become again only a name for his thoughts to play with.

Miriam had passed out of his world,—o'er death's perennial snows,—and he felt things adjusting themselves as they ought to be, undisturbed by the sense of that alien point of view. There would never any more, when he flung down his money for his box of Philip Morris, be a stirring of reproach within because he knew his self-denial did not equal hers; his inexpensive dinners at the Café Martin would no longer leave a bitter taste because he knew his wife was kept at home by her desire to save money for more needful things. Fancy, imagination, genius, would not be chilled by any realization that his nearest one saw art so very, very far away, and his responsibilities in the affairs of their household and daily life so very close at hand. Never again would he have to see that she deceived herself into believing self-made excuses for him, or know the dull pain of helpless revolt because she gave her soul to the petty things of kitchen and sewing-room, and left him to follow, without her company and (he thought) without her sympathy, the high ways of his art. Now he was free; now at last he would live life. He would *do* something, now.

And yet

He swung round to the window, gazing out through the heavy dusk over the sharp descent of the city where it spread grayly eastward, sprinkled at this hour with many hundred flashing lights. The new moon stood above the river, and a star clung close to the sharp crescent. Of a sudden there flashed into his recollection a fancy of Miriam's, standing beside him one evening of their honeymoon: “See that little star perched on the arm of the moon's big chair!”

The door opened; with a strange feeling of resentment, as for intrusion, he heard his brother's step.

“You should try to sleep, Bob.”

“Bye-and bye, Henry”—

“You've had no sleep for two days and nights, old fellow, and before that”—

“Yes, I know. I'll sleep—afterwhile.”

Henry's big hand came down affectionately on his shoulder.

“My God, Bob,”—

His voice broke.

“There, Hen, don't take it so hard. Do you know, Hen, sitting here, I was thinking maybe it's for the best. Miriam's life wasn't very full, you know; she didn't care much for a good many things that make it worth while to live. She didn't even take much time to read, and she didn't go out much—she kept to her music a little. It's not so hard for one whose life isn't full . . . and you know she scarcely kept her ideals alive”

“Do you think I'm *grieving* for her, you—you fool,” exploded Henry. “If there's any reward or any happiness in the other world—she's earned it, and her life with you, Bob, hasn't been so happy that many of us who loved her would want her back—for *her* sake. Tonight, of all nights! How have you the face, the heart, to say what you have said—you, who have done nothing, while she gave her life to you. Don't you see, Bob,—haven't you ever seen? It is the spirit, the ideal, that has forever gone out of your life with her? Miriam”—

His voice broke again and he went out quickly.

Robert sprang up.

“Hen,” he cried, “Hen! Come back—tell me—for Christ's sake, is that what you think?”

But he had known long ago what they thought.

His brother's steps died away down the hall. From a little flat across the street impinged and impressed itself upon his consciousness the chorus,—

“Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never.
Ever to me,
Precious to be,
Never to part,
Heart bound to heart.
Love, I will love you ever,
Love, I will leave you never.
Faithful and true ever am I,
Never to say good-bye.”

It was like a cynic mockery, for of old he had sung it to his wife, and of all his songs, she loved it best. More than once, in the seething mixture of familiar things that had floated like foam on her mind during delirium, had been this; and she had sung it caressingly, as if she lingered fondly upon a memory:

“Love, I will love you ever.”

INCORPORATED 1850

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"Love, I—"

He had *not* loved her ever—but he loved her, loved her—now—with a fierceness and height and depth that his early days had never known. He knew it now, suddenly and forever.

"Only the memory of a love," he muttered—and then there flared up in his mind the fact that thenceforward *he* must live with only the memory of a love. She was separated from him by death's perennial snows. The sudden sense of physical desolation swept him from his feet, he flung himself down in front of his chair, and cried aloud.

Never to hear her any more—never to talk to her of his dreamings, as twilight fell and the lights flashed out—never any more to feel her hand on his hair—never any more any of the thousand things that had been the hourly gifts of an unspeakable and unvalued devotion—never to find her again, any more, anywhere—gone from him o'er the snows of death, and he left behind, never able to follow after or overtake—

In the midst of his wild tears, however, he thought of her own endurance. The world that she had dreamed of when they were married, scintillating like a bubble, had broken into nothingness, but she had not mourned. Hopes small and great had died in her—but her resolution had never died. She had borne, and much had been given her to bear, yet to the end her love and her calm bravery had carried her. As she had endured, so would he.

The thought of her and her brave gentleness was like a sweet touch of comfort. There was a new gleam across his sky of understanding, a new sense of companionship. He was no more alone, he had her spirit with him. His own ideals and the past they had made for him, leering, ugly, deformed, shrunk away, and instead he saw his future made by her spirit, and clasped as his the ideal of her life. He knew that he should never lose it; it would be with him henceforth until, over death's perennial snows, he made his way to her; and calm and strong, he rose.

In the darkened flat across the street, someone struck the chords again—faintly and sweetly, like a promise and a consecration:

Love, I will love you ever.

Friday is Lucky

Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of American army occurred.

Friday, July 7, a motion was made in Congress by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.

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Mission of the Evening School

(Continued from page 5)

may penetrate to that degree where he becomes an actual factor in all that contributes to the ideal home. The patient, untiring grind of the evening-school, slowly enlightening, fitting, adapting the untutored and the foreigner is like Kipling's "Sergeant-What's-His-Name," in his process of assimilation in old Egypt, where, with untiring zeal he

*"Drilled a black man white
And made a mummy light."*

Unlike the youth portrayed in Whittier's "School-Days," who went "creeping slow to school and storming out to play"—the evening pupil comes eagerly to learn. This brings us face to face with the agreeable realization of his extreme teachableness. He is receptive, he is there to learn, he has already learned the worth of time and the dollar. He will improve each scanty moment.

Here we have the grave little man, who works in the factory ten hours a day, that he may bring home a few dollars at the end of the week; here we have the young girl, who stands at her task all day, and yet has the desire to spend her evenings in self-improvement. Here, also, is the young man or woman, striving for a college education.

On account of its location, Number 26, as it is known in Rochester, has the largest attendance and the greater per cent. of foreigners. Principal Moulthrop registered in this school alone about seventeen hundred last year. One teacher to about fifteen pupils is the desirable relegation, where only foreigners are concerned and the English language has to be learned. Of course the personality of the teacher is a great factor—for say what you will it is personality that counts, and education is at once attractive and desirable when embodied in a person. The different teachers, chosen for experience and ability, begin with those ignorant of our language by using certain objects as the simplest form of imparting knowledge. An article is held up and named, its name is then written on the board, and so on. The one who can write the word on the board for the teacher is indeed proud. Thus a man, or woman, recently arrived from some old country soon acquires a moderate vocabulary, and is able to engage in those branches of household economics that are necessary in the making and the keeping of a home.

Other arts are quickly absorbed to the extent of six thousand eager pupils a year. There is practically no limit to the horizon of the much-inclined. Chemistry is there for the asking, higher mathematics can be had for the mere application, dead languages become alive.

If there be any truth in the great hue and cry that we are being engulfed by the wave of incoming nationalities, that the country is surely "going to the dogs," in the evening-school is found the remedy. It is here that antipathy to our customs is overcome; it is here that confidence in the government and its institutions is awakened—and here it is that the antipodal characters that have swelled Ellis Island find an avenue of approach to the broader, American plane of living.

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EVERY FRIDAY

Last Cruise of the Water Wagon

(Continued from page 16)

"Keb Sir," "Keb Sir." We yielded to the temptation and took the drive around the city.

After a good night's rest, we set sail the next afternoon on the way for Quebec, a distance of one hundred eighty miles.

We pitched camp the next night a few miles below the city of Sorel. Is there anything that appeals to one when camping like bacon, eggs, fried potatoes and coffee? If there is we have failed to find it. After just such a meal we built a big campfire in front of the tent and stretched full length on the beach for a good smoke. With a full moon shining over the river, a good campfire and pipes lit, we thought it was an opportune moment for a little "burst of melody." We had reached the chorus of "Waiting" when a dozen or so French people, who apparently thought it was for them we were waiting, came down to the beach and stood around grinning at us as we sang. It was late before we could bear to leave the genial glow of the campfire to "seek our Ostermoors" but soon we were sleeping soundly with the old "Wagon" riding peacefully at anchor a few rods from shore.

Friday proved to be an eventful day, for it was then that we had our first experience with the tide. The city of Three Rivers we visited and were unable to buy anything but postage stamps as "oui, oui" did not seem to be just

the word for canned soup, bread or rice. Our charts showed a rise in tide of three and a half feet at the point where we camped that night. We landed about seven when the tide was in, and, anchoring the "Wagon" some distance out, swam ashore. About midnight we were awakened by a stray dog roaming about the camp, and, in chasing him away, discovered the "Wagon" high and dry on the beach with the shore line a good sixty feet beyond. After that experience we had great respect for the author of that little line, "Time and tide wait for no man."

We set sail at eight the next morning with the ebb tide and made Platon Point about two o'clock, at which time, we pitched camp for the night. That last camp was a beauty. We were located in a little wood high up the shore with a commanding view over the old St. Lawrence for miles either way. The "Water Wagon" with very long bow and stern lines was tied to the dock.

That night, gathered around the campfire, we saw a large buck with his big antlers shining in the clear light of the moon, swimming quietly down-stream not a hundred feet from shore. We were now but forty miles from Quebec, and with a high wind in our favor, weighed anchor Sunday morning and started on our last day's sail. "Quebec ahead boys,

there's that big bridge." Past the little town of Rouge, under the big cantilever bridge, which a few days later collapsed, past New Liverpool, we sailed and at two o'clock were tied up at the R. and O. dock in Quebec.

The last two days of the trip had seen one of us pumping out water most of the time. The old boat was badly strained and when Quebec was reached we decided it would be useless to attempt to bring her back. It was a sad sight, the dismantling of the "Wagon." The old boat had been our home for eight days and we dreaded to think of losing her, but it had to be done. Two days we spent in that quaint old city and Tuesday we left for up the river with the movable parts of the "Wagon" stowed away in our duffle bags.

It had been a glorious trip, over a week of sailing and camping and we enjoyed it to the utmost. The crew wishing to remember the trip in verse, composed the following lines and dedicated them to the "Water Wagon."

Can't bring the Wagon home, Pa,

It is not safe to sail.

For all the fun is gone, Pa,

'Tis nothing now but bail.

We sailed the rapids in it, Pa,

There was nothing else to do.

So we left it at the dock, Pa,

A sad and solemn crew.

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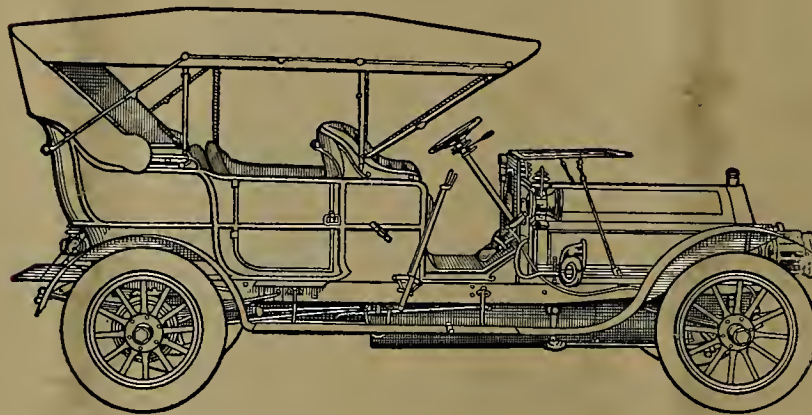
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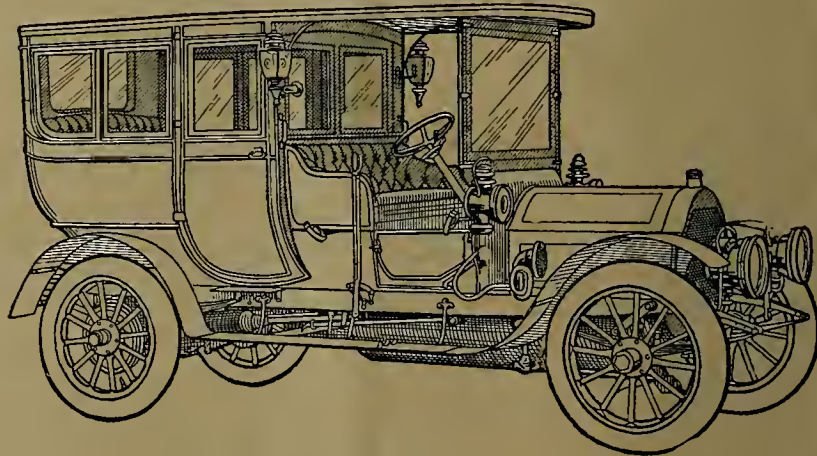


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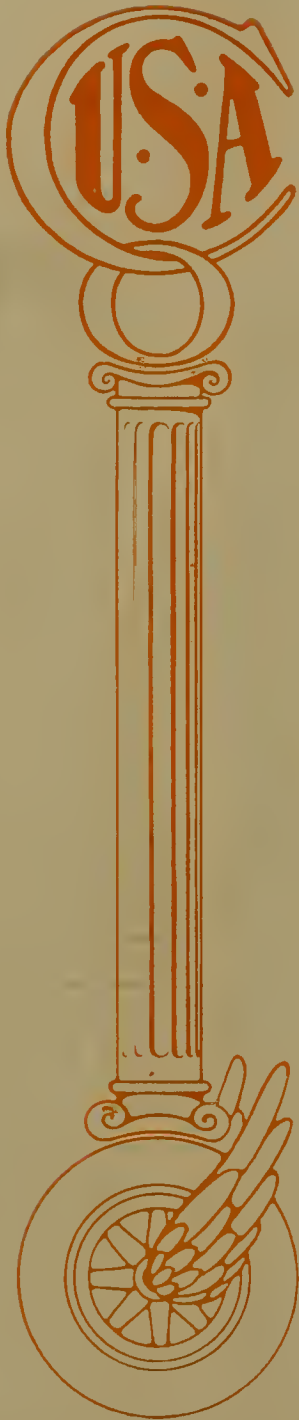
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October 25, 1907

Volume I.
Number 5



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“My Lady Cinderella”--A Mystery Story
“Political Barons of Western New York”

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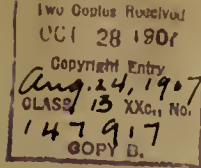
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Entered as second-class matter September 25, 1907, at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. I.

Rochester, N. Y., October 25, 1907

No. 8

"My Lady Cinderella"

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

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CHAPTER I.

THE DAY WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS.

TO-DAY I had meant to be a happy day. But after all, I was miserable. I would have given a great deal to be almost anywhere else—yes, even at home in Cousin Sarah East's villa in Peckham.

I have never thought of myself as a vain girl; but I suppose it was a morbid sort of vanity that induced so keen a pang of shamed distress on this glorious June day in the park.

Anne Bryden, who had brought me, and proudly paid for the chairs to which we had found our way through the crowd, looked serenely blissful. She was not one whit depressed by the fact that she and I were the only ugly ducklings in this dazzling array of swans. Forgotten was her rusty black frock, with the cheap, pathetic jet trimming on the bodice; her last year's hat, with its faded pink roses, had practically ceased to exist.

It did not even occur to her that it might be well to give her shabby boots the protection of her skirt. This lack of self-consciousness struck me as scarcely short of greatness in Anne. It was almost above the level of the feminine, and far above the level of the Me.

It was not often that I could get a holiday from Cousin Sarah's babies, to whom I had the honor of being nursery governess—alias nursemaid—with a mingling of "general servant's" duties. There were no regular "days out" for me, but Cousin Sarah considered Anne a "most respectable young woman." (Anne had with unwonted diplomacy praised the house, admired the babies, and deferred to Cousin Sarah's opinion during the one visit I had received from her at Haphholme Villa.) Accordingly this whole long June afternoon in her society had been granted.

I ought to have been radiant, reveling in the pretty faces, the prettier dresses, and the glittering equieques of my betters, but instead I sat wishing that I were not ashamed to ask Anne if she were ready to go away; concealing the mended finger tips of my gloves by curling my hands into fists, and feeling utterly wretched that I, who adored beauty, must be so hopelessly out of the picture.

Carriage after carriage rolled by; well-groomed, clean-limbed men lounged over the railings, and raised their tall, shining hats to the occupants, or chatted with exquisitely dressed girls, who looked like floating flowers under their tinted chiffon and lace parasols. The rhododendrons were a flame of glorious color; the distance was blue with the soft mist that hung, ineffable and pensive, above the Serpentine, and the far, billowy reaches of sweet-smelling, new-cut grass in the park.

"It's a nice world, isn't it?" remarked Anne, apropos of everything—everything but ourselves.

"Yes. And there are lots of nice times in it. Only we're not in any of them."

Annie looked critically at me.

"You ought to be, Con," she observed, after an interval of reflection. "As for me, I don't count. I'm nobody. I wasn't born to things, and I don't expect them. But you—you are different. You are a beauty. And you are a mystery. A book could be written about you."

I laughed a little.

"It would have to be a book for children. Nothing has ever happened to me since I was a child, and then—they were all sad things."

"But you are the sort of girl that things do happen to. They will yet; you mark my words."

I shook my head.

"Oh, if they only would! I'm so, so tired of Peckham. If something would only happen to-day!"

"What would you like best to happen?" queried Anne.

"Am I to have my choice? Are you a fairy god mother in disguise? Well, I should say, Please, fairy godmother, you see that beauteous maiden in pink muslin, driving with her mother in the particularly desirable victoria?" (As I spoke my eyes focused upon a wonderful girl who looked haughtily, lazily conscious that she was one of Fortune's supreme favorites.) "Well, then, dear fairy godmother, wave your magic wand which so sadly resembles a three-and-sixpenny umbrella, and make me, if only for the space of one gorgeous month, like her. Give me as many

Paris gowns, as much fun, as wild a whirl of gaiety, as she will enjoy this season. It isn't a very noble or exalted wish; but I'm in the mood for that, and nothing else, to-day."

Anne's chair was on my left. On my right, separated by a little distance, I had been conscious for the past half hour of a vague cloudiness of silk and muslin that represented a woman. I had not actually glanced in her direction, but the corner of my eye had reflected a pale, lavender fluff which was a sunshade. Now, suddenly, it was lifted, and a soft voice addressed me from underneath.

"Do forgive me, won't you? I really can't resist speaking. I don't want to be rude. On the contrary, I wish to be very nice. But—I couldn't help overhearing some of the things that you and your friend have been saying."

I felt the color stealing up, as I racked my brain to recall exactly what we had been saying. Anne was staring in blank surprise; for this was a personage of great magnificence who was endeavoring to draw us into conversation, and no doubt Anne was wondering, even as I was wondering, what could be the motive of such apparently purposeless condescension.

The lady was of middle age—if women who frame their personal charms with the best can ever appear of middle age. She had elaborately undulated brown hair, under a bonnet that was a poem, in one verse; bright, searching brown eyes, and a complexion that could still live up to its past. As for her gown, it was too exquisitely Parisian to have been made out of London.

"Don't look so horrified," she smiled. "I'm not mad, only a little eccentric. That means that some of my friends think me a genius. I wonder what you would think me if I suggested that you tried me as a fairy godmother?"

She spoke to me, not Anne. She did not even look at Anne after the first courteous, comprehensive glance.

"Why, I—I'm afraid I'd think you were making fun of me," I stammered, since some answer must be given.

(Continued on Page 4)

Every Friday

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EVERY FRIDAY PUBLISHING COMPANY

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This Magazine is on sale at newsstands. It may also be obtained by addressing the publishers.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 25, 1907

Shall the Hen Burst?

THERE was once a farmer owning a good, conscientious hen who laid one egg regularly each day, and being of a "get rich quick" turn of mind, became highly elated after having decided to force it into laying two eggs a day, by extra feeding, until one morning she burst.

This is about the situation now existing between the City Fathers and the taxpayers of New York state—with the difference that the extra feed has been omitted.

A few years since, it was settled that the taxpayers were getting off easy at the rate of \$1.48 per hundred on their property, though any little difference in rates to the good for the former was quickly offset by the stern parents, who immediately raised the values of properties, so that the see-sawing property owner went from glad to sorry without loss of time, though a considerable amount out of pocket.

Within the past few days, the public press announce a small diversion just formulated by the aforesaid ingenious brains, in relaxation to which the obedient citizens are informed that their future tax bills will be augmented anywhere from \$1.55 to \$1.65 per hundred!

Now "Government for the people and by the people" is a fine old legend—and is nothing more.

Government to rob the people by a few people—is the new slogan with some schemers.

A baker's dozen of those in control of the fat political offices, periodically awoken to the idea that they are not squeezing the public lemon quite to a "squash," and they proceed to put on an extra pressure by means of some gigantic job they have concocted, and then announce that unless it "goes through" cities will go to the dogs, into bankruptcy, or any other boggy that occurs to them with which to frighten the children. Then, with a Legislature bought and sold, the trick is done, then increased taxation!

As an instance of assessments in New York city, a sewer opening was to be repaired at the foot of West 28th street and the North river. Assessment for this was started as far up town as Eighth avenue and 34th street, extending to the North river; how far below 28th street, the writer could not learn, but taking

the portion of the town referred to, there were six blocks to the north, and four triple length blocks to the west wherein each consecutive house owner had to contribute \$28.

It would be interesting to learn, should an expert mathematician figure it, how much of that sum would be required to repair the 28th street sewer, and how much for the political cess pool?

In the case cited, a demur was entered by those levied upon, who were not intelligent enough to understand why a repair needed at 28th street and the North river should be paid for by taxpayers at Eighth avenue and 34th street, and lawyers were consulted as to the expediency of making a concerted fight.

The men of law scratched their heads, which produced a smile; shook them, and considered the demand preposterous—but—"The City had ordered it," and the hens must pay—or burst! Some of them couldn't pay and took advantage of the latter opportunity.

The writer being in ignorance, would like to inquire—*Who* is the City?

Answering her own conundrum, she would say, though it might still be covered by four letters, they might frequently be conjured into spelling B-o-s-s.

Allusions aside, are there not some good, strong, high-minded men and true, who, banding together, will bring the old legend of "Government for and by the people" to an effective Twentieth Century working basis, or must the homes go,—and the hens burst?

THE suburban trolley lines owe much to the public of Western New York in the way of reduced freight rates and an efficient express service. Here is a new field for investigation by the Public Utilities Commission. There is nothing in the law which makes investigation of steam-road rates and methods its exclusive duty.

William Ward—"Knocker"

WHEN Robert Fulton proposed the navigation of the Hudson River by steam-power, he was denounced as a "knocker" and an "obstructionist." What effect would his suppression have had on to-day's civilization? When Martin Luther took up his work he was called a "knocker" and an "obstructionist"—when the English barons demanded Magna Charta from King John they were stigmatized as "knockers"—when Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison preached the freedom of the blacks they were anathemized as knockers by slave-holders and "the interests"—when Edgar T. Brackett insisted upon an investigation of insurance matters he was scorned "as a reformer." Darius Green's flying machine was a subject of ridicule fifty years ago—to-day the scientists of two continents are centering their attention on the problem of aerial navigation.

And so it has gone. Every leader for true reform, for better government, for better civilization, for honesty, has had to withstand the cry of "knocker," "obstructionist" and "reformer." But the public, and especially the voting public, is growing wiser—the cry of "wolf" no longer dismays them when the cry comes from the mouthpieces of corporation or political wolves. The public is not misled as to the intent and the inspiration of the vigorous but venal journalistic protest, for instance against William Ward, Rochester's democratic candidate for mayor, on the grounds that he has been a "knocker" and an "obstructionist." The public no longer trusts a pap-sucking and subservient press for its informa-

tion. The people look at the records. If it be "knocking" for a municipal legislator to denounce political thievery, mismanagement and corruption, William Ward is a "knocker." If it be "obstruction" for a sworn servant of the people to raise his voice in protest against extravagance, against looting of the public treasury, against the elevation to high office of grafters and incompetents, William Ward is an "obstructionist." The newspapers have ridiculed, ignored, denounced—but slowly and surely the public has found out for itself the day has passed when discredited newspapers can hoodwink the voters as to the character of candidates, or what they stand for. William Ward's opponent stands for bossism, and the boss's interests, which are inevitably the selfish interests of "The Interests." William Ward stands for the "knocking" of "The Interests" and of bossism, and has ever stood for it. The people are proud of him, and understand him.

more, and, at the same time, yield larger dividends to the innocent investors who constitute by far the majority of holders of railroad securities. Railroad corporations have been treated very handsomely in New York state. They have only themselves to thank if the public has changed its attitude.

Is the Blame All on One Side?

PAPERS all over the country are telling how many farmers are just yearning to give employment to men, and scoring those who persist in remaining in the cities when they might pick up dollars by the bushel in the country.

But is the criticism deserved? Is there not another side to the picture?

"Every man to his own trade" is a saying as old as the hills. Is a man used to working inside a factory, able to stand outdoor life offhand? Is the shoemaker physically fitted to pitch hay?



OCTOBER DAYS

FRANCIS LAMONT PEIRCE

I wandered away, one October day,
Far into the forest's heart;
For the woodland wild with rich splendor smiled
And a beauty surpassing art.

From the swaying trees, in the morning breeze,
Golden red the gay leaves fell,
While the murmuring rills, in the rocky hills,
Sang of nature's potent spell.

And the flaming sun, when the day was done,
Touched the oaks with its last red beam;
And the moon rose white, with cold, mystic light,
And looked down on the sleeping stream.

O'er the tangled glade its poor radiance played,
While the darkest nooks grew bright;
Restless thoughts were stilled and my soul was filled
With the calm and the peace of night.

The Shoe Pinches

GOVERNOR Hughes' public service commission is learning much about the real feeling of the public toward the public service corporations, a feeling hitherto repressed because of an idea that the namby-pamby, if not corrupt politicians at Albany, cared more about graft and politics than they did about serving the people. Now that it appears men of different mold are at the helm, the public is coming right to the front and telling its troubles. Western New York milling interests used to be famous the country over. Latterly, they have sagged to the rear of the industrial procession.

Millers of Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and Syracuse say there is a reason for this. They allege that the railroads discriminate in favor of the Minnesota millers. The railroad managers retort that terminal facilities in Buffalo are inadequate.

Who is to blame but the railroads? Do they expect the public to give them valuable franchises and then build their railroads to boot? Fewer private car lines, less rebates to favored shippers who have a pull, and less watered stock would benefit the public

What does the machinist know about guiding a plow? Would either earn his salt on a farm in the first three weeks, and harvest time lasts not so many more?

Moreover, it costs money to reach the country. How is the penniless city chap to pay railroad fare? Is it worth his while, for a possible day or sixty days' work—pay coming by the month—to leave wife and family in the city while he goes to the country, only upon return to find his place filled in the factory, opened up during his absence? Where could he house wife and family if he took them to the country, even if he had the ready money to do so?

Is he to be blamed if he prefers eight or nine months in the year of work to which he is accustomed, at from \$2 to \$3 a day, to a few weeks' work on the farm even at \$2 or \$2.50 a day and board?

Probably, many a factory hand would be better off in the country once he became used to the life and work. But can he be blamed for remaining in the city when the farmer lad "hikes" to the city as soon as he has attained his majority?

"My Lady Cinderella"

(Continued from page 1)

"Then you'd be mistaken. I fancied, from some of the expressions which I involuntarily overheard that you were not—well, not quite a conventional girl; that you had an original way of regarding life. If you have, we might cultivate each other's acquaintance with mutual advantage."

"I should find it more interesting to know you than you would to know me," I said meekly, for I felt as if I must have fallen asleep in my chair, and be dreaming.

"That remains to be seen. Your preface looks promising. Let's begin, if you don't mind, to cut each other's leaves. My name is Sophie de Gretton—Lady Sophie de Gretton strangers call me. What is yours?"

"Consuelo Brand," I answered.

I had never talked to a Lady Anybody in my life, but though her aquiline nose and thin red line of lips might be formidable if she chose, she was easier to talk to than Cousin Sarah's friends in Peckham.

"What a queer name! Why did they call you Consuelo?"

I blushed vividly.

"My mother had had a great deal of trouble. She hoped I would be her consolation."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to be prying. But it's my turn to impart information now. I live close by, in Park Lane. You can almost see my house from here. I strolled into the park by myself because I wanted to think."

"And our chatter disturbed you."

"On the contrary, it has been most helpful—why, is my secret. But what do you say, you and your friend, to going home with me and having a talk over a cup of tea?"

My heart gave a little jump. Here was an adventure! The shabby nursery governess from Peckham asked to tea with a Personage in Park Lane!

"I should like it immensely, thank you, and so would my friend, Anne Bryden, I'm sure."

I turned to Anne, but her face expressed disapproval. I could read her thoughts, and guessed that she was saying to herself: "Humph! how do we know that this bird of paradise isn't a sham? If she is really what she pretends to be, why on earth should she pick us up and invite us, after ten minutes' conversation, to visit her? There's something pretty queer about this."

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

ANNE, whom I had known ever since my dear dead mother and I had stopped at the boarding house which her mother kept, was now a mixture of typewriter, secretary, and companion to a vulgar, newly rich matron engaged in storming the outworks of society, and it was part of Anne's duty, I remembered, to read aloud endless columns of society gossip, bristling with titles. Probably she was familiar with that of Lady Sophie de Gretton, who lived in Park Lane, and believed that our

eccentric new friend was for some nefarious purpose of her own masquerading in borrowed plumage.

"I'm afraid," she replied stiffly to the question in my eyes, "that it's rather late, and we ought to be getting home. We don't live in Park Lane, and we've a long way to go."

"Come alone, Miss Brand, if your friend has no time to spare," suggested the lady in lavender.

It was a temptation. Never would such a chance be thrown in my way again; my future was bounded by Peckham. Yet I could not leave Anne.

"Don't you think we might, dear?" I pleaded. "I won't go without you. But—it would be pleasant."

"I wouldn't dream of letting you go alone," said Anne, with the air of preserving me from a death trap. "If you really wish it so much, I dare say we might manage a few minutes."

Lady Sophie de Gretton rose.

"We won't delay, then, if you haven't much time to spend, for I have several things to say which I think will surprise and interest you."

Anne walked along, keeping those big gray eyes of hers wide open. I hoped Lady Sophie did not realize that she was waiting to see whether we should indeed be led into Park Lane.

But we were led there, and stopped before a quaint, pretty little white house, sandwiched in between two big ones, its windows blossoming with pink and white geraniums, and frothing over with snowy, frilled curtains. So far the adventure seemed genuine; and the footman who opened the door (respectfully addressing our companion as "my lady") was grand enough to convince even Anne.

We passed through a miniature hall, whose walls could not be seen for exquisite engravings, went up half a stairway, and had the door of a fairy bower thrown open for us. Cousin Sarah East would have scorned chintz for her parlor in Peckham, where she had a "suite" of saddlebag, or something else that sounded horsey to the ear; but Lady Sophie de Gretton's drawing-room was all white and green and rosy and ruffy with chintz.

We sat down, I feeling more conscious of my dusty old boots and serge, white round the seams, than ever. Presently the footman brought tea, with strawberries and cream and tiny cakes, and quantities of silver that looked imposingly ancestral.

"Now for business," exclaimed Lady Sophie, when I had grown more and more dazed with the thought that I was dreaming her, and Anne's shrewd little brown face had relaxed into a mingling of curiosity and good nature.

It was to be business, then! I was stabbed with humiliating dread lest Lady Sophie de Gretton were on the committee of a girls' friendly society, and had gathered us in as likely candidates. She had a brusque way of speaking, despite her low, sweet voice, and she went on abruptly:

"You haven't told me yet where you live."

"In another world," I retorted. "They call it Peckham."

"Do you like this better?"

"Yes," entering into the spirit of the catechism.

"How would you like to have that wish of yours granted—as I hinted it might be, if you would trust to my wand—and live here, surrounded by the joys which I heard you cataloguing to your fairy godmother? Now, don't fall into error again, and fancy I'm making fun of you, for I'm not. I'm asking you a serious question, and I want a serious answer."

A curious tingling chill was creeping up from my finger tips.

"I—I don't think I understand you," I heard somebody say, and was dimly aware that the somebody could only be myself.

"Yes, you do. If you are dumfounded, it is because you are a singularly modest young woman. Turn round; glance at that mirror on the wall near you, and see whether you can guess why a rather lonely, eccentric person, who is tired of most things and pines for variety, might be seized with a sudden violent desire to have you for—for a new doll to play with?"

I did not take her at her word and glance mirrorward for I was familiar enough with the reflection I should have met there; though, to be sure, I only saw it in small, greenish sections at home. I was not ignorant of the fact that I was pretty, or might be pretty in a decent dress; but I had not suspected that I was pretty enough to triumph over the combined hat (which the youngest East had sat on in a rage this morning), boots, and serge.

"You don't answer. Don't you think your people would let you come for a while?"

"I have no people. Only a cousin, who doesn't like anyone to know that we're cousins. When she is angry she says she 'keeps me out of charity.' When I answer her back, I say that I more than earn my living. Sometimes she tells me she wishes I were out of her sight forever. I don't know whether she means it or not, but I do not suppose she could force me to stay if I were determined to go."

I made these explanations jerkily, and then, at the end, before Lady Sophie de Gretton could comment upon them, I broke out:

"But why—why do you say such strange things to me, whom you never saw till an hour ago? There are thousands of girls whom you know who would love to come and visit you—poor girls, perhaps, yet in your own class of life. Why do you put such ideas in my head when you must feel, if you stop to think, that by to-night you will be sorry, and have to disappoint the poor 'doll' you wanted to play with?"

"My mind is made up," she quietly returned. "As for the 'why—why' which you fling at me, can't you be satisfied with the explanation I have given? I've set my heart on hav-

(Continued on page 17)

EVERY FRIDAY

Another Warfield-Belasco Triumph

Unanimous Praise Awarded to all Connected with "A Grand Army Man" which is Being Given at the New Stuyvesant Theater, New York

OLIVER STURGES JONES

UNDOUBTEDLY the most enthralling event and topic of general conversation to date in New York's theatrical season was the opening last week of the new Stuyvesant theater, and the presentation of "A Grand Army Man," with David Warfield in the leading role. It is rightly styled "A new American play," and is the work of Pauline Phelps

some of the eulogies indulged in by the critics, who seem to have been quite carried away by the intensity, pathos and humor of Warfield's acting, as well as the complete flawlessness of the whole production.

Reuben Fax, Howard Hall, George Woodward and Marie Bates all come in for special mention, and a charming bit of natural acting is furnished by William Elliott, whose portrayal of the boy Robert is "an amazing presentation of youthful enthusiasm, giving way to hopeless shame and fear."

There is every indication that Warfield's remarkable record with "The Music Master" will be eclipsed by "A Grand Army Man."

"The College Widow" Again

ALTHOUGH now in its fourth year, "The College Widow" is as popular as ever, and the Lyceum Theater will certainly be crowded again next Thursday evening, especially as this visit of the company is limited to

PHOEBE STRAKOSCH



DAVID WARFIELD

Who has achieved another artistic success in his new play "A Grand Army Man"

and Marian Short, re-written and shaped by David Belasco.

The scenes are laid in Indiana in the '80's, and Warfield's part is that of the village stage driver, who is also a veteran and commander of the G. A. R. post. The emotional situations are provided by the venial sin of his adopted boy, who unthinkingly takes some money belonging to the post and is put on trial for the theft, his father pleading for him in court. Most of the characters are "comrades" of the post, so that the atmosphere of the play is out and out American. Warfield has broken completely with his Yiddish pedler.

Both the new theater and the new play received unstinted and unanimous praise from the critics, and it was distinctly a night of triumph for the star, as well as for Mr. Belasco, his manager, who is undoubtedly the finest exponent of stage-craft and theatrical technicalities we have in America to-day. "A Grand Army Man" is mounted with "a realism no less thorough going and effective than Warfield's acting," says one well known authority.

"A memorable evening," "a page of real life, beautifully acted by a remarkably fine company," "many tears and much laughter are skillfully called forth without the least effort," are



IN making a revival of the "Puccini" opera "Madame Butterfly" this year, Henry W. Savage has engaged a company different in most points from that which he presented last season with such marked success. All the new comers are well endorsed by New York's musical critics. Phoebe Strakosch who sang the title role on the opening night at the Garden Theater is spoken of as an engaging person and an admirable singer, who uses with intelligence a voice of power and beautiful quality.

a single performance. It is the one play of college life that can be stamped as an unqualified success; not only from a pecuniary standpoint, but as artistically and faithfully



MARY MANNERLING

Wife of James K. Hackett, who has just opened her second season in "Glorious Betsy." After a short road tour she will return to New York for an indefinite run at Hackett's Theatre. She is still playing under the Shubert management

depicting every day life at a small inland college.

Henry W. Savage's name stands for all that is artistic and elaborate in theatrical productions, and "The College Widow" has been supplied with a lavish scenic investiture and a specially selected cast to portray the many peculiar types in which George Ade's greatest comedy abounds.

"His Honor the Mayor"

Criticisms that have come to our observance on "His Honor the Mayor," which comes to the Lyceum next Monday for three nights, indicate that it is one of the most amusing shows which has been offered for some time, and when Boston critics agree with the New York reviewers in pronouncing a play a "remarkable hit," it certainly must be of an excellence out of the ordinary.

Harry Kelly, the star of the production, has developed an unusual character in the play called "Deacon Flood," which is said to be the most mirth provoking creation now on the boards.

(See Page 8 for Additional Stage News)

The Evolution of Donaldson Vickers

(Continued from last number)

Forced, by so long a silence, the rector looked up, with the same stolid expression, and said: "Well?"

"I have no desire to annoy you, or make any demands," she said, "and I really have but one question to ask—my child, where is he?" All her soul was in the pleading intonation of these words.

With premeditated distinctness, he replied: "You did not hear that he was dead?"

Her hands fell apart. "I have heard nothing, nothing," she moaned, "but somehow, I have always felt that he lived, and this belief has grown with me through all these years. I wish that he might have lived, for now—it might be—different."

A look, approaching contempt, flitted across his face, as he said: "We can never undo the past. We were both rash, indiscreet, and heedless of propriety and disastrous consequences. A girl of fifteen, a youth of seventeen—oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! Forgive me, even as our Father in Heaven has forgiven me."

What recollections surged over her memory as she looked into his hard, good face! Yet how stern and uncompromising it was!

"But we were married?" she asked with a halting accent, half of fear.

"A mere mockery," he said, in almost judicial tones. "A blasphemy, a child's play, wholly illegal. Only a young, inexperienced student-rector could have performed that ceremony, and made such a ruinous mistake. No law recognizes the marriage of two children." A pious hauteur of rigid complacency drove every trace of feeling from his lineaments.

Again a painful silence.

"You—you are—married?" she asked timidly.

He shook his head with a slow, hopeless motion. "I shall never be fit for a good woman," he said, "a woman good enough to be a rector's wife."

"And you could never marry one—who—was—not?"

"God forbid!" he snapped out in holy ejaculation before she could finish the sentence.

Sara felt her murdered pride bleeding in her cheeks and, rising hastily, said with formal dismissal: "That is all: I will not longer detain you."

The rector stood, abstractedly, for a moment, and then, without looking at her, asked: "Your marriage—will be?"

"No," answered Sara, quickly, "I will never be fit for a good man."

He looked at her quickly, suspecting a taunt in the words, but her manner was not that of taunting or revenge. She had spoken the words that seemed to be the only ones to use. They had leaped to her lips. How piteous she looked! eyes cast down, hands hanging by her side in a sort of limp forlornness!

"May God forgive you, even as He has forgiven me," prayed the rector in a tone of benediction, as he passed out into the chill air—a justified and self-righteous man!

Walking with the same duty-gauged stride, he returned to his study. Taking the same seat, he resumed his emotionless gaze in the glowing grate.

At length, having apparently reasoned himself into a tangle, he said aloud, as though communing man-to-man with The Most High: "I thought I had been forgiven; thought my life had been purified, fumigated of evil, rendered immune from common sin; that my course was so straight, my soul so bulwarked, I would encounter no surprises, as from an enemy; no traps and snares, no elemental mistakes, and yet—and yet—O Merciful God!" he moaned, as he fell on his knees and bowed his head on the open Bible upon the table; "yet I lied to her! I, who teach others the sacredness of truth, at all times, and in all circumstances! Forgive this, as Thou hast forgiven all the rest."

Then, throwing himself into his chair again, with an uncertain and troubled expression, he continued his confession to the glowing fire:

"It was a lie. Did not Abraham lie, and was he not justified? How could I tell her that we were legally wed; that the boy lives; that I have vowed to set apart my life for God and for him; that this dear boy she will mourn as dead is my only earthly happiness? She would only—emotionally desire to possess him, to—no, it would never do! That sort of a weak, too-yielding woman—it would never do."

His lips were compressed into a thin, pale line, forsaken of curve and pity.

Here sat the mature saint, the deliberate and studied product of penance and piety, sitting in judgment on the impetuous, unripened girl of fifteen, when the impulsive youth of seventeen should have been her judge!

The religion of Donaldson Vickers was wholly personal and introspective, and of a selective quality specially adapted to his own peculiar needs.

If one desires but to satisfy one's needs, either physical, mental, or spiritual, one can never hope to emerge from the shadow of Poverty.

The soul whose needs only, have been acquired and purchased by pre-determined weight and measure, grows graceless for lack of the luxuries of the spiritual realm; for the wealth of its apparently needless niceties, sumptuous feasts and riotous revelries. He is a niggard who voluntarily and calculatingly limits his requirements to his needs.

And Sara?

She felt a great, impenetrable fog gathering about her; it enveloped her life in its obliterating folds. Through its drab density she could not see, nor could her soul divine; every reserve faculty of her sub-conscious self but

confirmed the fact that she was alone, and lost, in a strange, uncharted world of measureless, blinding fog, that vibrated with a despairing sob.

It did not occur to her that he—of all men that had been born of woman—he had "first cast a stone at her."

Her thoughts, fog-bound, were wholly self-centered; she saw herself only as he saw her; accepted without question, his righteous measurement of her unredeemed soul.

All through the long, long night, and the day, and the succeeding night and day,—they were all alike in the impalpable mist that enshrouded her life—she was capable of evolving but two thoughts: One, the child she had interlinked with the best there was in her for six years, was dead,—had never been, but as a passing whisper from another world; the other, that she must walk, stumbling blindly, but steadily and determinedly, until she should reach a place—somewhere, sometime—where there was no fog.

From that moment began the redemption of her soul.

In every journey there are two correlated points, between which, the inter-connections appear as mere incidents: one is the *starting point*, without which there is no other.

Sara had decided upon this point.

IV.

Resting on the last step of the world, as the sun goes down the western stairs, is a great city. If it pulsates with the healthy flow of a vigorous prosperity, it also throbs with the fever of poverty and crime. Joy and grief, wealth and want, health and disease, good and evil, here gaze at each other with a stolid equanimity grown of constant gazing.

Thither had Sara wandered through the fog. At first she had seen but a vague outline of the world, outside herself, but as the years passed, she began to see that she was no longer alone, or hopeless, or helpless; then, lo! the fog lifted!

She was a trained nurse—the most efficient in "The Children's Hospital"—and was known only as "Nurse Sara."

One serene morning, when the air was so clear that the great blue blurs of mountains in the far distance dared to come near and look in the windows, Sara's soul was surcharged with a holy calm. In placid satisfaction she was calculating the distance between the then and the now; between an impenetrable fog and a great blue-rimmed bowl of limpid crystal; between a starveling of a soul, and one that fared sumptuously every day.

Her patient stirred uneasily. Going quickly to his bedside she called his name softly, as though she were blending it in his dreams, "Allan!"

A handsome lad opened his unnaturally bright eyes and said: "Nurse Sara, I'm so

(Continued on page 10)

Our Women High in Music's Sphere

Educational Facilities of America and Other Advantages of Their Environment, Render Them Superior as Composers to Their European Sisters

M. URSULA ROGERSON

IT has been said that "no woman has become a great composer." This is due, not to her incapacity, but to her lack of opportunity.

Until recently, woman has been excluded from the fields of art, while man has had hundreds of years in which to develop his intellect and emotions in that direction.

For countless generations, through prehistoric times, and past the Middle Ages, man was the master, woman the slave. He did not allow her to cultivate herself to the height of her mental and emotional capacities, but kept her down to a level that would make her a useful servant to him.

This, however, was in the dim past. To-day woman is allowed more liberty of mind and heart which enables her to accomplish works of merit in all departments; but it must not be expected that she can do in a few years what man has required centuries to perform. In some things, woman can neither wish nor hope to be man's equal; in others, given the same amount of time, she *can* and *will* be his equal, especially in music, when she may express all the emotions of her nature.

Science has given to the world a Mrs. Somerville; literature, a George Eliot; poetry, a Mrs. Browning; painting, an Angelica Kaufmann, and a Rosa Bonheur, so it is reasonable to believe that in the great art of music, woman will be equally represented.

Rubinstein regarded the woman-composer and instrumental performer, a sign of musical decadence, although he did admit that she excelled in singing. He further states in his book, "Music and its Masters," that "the two feelings most peculiar to woman—love of a man, and tender feeling for a child—have found no echo from them in music; that no love-duo nor cradle-song composed by woman, has possessed artistic value that could make it typical."

This view of Rubinstein may be true; nevertheless, woman has her great mission in the musical world. It may not be so spectacular as that of man, but it is equally necessary. She keeps music alive in the home, and while she may not have accomplished marvelous works in composition, she fills an important place in the economy of musical things.

It has been frequently asserted that women are incapable of original creative musical productivity; that they are too anxious to please, too susceptible to influences, and too deficient in imagination to succeed as musical composers; that although the feminine temperament is essentially artistic, the receptive faculty far exceeds the creative.

One of the most remarkable signs of the times is the emancipation of the feminine mind and body, the natural outcome of which is

woman's progress towards the highest forms of musical art and science, and she is no longer an unknown quantity in this problem of development.

In the United States to-day, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, Mass., heads a worthy procession of musical women. Margaret Lang, Emma R. Steiner, Grace Atherton, Laura Sedgwick Collins, Jessie L. Gaynor, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Hope Glen, Mrs. Sutro, Mrs. Tappan, Kate Vannah, and others have produced works of merit in musical composition.

Mrs. Beach is the greatest woman-composer of America. She is a New Englander by birth, and received all her musical training in her native country. Her compositions are numerous, ranging from simple songs and juvenile works for the piano-forte, to large choral numbers and the symphony, which have been presented by our leading orchestras and music societies.

The educational facilities of our country, together with the lack of prejudice against woman as a composer, have brought forth a larger number in this special domain, than European countries.

The public does not care in what country a composer is born, so long as his work pleases. If it is good music, it matters not who composed it, the American public will go and hear it. In this way, American compositions of merit will receive encouragement, provided the American composer is not so engrossed in his own work that he neglects to recognize the good in those of his fellow composers.

Wagner says: "The peculiar province of music is to awaken the sense of the Infinite." This may be accomplished by the man or woman-composer, who displays elegance of style, and a masterly working out of refined, noble conditions of heart and mind.

Mrs. Barbour's Unique Position

Mrs. Barbour stands at the head of Rochester's musical women, and occupies the position of being the only woman-composer in this city. She possesses the true artistic temperament, is full of musical enthusiasm, and wonderfully gifted as a composer of songs.

In her songs, Mrs. Barbour's knowledge of instrumentation is evinced in the orchestral effects of the accompaniments, which express perfectly her poetic, musical fancies and her unusually keen intuitions. Her harmonies are rich, and show the study of good models; while her preludes and interludes are wonderfully melodious. One charm of Mrs. Barbour's songs is the perfect interpretation of the sentiment of each poem.

As an accompanist, she manifests her poet-

ical qualities, and renders them with an exceptionally graceful appreciation of the needs of the soloist. One critic has well said of her, "When she wishes to make the piano murmur, she can produce an effect of pure gold."

Last season Mrs. Barbour appeared a number of times with the Dossenbach quintette, playing the difficult piano parts of such works as: Schumann's Quintette, Opus 44; Rheinberger's Quintette, Opus 114; Schubert (Forellen Quintette), Beethoven's Quartette, Opus 16, and others of equal character. This season she has arranged for a series of concerts in New York city, where she will present her own compositions, with the assistance of leading artists of song. These compositions have received the praise and attention of Schumann-Heink, Marie Rappold, Madame Olga Samaroff, Madame Julie Rivé-King and others renowned in the musical world.

Besides her beautiful songs, Mrs. Barbour has written for quartette and chorus, for violin, for organ, and for piano-forte. One of her latest compositions is for violin and piano, published by Carl Fischer.

With her combined gifts as poet and composer, Mrs. Barbour is entitled to a place of high rank among America's leading musicians.

The New Club Member

He had lately been elected to the club—inadvertently—and his unpopularity was immediate. One day he caught a member of the committee.

"Look here," he said, "I've been insulted in this club. A man offered me a hundred dollars if I would resign my membership. I must do something. Now, what would you advise me to do?"

"I advise you to hang on a few days. You'll get a better price."

His Curl

"You said he has a hyperion curl."

"Yes."

"Well, he hasn't."

"You surprise me. If that isn't a hyperion curl I'd like to know what it is."

"If it's anything, it's Hibernian."

Geo. S. Crittenden.

Before and After

Her heart by storm he carried—

She couldn't talk a bit—

But after they were married,

Jove! she made up for it!

Nathan M. Levy.

If I Were Mayor of Syracuse

REV. CHARLES A. FULTON

I have been asked what I would do if by any possibility I were elected as Mayor of Syracuse.

I need not say that in such an event I should give the matter more time and consideration than is possible at present, but in response to your inquiry I will state a few of the things which I should attempt to do. I hardly need to say that I should seek to keep myself in condition to properly represent the city on public occasions, and that I should avoid giving encouragement to lawlessness, either by my own actions or by my invitation to others.

I should seek to enforce the laws as they are in a fair and equitable manner, making no exception of those which are intended to safe-guard the moral welfare of the community.

I should seek to protect the women who suffer and the children who are corrupted and trained for anarchy and crime. I should endeavor to lift the Police Department out of collusion with vice and crime or out of incompetence as the case may require.

I should seek to reduce expenses by cutting off superfluous employees and extravagant salaries.

I should expect to put at least five hundred thousand dollars a year into legitimate trade by keeping the saloon traffic within legal limits. This it would be easy to do, judging by the experience of other cities.

I should favor playgrounds for the children and parks for all, with provision made by the city, if allowed, for band concerts as is done elsewhere.

Judging by the experiences of other cities, I should hope to save enough in the reduction of expense from crime and poverty growing out of the lawless saloon traffic during forbidden hours and with forbidden persons, so that playgrounds, parks and music could be

afforded without laying additional burdens on the tax-payers.

I should seek to have the assessments for



Dr. Fulton is pastor of the biggest Baptist church in town, and has taken an active interest in closing saloons Sundays, as a representative of the Good Government League. Fulton was a name saloon keeper conjured with on Sundays. He entered their places at all hours of the day and night and demanded of them to close up. He has said that he would as soon vote for a yellow dog as to vote for Mayor Fobes, but Mayor Fobes' opponent in this election is Frank Matty, ex-saloon keeper and ex-gambling room proprietor. Dr. Fulton was nominated for Mayor on the Prohibition ticket, but declined.

taxes made equitable, as they are not to-day.

I should seek to improve the condition of the unpaved streets. It would be impossible

to make the condition worse than it is now in some instances. I should try to see that when improvements were undertaken sufficient foresight was exercised, so that it would not be necessary to do the same work two or three times over within a few months.

I should seek to guard the water supply without waiting to be forced.

I should favor liberal appropriations for all educational purposes, including summer and evening schools.

I would seek to advance the commercial interests of the city, and lay a firm foundation for enduring civic pride by forming an Advisory Council of representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, the Trades Assembly, the Board of Education, the University, the Bar Association, and such other organizations or professions as might be safely counted upon for broad-minded, skilled and patriotic deliberation and advice. This I should do, not as an experiment, but following, so far as American conditions would allow, the usage of the best governed cities of Europe in which men count it a duty and an honor to render such service without charge. I should seek to surround myself with competent men of high character and, having conferred with them, should act upon my mature judgment and in accordance with the demands of the best interests of the city.

I should seek to act, not as the representative of a party, for party politics has properly no place in municipal affairs, but as the representative of all the citizens, those with whom I may differ in my personal opinions and preferences as well as those with whom I agree.

I am ready to unite with all good citizens in the support of any man who will stand upon the platform of fidelity to his oath, impartial enforcement of law, and the furtherance of the highest interests of the city.

Stage News and Notes

EVERYONE who has seen "The Thief" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, has pronounced it to be one of the strongest, and most sensational of modern plays. It is a powerful dramatic production with a beautiful young wife as its heroine who steals money with which to buy personal adornments, and it is one of the deepest studies of woman's ways and weaknesses that have thus far come from the pens of the dramatists. It is magnificently acted by Kyrle Bellew and Margaret Illington in the chief roles.

Christie MacDonald has been engaged by Charles Frohman for his production of a new musical comedy, entitled "Miss Hook of Holland."

James K. Hackett is rehearsing his company, which includes Miss Darragh, Olive Oliver, Ida Waterman, Beatrice Beckley, Irene Moore, William Sauter, David Glassford, George M. Graham, Walter B. Greene, and Lawrence

Eddinger, in Alfred Sutro's play, "John Gladye's Honor," in which Mr. Hackett will appear this season. The opening performance will be in Milwaukee on November 4.

The return to the original cast to George Broadhurst's play, "The Man of the Hour," at the Savoy Theater, New York, has given a new impetus to the long run it has enjoyed. No play produced in recent years has attracted quite the attention it has from public men and civic and political organizations. It is now approaching its 450th performance at the Savoy.

Rehearsals of "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," the new drama by Rachel Crothers, author of "The Three of Us," which is to be the next Lawrence production at the Madison Square Theater, New York, are now progressing rapidly. Laura Nelson Hall is evidently to make an admirable Mrs. Patrick.

Van Rennsalaer Wheeler has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to sing the title role in

"Tom Jones," an English comic opera to be produced the latter part of the month.

John Drew has surpassed all his previous New York records at the Empire Theater. He is doing the most prosperous business of his career at this house with the pretty and brilliant comedy "My Wife."

New York Still Keeps It

"The Great Divide" is now in the third month of its second New York year at Daly's, with no indication that its truly remarkable metropolitan run is near an end. Henry Miller and Miss Anglin have been offered handsome bonuses by managers all over the country to cut short the New York engagement, and present the William Vaughn Moody drama in their theaters before the holidays, but they have been compelled to decline. It is impossible to say at present when other cities will get a chance to see "The Great Divide."

EVERY FRIDAY

Political Barons of Western New York

WILLARD A. MARAKLE

FEUDAL barons in olden days held absolute sway over their vassals. In the twentieth century, political barons have exercised well-nigh as imperious dictatorship. Within his domain, each made and unmade congressmen, postmasters, state senators, members of assembly, mayors, county officers, town officials and, in union, helped to make governors, United States senators and presidents.

These political barons, not infrequently, by their control over legislation and of the public funds, were able to hold business men and great enterprises and large financial corporations at bay. "Were able" is used advisedly because the powerful influence of President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes seems to be blazing the way for a new era.

Western New York has furnished fine examples of political barons of latest approved model. In Onondaga, Francis Hendricks has run things roughshod for years. The insurance expose, apparently, has not weakened Hendricks in his baronial supremacy. Onondaga last fall gave Hughes the biggest republican plurality of recent years. This fall's election may reveal a new order of things because Hendricks has been implacable in his hatred of Charles Evans Hughes and his reform ideas. He is one of the few barons who has not communicated with or called upon Governor Hughes since his inauguration, and his senators and assemblymen fought all the governor's measures last winter.

Democracy's willing-to-be-baron in Onondaga is James K. McGuire, who rose from newsboy to successful business man and mayor of Syracuse. At present he is confidential agent for the Asphalt Trust.

Senator Benjamin M. Wilcox, variously styled "Smooth Ben" and "the Chesterfield of Cayuga," rules Cayuga county with a rod of iron. He used to be a shoe merchant, with stores in Rochester and Auburn, but in the second year of his service in the state Assembly he sold his stores and announced he intended to follow politics as a livelihood and profession. Even if, as the Maryland farmer told Congressman Lorimer, "politics is not a profession but a disorder," Ben has done well. He is one of the best dressers in Albany, a good liver and a nifty stock speculator. He dominates his barony so absolutely that Congressman Sereno E. Payne, republican leader in Congress, who resides in Cayuga, cannot select even the town clerk in his own precinct unless Ben gives his O. K. The Cayuga democracy has no baron now. Charles F. Ratigan and Dr. M. P. Conway trot a nip and tuck race as to who shall wear the ornamental title of leader.

Senator John Raines, the first lieutenant of Platt and Odell, is the political baron of Ontario county, and it is said that he has been the most successful political baron in the state in securing for his vassals remunerative places in the state and national service. A state civil service commissioner, the state commissioner

of excise, a state commissioner in lunacy, besides scores of minor placeholders yell "Rah for Raines," whenever his name is mentioned. Raines defeated Governor Hughes in his effort to remove Otto Kelsey as state superintendent of insurance, but has trained with the governor since that episode.

With the passing of James W. Dunwell, a new baron wears the crown in Wayne. A pupil of Groat and Van Camp, and for years the first lieutenant of Dunwell, Charles H. Betts has driven Barney Davis, Marvin I. Greenwood, Edson Hamn, George Horton and the rest to the wall, and to-day, while his sway is not absolute, it is well-nigh undisputed. Betts began at Albany as a committee clerk about the same time as the late Jean L. Burnett, but played politics somewhat differently. He bought a run-down paper, the



JAMES K. MCGUIRE
The Democratic Mogul of the Saltine City

Lyons "Republican," and put life into it. Then he used the paper to break into politics. He succeeded fairly well and then bought other papers in Wayne county, until to-day he is known as the "Frank Munsey of Rural Journalism." He has ousted Barney Davis from the state committee, has just nominated a Supreme court justice from Wayne, and Congressman Payne and Senator Raines recognize him as the dispenser of Federal and State patronage in his barony. Betts is shrewd and can scent coming trouble far enough ahead to jump and land on his feet. Democracy in Wayne lacks a baron, because, like most rural communities in New York state, its denizens are republicans of the hard-shell sort, and barons are always a by-product of the dominant sentiment.

In Orleans, however, there is a budding democratic baron. His name is Barry Murphy,

and he used to be a drummer of the persuasive sort and a rural correspondent for metropolitan papers. Last summer he organized the young democrats so successfully that he routed the Churches and the Hanlons, and Orleans was the first democratic county convention to declare for Hearst. State Chairman Conners thought a youngster who could do that deserved recognition, so he took Barry to New York to help him run the state campaign. Barry filled the bill well enough to attract the attention of Lieutenant-Governor Chanler, who asked him to become his private secretary. After due deliberation, Barry accepted, and he has served the Chanlers so well that if any of them attains to the governorship or presidency Barry is sure to go along, and who knows but that another Dan Lamont may step to the front? Already Barry is classed as next to John Raines as a patronage hunter for his Orleans county peasants. He is a shrewd young Irishman, who neither drinks nor smokes, and always has his head with him.

Justice cannot be done the barons and baronies of Livingston, Niagara, Genesee, Orleans and Wyoming unless they are considered together in great part. Extending on from the days when the Indians ranged over the Genesee Valley, the family of Wadsworth has exercised not baronial but like unto regal sway over the territory now comprised in these counties. If Hendricks, Wilcox, Raines and Betts may be styled barons, James W. Wadsworth, of Livingston, might well be called a duke. In the legislative halls in Albany and Washington his face has been familiar these many years, while in state conventions he marshaled his trusty retainers from five baronies. Irving L'Hommedieu might be titular baron of Orleans or sit in the state committee, Van Gorder might head the Wyoming vassals. Sanders might captain the Genesee yeomanry, Merritt might command in Niagara, but wherever Wadsworth, of Livingston, sat the others bowed obeisance. He named the county judges, the district attorneys, the senators, the assemblymen, and all the other officials in the five baronies within his duchy, never forgetting to send himself to Congress every two years. His sway was undisputed, and, with true ducal foresight, he had begun to plan for the future by sending his son, James W. Wadsworth, Jr., to the Assembly, there to be tutored for the higher honors which were to be in store for him. In the break between Governor Higgins and Ben. Odell, James W., Jr., was promoted to the speakership, and fortune seemed to shower all her favors upon the dynasty of Wadsworth.

But a cloud had gathered upon the horizon. Frederick C. Stevens appeared upon the scene, a gentleman fully as conversant with Washington ways as Wadsworth, with business acumen as keen—it had been developed in gobbling up and consolidating banks, street

(Continued on page 16)

The Evolution of Donaldson Vickers

(Continued from page 6)

glad to be here with you. I never had a mother."

Her hand trembled over his brow, and touched lightly the gold-brown hair. She had felt her heart go out to this lad as to no other human being, and as his life ebbed out, she was oppressed with an unaccountable grief.

"But you have a good father," she answered cheerfully, "you have said that he taught you to pray; that he prays with you."

"Y-e-s, he's good, but—it's *hard* good; you can't make a nest in it," he said with such pathetic wishfulness in his tones.

The head physician motioned Sara to give place to another nurse. Outside the door he said: "Nurse Sara, I have said repeatedly that you are too sympathetic for your calling. You are all heart and feeling,—it won't do, it won't do! This case is hopeless, only a question of enough life-oil to burn an hour or two. Let some one else take the ending. We need you for those that are going to live. You have been unnecessarily attentive to this patient. It burns out force—don't do it. It doesn't pay to have too much heart."

"Just this once," pleaded Sara. "I shall not do it again. Let me stay till the end. The poor boy has no mother. Have you sent for his father?"

"Yes, he will come directly. He was here last night while your assistant was on duty."

"You were born to be a woman and a mother, not an impersonal nurse," the doctor said in a despairing voice as he walked away.

Faster and faster coursed the fevered life-current; quicker and quicker hammered the pulse till it was but a countless flutter.

"Nurse Sara," gasped the tired boy, "your watch—ticks—too—slow."

He felt the hurrying of the tide as it bore him into the deeps, and realized the slowness of the measured flight of time.

The quiet entrance of two persons caused Sara to look up. One was her assistant nurse; the other. Rev. Donaldson Vickers. Following the nurse to the door, she whispered: "It is well to have a clergyman—if they wish it—, but the boy's father—"

"He is also the father," she answered, and was gone.

For a few moments the world was reeling. There was left to Sara but a kaleidoscopic perception of life and the sequences of events. Gradually, as she riveted her gaze upon the piteous face and the grief-stricken figure of the man kneeling there, her thoughts focused on the truth of the evident fact before her.

His child! and *she* had been led to minister to his dying needs! There was only gladness in her heart, and an undefined worthiness of his better esteem, that this, mayhap, had raised her soul to a nearer level with his.

Stepping back near a window, Sara endeavored to collect her forces. There was a touch on her arm, and a sobbing whisper asked, "how long?"

Without a tremor, she answered very slowly, "perhaps only an hour; it cannot be long."

Looking into her face for the first time, searching for a ray of comfort, or hope, he said: "Sara!" with such frantic stress that it might have been gladness, or—horror.

Tense with anxiety, and torn with conflicting emotions, there was no resemblance to the self-righteous man she remembered. The droop of sorrow and humiliation had touched him as a stately flower shows the blight of the frost in the bending stalk, the limp leaves and blackened petals. Bowing his head, he said reverently: "This is my retribution and God's forgiveness."

"He is your child?" she asked, longing to have the assurance confirmed.

"My child," he replied, like a broken echo.

Then there was a battle within the man—the last stroke for his claim to a free soul; the last chance for a redeemed soul; the final opportunity for righting himself with God and woman. Would his be the victory?

Even in this crisis of keenest suffering, did the cold, self-erected idol of his personal uprightness contend with the God-built impersonal greatness of the spiritual man.

But the battle was short.

Supreme moments only by supreme efforts are achieved, to beautify and enrich all the unmarked years, as exquisite gems adorn and make priceless a golden chain.

The idol was broken; the soul expanded to the size of a throne-room, and a beautiful truth, born of sorrow and humility, fluttered through his words when he said, after a long pause:

"My child—and yours, Sara. Forgive me the lie, if it be not too late to—"

Without a word, without a sign, she hastened to the bed-side and fell upon her knees in an ecstasy of gratitude.

Is it ever too late to have our own? Our own is forever our own by elemental possession. Death is a mere incident. Life is short, but memory is long; time is limited, but eternity is limitless. Enough for us, then, that we know our own!

Something akin to this must have filled Sara's heart, for in her face was the light of a great, great happiness. For a few brief moments she looked into the wide, bright eyes of her own child, kissed his lips, talked to him in mother-talk, and heard him say—just once—"my mother."

There was no room in her heart for grief, when the tired eyes closed; there was gratitude—piled upon joy—that she had known her own!

* * * * *

The dearly-loved rector of St. Mark's had been a changed man, since the death of his son. His people said he was less austere, more sympathetic, more tolerant; that grief had opened for him the flood-gates of an all-encompassing charity.

There was added satisfaction when he brought to them his bride.

With the admiring eyes of his flock upon him, and the loving eyes of Sara, his wife, burning through into his redeemed soul, the rector read the words of his text:

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

A Description

When Teddy Roosevelt sights a bear
His face will broaden like this line;
But if his aim should badly fare

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She's a Real Jewel

She lacks the storied slenderness and eyes of welkin blue

Of the beauty in a Tarkington romance,
Her face is not as fair as those the "ads." extol to you

And no man has ever praised her liquid glance;

Her hands are innocent of lines that artists like to limn

And her manner can't be classified as meek,
But I play the abject slave to this woman with a vim—

She's the only cook who's stayed with us a week.

John J. Murphy.

Ideal and Real

"Who lives in that neglected-looking, tumble-down farm house?"

"Why, Ephraim Stubbs."

"The name seems familiar."

"Yes, you ought to know him; he writes those splendid letters to the 'Weekly Burster,' on 'Practical Hints To Farmers,'"

Geo. S. Crittenden.

EVERY FRIDAY

Syracuse High Has a Speedy Team

Await with Confidence the Outcome of Their Annual Game with the Boys From Rochester East in the Salt City Tomorrow Afternoon

A. B. CHURCHILL

TO-morrow will be the greatest day of the year for Syracuse High School students, when the annual football game between their team and the Rochester East High team takes place, and all will be on hand to see the contest, as well as the fun incidental to this grid-iron battle. Everything is in readiness at the Salt City for the invasion of the Rochester warriors, with their hundreds of rooters, and there is no doubt but that one of the greatest demonstrations of school spirit ever enacted will be witnessed at New Star Park during the afternoon.

every game a certain amount of improvement has been shown, and as soon as team play was perfected "new football" was tried with more or less success. The men are all light, the heaviest on the line weighing in the neighborhood of 175 pounds, and in the backfield about 150.

The back trio contains but one vet, "Lolly" Van Brocklin, whose playing a year ago is well remembered by Flower City people. "Lolly" is playing his usual good game this season, and his grit and dogged determination have gained many a yard for the red and blue. For

Purging Dartmouth's Athletics

DARTMOUTH'S action in disqualifying practically a whole varsity ball nine for playing summer baseball may lead to other reforms. Thomas J. McCarthy, for the past two years coach of the Dartmouth nine, will not be re-engaged, and the inference is that McCarthy is blamed in some degree for the professional spirit that pervaded the Dartmouth team. Members of the council are reticent on the matter except that they are unanimous that McCarthy shall have nothing more to do with Dartmouth's athletic teams

Princeton Get's A-Float

Princeton seems now assured of being represented at the Poughkeepsie regatta not later than the summer of 1909. The Rowing Association has just been formally organized and among the officers elected was Norman Armour, who will be the first captain. He has had several years' experience as a member of the St. Paul's School crew. Twenty-five men are being coached daily on Carnegie Lake by Constance S. Titus and inter-class and handicapped races will be held this fall.

Brae-Burn Wants It

The Brae-Burn Country Club will bid for the next amateur golf championship of the United States, and the chances are more than even that the premier event of the season of 1908 will be settled on the popular West Newton links. The championship belongs to the East next year, having been settled in the West this season at Cleveland; and in the second place, Massachusetts has yet to see a national amateur championship on one of her courses.

Some Hotel Rules

Some American automobilists whose car had broken down while they were touring in the South of England, found themselves compelled to pass the night at a little wayside inn, the landlord of which, when they applied for shelter, handed them a card containing the following information:

RULES OF THIS HOTEL:

Fourpence per night for bed.
Sixpence with supper.
No more than three to sleep in one bed.
No beer allowed in the kitchen.
No smoking when in bed.
No dogs allowed up-stairs.
No gambling or fighting here.
No extra charge for luggage.
No razor-grinders taken in.
Organ-grinders to sleep in the attic.

BY IZIKIAH O'DONOVIAN.

PROBABLE LINE-UP OF SYRACUSE HIGH SCHOOL AGAINST ROCHESTER EAST HIGH TOMORROW



Players in the line, from left to right, are:
McLauthlin, O'Rourke, Mackesey, Noxon, Haviland, Loomis, Park.
Back-field—Boland, Ryan, Gillette, Van Brocklin.

The game itself promises to be a hummer. While the red and blue have played a number of games this fall, all except one, that with the Binghamton High School, have been of a minor order, and with the one thought of whipping the eleven into the best possible shape for to-morrow's great test. Of the eleven men who will line-up against the purple and white, only four were members of the team which won that well remembered struggle from the East-siders on Culver Field last fall. They are Boland, captain and quarterback; Van Brocklin, left half-back; Haviland, left guard, and Loomis, left tackle. Of the remaining seven, three were "scrubs" a year ago, and four are green 'uns.

Taking this fact into consideration, some idea of the problem which confronted Coach "Hank" Henderson, when he took charge of the squad about four weeks ago, can be had. After one good look at the material available, he decided on speed as the quickest way to success, and "speed" was at once adopted as the team's slogan. This has been drilled into the players each day since, and the result is a team which is generally admitted to be fully as good as last year's, if not a trifle better. In

right half, Rogers and Ryan, both new men, light, but good are available. Rogers seems a little better of the two, however, and unless kept out by a bad ankle he will start the game to-morrow. Gillette, one of last year's subs, is playing full-back, and making good in every sense of the word. Captain Boland at quarter is proving himself a good general, and his punting up to date, has been above criticism.

Of the forwards, Haviland and Loomis on the left side are old boys, and can be depended upon to give a good account of themselves. Barney O'Rourke the 2d, a brother of the mighty Barney, of Cornell fame, is on the right side at tackle, and he bids fair to become as famous on the gridiron as his brother. Mackesey, another brand new man at football, does the stunts at right guard. Noxon, a good sized youth, and a member of the scrub team of a year ago, will be found at center.

The ends have caused the coach considerable worry throughout the entire season. Several men have been trying out for the vacancies, but all are light. Chrisman and McLauthlin seem to have the call for the positions, however, and they will undoubtedly be in the first line-up against the purple and white.

Behind The Choir Curtain *A Short Story*

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VIRGINIA BLAIR

THERE had been an immense amount of irreverence in the choir before the new Soprano came. The Tenor and the Contralto and the Bass and the old Soprano had flirted from the opening anthem to the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain there had been no scandal, although certain members of the session had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

With the advent of the new Soprano, however, came a different state of affairs. Both the Tenor and the Bass fell in love with her at sight, and the Contralto, being forty and fat and fair, submitted comfortably to the new singer's conquest and smiled on her in a way unprecedented in choir history, where the green-eyed monster is supposed to rage rampant.

The new Soprano was not irreverent, and hence it came about that romance was succeeded by religion, and the Tenor and the Bass paid strict attention to the responses and to the sermon, and bent their heads during prayers; although so earnest were the Soprano's meditations that the Bass was constrained now and then to glance at her, and after intercepting the Tenor's ardent observation would again seem wrapped in his devotions.

At the time of the opening prayer the sun came through the rose window. A white dove spread his wings against the stained glass background, and as the Soprano stood up for her solo he seemed to hover over her head, and her shining hair made a golden halo.

"Oh, she's too good to be true," the Bass told the Tenor as they went home together one Sunday in May.

"She is perfect," the Tenor declared, fervently; "we are a lot of sinners, and she has come among us like a little saint to make us ashamed of ourselves."

It was discovered after three weeks that the Bass had given up smoking. In five weeks the Tenor signed the pledge, and in six the Contralto stopped bleaching her hair and came to choir practice with her head tied up in a veil to hide the inevitable discrepancies as to color.

"She's a dear little thing," she confided to the Bass. "She is poor and takes care of her mother."

"I'll take care of them both," the Bass declared, ardently, "if she will let me."

The Tenor having made the same statement, the Contralto carried the news to the Soprano.

"They are both in love with you, my dear," she whispered one Sunday morning when the green curtain had been drawn and the congregation had settled down comfortably to hear the sermon.

"I'd rather not talk about such things in church if you don't mind," the Soprano said,

gently, and the Contralto agreed hastily and gave her earnest attention to the preacher.

"But tell me one thing," the Tenor said to the Contralto, confidentially, at choir practice, "how are we going to ask her? Her mother walks home with her after all the services, and she hasn't asked us to call, and she won't talk about secular things in church, and there you are!"

"Is love a secular thing?" the Contralto questioned, sentimentally.

"She says it is," the Tenor stated, "but I think it is divine."

Things came to something of a climax when the Soprano's mother was taken sick.

"Now is your chance," said the Contralto, all in a flutter, as she leaned toward the Tenor.

But the Bass was already begging the privilege.

"I had hoped you might let me," the Tenor said, as he stumbled over two chairs to get to her.

"Why not both of you?" said the Soprano, "it's on your way home, and you will be company for each other the rest of the way."

"Oh, the aggravation of her," groaned the Tenor, as he went to get his hat, and the Bass said things to himself in a dark corner.

The Soprano invited them in, and they found her mother sitting up in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the angelic hands of the Soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.

"We might as well meet it like men," the Bass told the Tenor as they went home afterwards. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her, one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."

"Well," the Tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"

"I'll toss a nickel," said the Bass. "Heads I win." And he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.

"Just my luck," said the Bass, gloomily, "but if you have the good looks I have the brains, and I shall know how to plead my case when the time comes."

The Tenor was jubilant.

"I shall have first chance," he said.

When he talked to the Contralto on Sunday morning the Bass was not sanguine. "The Tenor is young and handsome and I won't be in it."

The Contralto comforted him.

"If I had the choosing I should pick you out," she said, and something in her voice made the Bass turn and look at her. She had on her new summer hat, and her hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntiness that belied her forty years, and that made the Bass, with his weight of forty-five, feel old.

"You are always my good friend," he said, and squeezed her hand ever so slightly, as he rose to sing a duet with the Tenor.

In the solo part the Tenor's voice rang out with such a note of triumph that the Soprano caught her breath as she heard it. It was as if he sang "I love, love, love," and yet the words were sacred. Within the breast of the little Soprano something new stirred, something that was touched with the breath of divinity, so that it seemed no sacrilege for her to think of it in church.

"How beautifully he sings," she said to the Contralto, and the Contralto agreed. "Yes, dear," but her eyes were on the Bass, who now took up the strain.

When the Tenor sat down, the Soprano whispered in the shelter of the curtain, "How beautifully you sang."

And the Tenor said: "I sang to you," and between them flashed a glance that made the Bass groan, and he murmured to the Contralto, "The game is up. I have lost. They are talking love in church."

"It's as good a place as any," said the Contralto. "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." She wiped her eyes as she said it, and the Bass found himself asking:

"Do you really think that young love is as steadfast as the love of old friends?"

"Have you just found that out, Billy?" the Contralto questioned.

"You have helped me to find it out," said the Bass, and squeezed her hand under her hymn book.

And under the hymn book of the Soprano the hands of the two young lovers met.

"The beautiful part is that you told me in church," said the Soprano, with her blue eyes lighted with divine fire.

"Yes, that is the beautiful part," said the Tenor, as, regardless of the Contralto and the Bass, he kissed her beneath the green baize curtain.

Those Unkind Maidens

Pauline is blonde, and Maud brunette,
Clarissa's staid, Annette vivacious,
Ruth is the shyest girl I've met,
And Margaret the most audacious.

Though so unlike these maids you'll find,
(Ah me, to what despair they've led me!)
They seem to be of but one mind—
Alas, not one of them will wed me!

Nathan M. Levy.

No Complaints Heard

Woman (to tramp)—"And haven't you any wife, my good man?"

Tramp—"No, mum."

Woman—"That's unfortunate."

Tramp—"Oh, I don't know. She gets along without me pretty well."

Geo. S. Crittenden.

EVERY FRIDAY

Buffalo's Pioneer Golf Community

From the Date of Its Organization in 1889, the Country Club Made the Royal and Ancient Game one of Its Chief Attractions

THOMAS E. SULLIVAN



C. N. RANSOM

ORGANIZED in 1889 "for the encouragement of athletic exercises and sports, and the establishment of places for entertainment and social meetings," to quote from Article I of the constitution, the Buffalo Country Club at once took rank as the leading institution of its kind in this part of Western New York, and

numbered among its members the most prominent men of business and professional life in the city of Buffalo. Such men as George Bleistein, H. H. Littell, C. M. Ransom, the Carys, the Goodyears, Robert K. Root, Robert W. Pomeroy, A. E. Hedstrom, Ganson Depew, J. J. Albright, Trueman G. Avery, Charles F. Bingham, Herbert P. Bissell, George V. Foreman, the Hamlins, William H. Hotchkiss, E. H. Butler, Norman E. Mack, the Rumseys, Ansley Wilcox, and dozens of others prominently identified with the commercial and political affairs of Erie County became its active members.

Its membership was limited to three hundred, with an initiation fee of \$100 and annual dues of \$50. Among the athletic exercises mentioned in its initial articles were polo, tennis and golf, the latter just then coming into vogue among the outdoor sports. The club was elected an allied member of the United States Golf Association in 1897.

The Pan-American Exposition in 1901, which located on a portion of the grounds occupied by the Country Club, on Elmwood Avenue and Buffalo Park—the site which is now the home of

that flourishing rival organization, the Park Club—together with the growing needs of the club, made a change of location necessary.

An ideal tract of land, easily adaptable to sporting purposes, was secured just north of the city limits, and on this was erected a magnificent club house for the members. Golf grounds were laid out, at first a nine-hole course only, and later an additional nine holes, making a full course of eighteen holes. Polo and tennis held their own, however, as they do to-day, the polo games in front of the club house never failing as an attraction to the members and guests.

The annual horse show and gymkana games are the leading social events of the summer season at the Country Club, the members thronging to the grounds in full force on these occasions. The tournaments of the golf clubs in the League of the Lower Lakes have been held on the Country Club links several times, in which golfers from Rochester, Cleveland,

that part of the games of the proposed tournament next spring, in which it is hoped that clubs from Rochester and vicinity, as well as Toronto and Cleveland, will participate. This tournament is not expected to supplant those of the League of the Lower Lakes or of the Lake Shore League, in the latter of which a few weeks ago the Oak Hill Country Club of Rochester covered itself with honor by winning the championship and the \$100 challenge emblematic of that distinction, but rather as an outlet for the rampant golf spirit which has grown amazingly in Buffalo within the past two years.

The tournament for the city championship in golf was won on this course recently by Charles M. Ransom, of the Country Club. R. E. S. Carlisle, of the Park Club, was the runner up. W. Allan Gardner made the low score of the tourney, going the course in 78, which is but two strokes behind the amateur record, held by Parke Wright and Mr. Ransom jointly. All these players are well known in Rochester, having frequently played over its links.

Robert W. Pomeroy is the president of the Country Club, Howard A. Forman is treasurer, Seymour P. White, chairman of the House Committee, and Allan Gardner chairman of the Greens Committee. Mrs. A. E. Hedstrom, who recently won the women's championship of Buffalo, is chairman of the Women's Golf Committee.

Tri-City Golf Tourney

Walter J. Travis will captain the New York team in annual Tri-City matches for the Lesley Cup, which start to-day on the links of the Country Club at Brookline, Mass.

Amateur Turns Professional

H. H. Barker, who won the Irish Amateur championship last year, left the amateur ranks recently to accept an engagement with the Garden City, L. I., Golf Club, and has just entered upon his duties. Barker was for several years a member of the Huddersfield G. C. in Yorkshire, England.



BUFFALO COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE

Toronto, Detroit and Buffalo have battled.

The course is laid on undulating ground and, while the natural formation does not make for ideal golfing conditions, yet so well has it been bunkered and its greens protected by "traps" and other devices, that it is now one of the best golf courses in the country. Its longest hole of 600 yards, with a bogey of six, will test the skill of the best player to keep within the score fixed by the mythical "colonel." Its total length is 6,115 yards, with a bogey of 79.

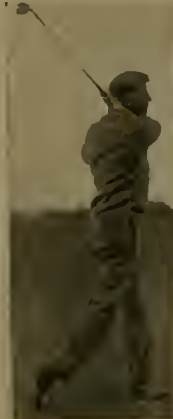
It is over this course



A. GARDNER



R. E. S. CARLISLE



A. E. HEDSTROM

EVERY FRIDAY

NOTES & FALL FASHIONS



By Courtesy of Duffy-McInnerney Company



The most pronounced features of the fashions of the moment are the very large hat, veil draperies, frilly neckwear and fancy shoes. These are the prevailing fads in New York, and it seems more than likely that they will extend into general lines.

The most pronounced types of millinery are now selling, the large mushroom or cloche, with its elaborate trimming of novelty feathers and its exaggerated flowers being even more pronounced than ever. It is still a question when this radicalism will have reached its extreme—for while size is pronounced and trimming abundant, colorings are no less so.

Purple, light and dark peacock and the Copenhagen blues are much in evidence.

Every variety of coque feather is being used, and there are the most exaggerated quills and soft-made plume effects of gaura, swan feathers and various other novelties. The marabout and the uncurled ostrich are much in favor, while huge wings and quills, full-curved boas, large rosettes and plumes of every description, are worn in the most pronounced colorings. The impeyan breasts and wings are used too, and entire crowns are surrounded and covered with the weirdest feather trimmings.

Royal purple still claims attention as a novel coloring, in both millinery and trimming lines.

LONG DRAPERY VEILS

Not content with the exaggerated size of the hat and its pronounced trimming, the fashionable women are wearing long drapery veils, which are tied closely about the back of the hat, enclosing the elaborately dressed coiffure in a sort of chiffon or lace hood. The ends of the veils in many instances fall below the waist line, being caught close together, before falling, at the neck.

These veils are not only of chiffon, but of net and lace in colors. London smoke, pearl gray, brown, tan and even green and purple are seen.

NOVELTIES IN NECKWEAR

A woman, if she care to, may spend the price of a fairly expensive waist, in a mere bit of neckwear. Very large effects in jabot and bosom frills are shown. These are made of fine Batiste and also of Valenciennes lace. Beautiful combinations of lace and embroidery are seen, and there is no limit to the cost of these articles, though right here in Rochester, it is possible to buy some very pretty ones for very little.

The embroidered linen collars in high, turn-over styles, continue in favor. Some are being shown in color, with necktie to match. They have been quite a fad in the hand-embroidered styles through the Summer and are now shown in machine-embroidery work. The leading colors are navy, brown and green. The

bows to match are shown in both made-up effects and small ties.

CUTAWAY IN SUITS AND COATS

The cutaway outline is being used very extensively in separate wraps and coat suits, and will undoubtedly continue to predominate throughout the winter. The leading makers of Europe favor the cutaway effect, and on



both close-fitting and loose garments, this outline is seen.

The three quarter sleeve appears largely on garments of a dressy type. This applies to costumes, separate waists and coat suits. The strictly tailored suit, almost without exception, has the full length sleeve; so has also the tailored waist, but very few models of a dressy character show the full length sleeve. It is however, an extreme fashion fancy, and a

decided novelty is the decollete gown with transparent sleeve, with mitten form, coming down over the hand and having a thumb hole that it may be kept in position.

NEW GIRDLE EFFECT

In addition to the princess treatment, which is seen frequently in both simple and dressy costumes, there is a new girdle effect; very deep, reaching from a slightly shortened waistline half-way up under the arms. This new broad girdle is well thought of and is often finished with a sash drapery falling from the back, at the side, or the front.

Very many of the dressy evening costumes have this sash treatment at the waistline. There is another novelty that is bidding for favor. This is the boned, pointed basque, finished with a narrow godet frill.

SHORT WALKING SKIRTS

For all save the very dressy suit and costume, the very short skirt prevails. The American-pleated models vie with the French creations in circular and gored effects. Other models though, are numerous, and it is undoubtedly a period of transition in skirt styles, many new ideas being brought forth.

Prominent among these novelties are the draped and double-skirt effects. Some of the best French makers stand sponsor for draped skirts, and they are sure to become an object of interest.

HIGH TOP FANCY SHOES

The very short skirts which are being worn, and with all walking suits and simple dresses of the type known as "costume trotteur," have brought into prominence the fancy shoes with high tops.

The shoes of this new cut have cloth, ooze calf and colored kid tops and are very fetching in appearance. Great use too, is being made of the patent leather boot with white kid top, this style seeming to predominate in the shops of the high grade custom makers. A great many of these novelties are shown in the Duffy-McInnerney store, those of the famous Garside manufacture being in greatest extreme and smart taste.

A great many shoe tops, match the costume, or color of the suit. In some, the same fabric is employed. But the general demand is for the brown combinations, as well as gray in its various hues from the dark London smoke to the lighter pearl.

A Safety Valve

Younghusband—"Yes, indeed, the chafing dish is a great institution. Couldn't get along without it."

Friend—"What can you do with it?"

Younghusband—"Swear!"

Geo. S. Crittenden.

What Little Tots Are Wearing

(SEE BACK COVER FOR ILLUSTRATIONS)

The store that builds its business around the needs and necessities of the little tots, is planning for a very brilliant future; for it is but a step from the "first bonnet" to the "first hat"—and from the first hat to the styles that grace young ladies. And since young ladies as a rule, give greatest heed to what they wear—being a bit more particular than their elders, as to correct modes and fashions—the store that supplies them with their "first bonnet," will likely cling to them in usefulness.

That is the main reason, perhaps, why the Duffy-McInnerney Company have really gone to extremes in gathering a selection of Infants' Apparelling that is unquestionably the most extensive and the most exhaustive of any in the State, outside of perhaps three shops in New York City.

From the simplest little bib that retails for something like ten cents, to the most gorgeous layette—complete with everything an infant could wear or play with—the stock seems to know no bounds.

At the head of it is Miss M. Kenney of New York city, who for more than six years devoted the bulk of her time to the selecting of similar merchandise in the shop of John Wanamaker. Miss Kenney not only covered the American market for that distinguished establishment, but the European one as well. And that she is thoroughly familiar with what little tots need or should have, is evidenced by the gorgeous display now on view in the big store at Main and Fitchugh.

LITTLE TOTS HEADWEAR

For very young children, white hats continue in favor. These are intended to be worn with white broadcloth, cashmere and bear-cloth coats.

The most pronounced style is the poke bonnet. It is made up in felt, velvet and fur plush. The wide brim effect is very pretty and becoming to most every child.

Dutch bonnets are always attractive on young children. These are made of felt, velvet, imitation fur, plush, chiffon, silk and cloth, and are trimmed with ribbons, flowers and small feathers. For older children there are the fancy shaped hats of beaver and felt in white and colors. Trimmings run the gamut of ribbons, chiffon and the like and ribbon ties, with pretty rosettes, large enough to cover the ears as a protection from the severe cold, are features of interest.

For the wee-tiny infant, nothing takes the place of the close, tight-fitting caps. These are shown in imitation furs, bear cloth, faille silk, cloth and of materials to match the coats. Most of them are made with turned-back shields in plain or trimmed effects, and are very effective.

Pretty wide ties are shown as fastenings, together with padded linings in plain or quilted effects.

Broadcloth and Serge, in the new Fall

colors, as well as white, are most popular. Those made in regulation box style, with pleats at the back and front, held in place by means of a belt, are most favored. Imitation fur coats also predominate, and some of them are rarely beautiful.

Braid trimmings form a most decided feature. These are employed either as a binding around the entire garment, or as trimming for the collars and cuffs. Imitation fur trimmings too, are extensively used.

Long coats for infants are shown in Bedford Cord in the lower priced models, and

or fastened to the dress. These guimps are made of lace trimmed lawn, or silk, according to the style of the dresses.

For the little tots going to Kintergarden, nothing quite takes the place of the Sailor. Broadcloths, chevots and serges are all employed for these. The skirts are in pleated effect, either plain or fold trimmed, while the blouses are regular. The shields and left sleeves are trimmed with colored emblems, such as anchors, stars and Teddy bears.

Rochester's New Mile Posts

Rochesterians who drive a motor car, or ride behind a "coach and four", will be interested in the new mile posts which have been erected alongside every road leading out of this city.

These posts, like the photograph shown of them, are of sufficient size to be easily read, and are accurately timed as to distances.

On the Scottsville road, they run to LeRoy; on the Buffalo road almost to Batavia; on the



Ridge to Sodus; on East avenue to Canandaigua; on Mount Hope avenue to "White Horse Tavern". They are also located on Monroe avenue, the Penfield road, Atlantic avenue and the Little Ridge.

These gate-ways to Rochester have been erected through the enterprise of the Duffy-McInnerney Company. They are readable by tourists leaving the city, as well as by those coming in, being painted on both sides.

Autumn Cheer

The summer days have gone, dear heart,
The river winds along.

By leafless groves where once we heard
The oriole's sweet song;

But we care not that days are dark.

And skies have turned to grey,
For bright the fire burns on our hearth
And Love has come to stay!

Alma Pendexter Hayden.

Index to Articles Shown on Back Cover Page

- 1—Infant's Coat, made in plain box style, of white serge; collar and cuffs trimmed with white curly bear. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price.....\$ 5.95
Cap of Corded Silk. Price..... 3.95
- 2—Wash Stand, four piece set. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price complete 14.50
- 3—Infant's Party Dress, made of Swiss Lawn trimmed with Val lace; pink slip under silk. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price..... 12.50
Cap of Corded silk, lace trimmed; face edged with Chiffon. Price..... 5.50
- 4—Infant's Jacket, of white Cashmere, collar and cuffs trimmed with hand embroidery. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price..... 1.50
- 5—Infant's Coat Hanger, made of wire, covered with ribbon. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price..... 95
- 6—Infant's Double Gown, made of white Cashmere; hand embroidered trimming. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price..... 3.75
- 7—Infant's Coat Hanger, fine ribbon trim, hand decorated, over wire frame. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price 1.50
- 8—Infant's Trunk Box, six drawer style, ribbon trimmed, hand decorated. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price 1.50
- 9—Infant's Hood Shawl, of white Cashmere; hand embroidered, scalloped edge. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price 3.50
- 10—Infant's Shoulder Shawl, of white Cashmere; hand embroidered corners. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price 4.50
- 11—Infant's Hamper contains ten articles, complete. Shown by Duffy-McInnerney Co. Price..... 45.00

Shown by
DUFFY-McINNERNEY CO.

faille silk, bengaline, satin-finished cloth and cashmere in the finer ones.

The one-cape effect is seen this fall more than any other style. Bear cloth trimmings on the capes of these long coats is a novelty, and the scarcity of it precludes the style from becoming very generally used.

DRESSES AND SUITS

One piece effects in dresses very rightly have the call for favor. They are shown in a great variety of materials, with neatly trimmed yokes, bishop sleeves and plain and fancy trimmed skirts.

In woolen dresses, plaids are quite popular. These are shown with guimps, either separate

Political Barons of Western New York

(Continued from page 9)

car systems and gas companies in Washington, D. C. While the Stevens collection of traction and gas companies and banks could not be styled a complete one, it was sufficiently large to net its owner several million dollars. Having acquired a final rural estate, Stevens aspired to the barony of Wyoming, and, incidentally to Duke Wadsworth's seat in Congress.

Strong in the supremacy of generations, the chief of the Wadsworth clan pooh-poohed the Stevens pretensions. But the newcomer was not niggardly in expenditure of his money, and ere long he had laid successful siege to the Wyoming barony. Thinking, possibly, to sidetrack him, the Wadsworths sent Stevens to the state Senate. There he was not as tractable as the big state barons would like, and when the apportionment of 1906 was made they fixed up a Senate district where Stevens and Wyoming would not figure larger than a three-cent piece. The Wadsworths, pater and fils, were not in the deal, they were more concerned in shunting Baron Irving L'Hommedieu, of Orleans, out of the Senate council because he had manifested a rebellious spirit. Both Stevens and L'Hommedieu were counted out, and Baron Merritt, of Niagara, sent Deputy Baron Stanislaus P. Franchot, brother to Baron Nicholas Van Vranken Franchot, of Cattaraugus, to the Senate in L'Hommedieu's place, while Duke Wadsworth and Baron Sanders sent Samuel Percy Hooker, a stout-hearted yeoman of Genesee, in Stevens' stead.

Everything looked promising for an in-

definite continuation of the dynasty of Wadsworth. But that cloud was growing larger. Governor Higgins declined renomination. The agrarians of the Wadsworth duchy had been murmuring because of fancied reluctance on the part of the Duke to pay proper heed to their requests for congressional action. The nomination for governor of Hughes, Stevens' friend, the tart exchange of compliments between the Great Father in Washington and the Duke, all added to the storm. Up in Niagara, aided and abetted by Baron Stevens, Peter A. Porter, student and historian and scion of a family as old and noted as the Wadsworths, started out as a congressional candidate. Hearst men and democrats were tickled to death to put Porter on their ticket. He beat Wadsworth to death. Then came the selection of Stevens to dispense the canal patronage under Hughes. Looked like Stevens stock was booming some. Then came the new apportionment whereby Livingston—the home barony of the Wadsworths—was lifted out of the duchy altogether and coupled with a people who knew not the Wadsworths. While Livingston remains loyal to the Wadsworths and Genesee still sands by Sanders—Archie D., the internal revenue collector, who has been playing off agin, on agin, gone agin Finnegan—Stevens has been able to restore Irving L'Hommedieu, the Bold Buccaneer of Western New York politics to the barony of Orleans, and to help Porter give the Merritt Franchot regime in Niagara an awful jolt.

Up in Chautauqua the old Nixon dynasty is

tottering under the body blows of the rebels, led by Chairman F. W. Stevens, of the Public Service Commission. Over in Cattaraugus, Brother Nicholas Franchot has been all but dethroned by Senator Abijah Fancher, Nixon's friend in politics and oil enterprises.

If the Wadsworth duchy is disintegrated, and the Wadsworth sub-barons are dethroned, will Premier Stevens be the next duke or will that title pass? Does Stevens want to go to Congress at the close of Porter's term? Or does he aspire to "Our Chauncey's" seat in the United States Senate?

Just as an incident in the baronial annals it should be remarked that Livingston and Niagara have democratic barons in training. While Fletcher C. Peck has his law business and social residence in Rochester, he is classed as a voting resident of Livingston county, and is elected to represent the democratic yeomen in state councils. But there is a square-jawed, unobtrusive Irishman, by name John F. Donovan, residing in Mt. Morris, who will be heard from if the democratic star ever gains ascendancy again in state and nation. Up in Niagara there resides a tall, angular, shrewd-visaged chap named George W. Batten. He ran for secretary of state once, and was defeated. But he kept in the game, and was slick enough to keep in with David B. Hill. William James Connors and William Randolph Hearst, pose as the democratic and Independence League leader of Niagara at one and the same time, and then capture the deputy state treasurership.

Ballad of a Bachelor

Tall she was and divinely fair,
Light of foot as a woodland fay,
A Gibson girl with a modish air,
She that I loved and who said me nay;
It seems, ah! me, but yesterday—
How stunning she looked in her picture hat!—
But ten long years have passed away,
And Amaryllis is growing fat.

Ankle dainty and figure spare,
Cupid's mouth and eyes of gray,
Roguish dimples and russet hair,
Chloe was blithe as a bird in May;
I pleaded long for a single yea,
But she used my heart as she would a mat;
But time adjusts all things, they say,
And Chloe, too, is growing fat.

Lips that were made to tempt and snare,
Eyes to sparkle and dance and play,
A smile to temper life's cark and care—
Clorinda certainly "had a way";
Slender, too, as a willow spray,
Graceful with racquet, or club, or bat;
She spurned my suit, but my heart is gay,
For Clorinda, too, is growing fat.

John N. Hilliard.

Weather Item

Pat—"An' whin did he doi?"
Milligan—"Yesterday."
Pat—"Begorra, he had a fine day for it."

Sport Up-To-Date

Time was I hunted in his native court
The royal lion, and in jungles dense
Pursued the tiger, and esteemed the sport
Immense.

Time was I stalked all day the shaggy yak,
Or whipped wild mountain streams with fly
or worm,
Or with explosive bullets felled huge pach-
-yderm.

Time was my rifle tolled the swart gnu's knell,
Or brought to earth some monarch moose
ill-starred,
Or hippopotamus, or coy camel-
-opard.

Such simple sports I now esteem a bore,
Since automobile scorchers are my prey;
With buckshot now I bag them, con amore,
All day.

John Northern Hilliard.

Face or Gun?

"Tleecy struck a good thing to-day."
"He's an ingenious fellow. What has he done now?"
"He has the contract for furnishing the powder for the annual reunions of the Daughters of the Revolution."

In the Kentucky Patois

"My friend in Kentucky writes me that his faction has got eight maj. in the legislature."
"That's a small majority."
"Huh! That doesn't mean 'majority'; that's Kentucky for 'majors.'"

George S. Crittenden.

"EVERY FRIDAY" LIMERICK

¶ Owing to the great interest in the "Every Friday" Limerick last lining, announced in our issue of October 18, we have extended the time for sending in last lines until November 2d. The announcement as to the last line accepted will be made in the issue of November 1st. See page 4, of October 8th issue, of "Every Friday."

"My Lady Cinderella"

(Continued from page 4)

ing you to play with. You are the prettiest doll in the whole shop, and I hope to get you comparatively cheap."

"But what would you do with me?"

"Oh, put you into pretty frocks, take you about with me, and show you off."

"There must be some other reason."

I had not meant to speak aloud, for the words sounded ungracious. But they broke forth without my volition.

Lady Sophie's handsome face flushed, and she bit her lip. For an instant her eyes appeared to flinch from mine, and suspicion, vague, yet sharply pinching, clutched my perturbed spirit.

"Well, if you must have it, my fancy for you arose partly from a resemblance to some one I used to know and admire years ago. I noticed it the instant I saw you in the park, and though you did not guess that I observed you, I hardly took my eyes from your face, peeping under the frills on my sunshade, until I spoke to you. Now that I've exhibited myself as a woman of sentiment—a creature I despise—are you satisfied?"

Perforce, I had to answer falteringly that I was. But suspicion, once roused, would not be put to sleep again so soon. There was a look in Lady Sophie de Gretton's eyes which told me (or I morbidly imagined it) that there was still something concealed under her most unexpected, most astonishing offer. I felt this electrically, yet I would not listen to the subdued whisperings.

What if there was something else? What did it matter? What did anything matter if this transformation of my life could come about? I was intoxicated by the cup that she held out to me, and I would have been ready to drink it down to the dregs—if only I need not taste the dregs quite yet.

"I must be hard to please if I were not satisfied," I said. "But I'm so bewildered, you must forgive me. Only tell me, since you say this is real and serious, what I am to do."

Powers Hotel Rochester N. Y.

350 Rooms—250 Baths and Showers

European Plan—Absolutely Fireproof

MESSNER & SWENSON, Proprietors

IDEAL WET WASH LAUNDRY

"That's Ideal"

We collect and deliver your work in 24 hours. Family washing 50 cents.

BELL TEL. 1286

ROCH. TEL. 4315

13 S. Water St., Rochester.

"You are to get leave, and come to stop with me, as soon as you can."

"Oh, for how long? A week—a fortnight—if you won't mind my asking?"

"Would it be worth while your offending your Peckham relative and losing a home for a fortnight?"

I drew in my breath. The room swam before my eyes.

"Yet!" I cried recklessly. "It would be worth it all—for that. For a fortnight I should have lived. I should 'have had my day,' and surely something, some sort of work, would turn up later."

"Brava! you're a girl after my own heart. You are a woman who dares. I was only trying you. I'd keep you longer than a fortnight. Just how long, I'm too honest, Miss Brand, to pretend to settle now. It would depend on many things."

Again her eyes dropped away from mine as if their falling lashes would hide something of mystery. But I was used to mystery. I had had it in my own life, so close, so intimate a companion, that familiarity had bred contempt—or carelessness.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and you would have to trust me to see that your future prospects at Peckham or elsewhere were not endangered. Meanwhile I can promise you this: While your visit lasts you shall have everything that the most spoiled and petted girl could ask for—quite as much as the one you took for an example in speaking to your friend in the park. By the way, I know her well, and you shall know her too, if you wish, though I warn you she doesn't easily tolerate rivals, and you will be so dangerous a one that the rose of her acquaintance may have its thorns."

I wonder if a spirit of prophecy had entered into Lady Sophie de Gretton, that she should have made use of just those words?

As she spoke the door opened, and the footman who had brought in tea appeared.

"Sir George Seaforth, my lady—" he had decorously begun, when his mistress sprang up impulsively, her face flushing. Her eyes darted to the doorway, well nigh blocked by the man's padded shoulders, and so doing her features slightly relaxed.

The visitor was, at all events, not close behind the servant, and for some reason she was glad of the respite.

"Where is he?" she questioned, a slight quiver in her voice.

"I showed Sir George into the boudoir, your ladyship, thinking you were engaged."

"Ah!" with a little relieved sigh. "That was right, William. I will see him there in a few minutes."

William vanished; the door closed; Lady Sophie remembered us. But there was a subtle change in her manner.

"It is settled, then?" she asked.

Her tone was almost impatient, and, as soon as I had murmured "Yes," she hurried on:

"Good! Can you get away the day after

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"My Lady Cinderella"

to-morrow? Ah, I'm very pleased. I will—but no, on second thoughts, for several reasons, perhaps I'd better not drive to Peckham for you. You shall come here, but don't bother about—er—much packing. It will amuse you to choose a new outfit with me. I may depend on you? Then I won't keep you and Miss—er—Bryden longer now, as she is in haste; and I've an early dinner, for a theater party, to dress for, too. Good-by, or, rather, *au revoir!*"

Before we knew what had happened we had been cordially shaken hands with, William had been rung for to show us out, and we were in the warm June sunlight of Park Lane again, banished from fairyland, humbly waiting for an omnibus.

"Why was she in such a hurry to get rid of us?" queried Anne. "And why was she so pleased because the footman had shown that man into another room?"

My ears tingled with the sting of my conviction.

"She was ashamed to have anyone see us in our dowdy clothes. And that brute of a William was ashamed, too. That's why."

"Oh, do you think so? I don't. It goes deeper than that. Mark my words, Con, there's a mystery of some sort, and the man who called is mixed up in it. Don't go to stop with that woman, dear. It's all too fantastic. No good can come of it, but maybe dreadful harm to you."

No wonder that Anne's words struck coldly on my heart. It was odd that she, as well as I, should have suspected something hidden, for Lady Sophie de Gretton's explanation, though eccentric, had sounded frank enough. I would not have given up my new prospects, chimerical as they still appeared, unwise as it was according to an old proverb to exchange "a bird in the hand for two in the bush," but since the entrance of the footman to announce a visitor my excitement had been dying down. Now I felt chilled and unhappy, yet obstinate.

"I can't help it," I said sulkily. "It's done now for good or evil. I wish an omnibus would come."

But at an unseen distance something had happened, and there was a block in the stream of traffic. Not an omnibus was in sight, and none of the carriages packed into Hamilton Place were able to move out into Piccadilly. Anne and I were obliged to stand close by the curbstone waiting, and though I was in too reckless a mood to care whether I were late in arriving at Happpholme Villa or not, I was also too impatient to tolerate waiting. I wanted to be off; I wanted to be going somewhere, anywhere. Anne and I could only be together in an omnibus for a certain length of time; we must then separate, she proceeding in one direction, I in another.

Only a little while ago I had disliked the idea of parting with her; now I welcomed it, for I did not wish her to continue her conscientious efforts at dissuasion. We might have walked on at this juncture, allowing an omnibus finally to overtake us, and Anne suggested the plan, only to have it vetoed by



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me. If we walked she would have plenty of opportunity for further argument; in an omnibus, where all our neighbors might hang upon our words, private conversation would be impracticable.

So we stood still, I feverishly discussing the hats and frocks in the carriages packed along the waiting line, and nearly ten minutes must have passed before a movement ahead became perceptible. We were still close to Lady Sophie de Gretton's when at last the omnibus we desired came in sight.

It was rattling along at great speed to make up for lost time, and as the driver seemed disinclined to see our insignificance, I boldly dashed out to head it off before the more cau-

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"My Lady Cinderella"

tious Anne had left the pavement.

I had stretched out my hand to grasp the rail, when an impatient cab horse intercepted me. I sprang back startled, and felt my shoulders come in contact with something just behind.

A woman on top of the omnibus uttered a shrill squeal of alarm, and the sound of her voice, the expression of her eyes, which for a bewildered instant I saw were fixed on me, robbed me of my presence of mind.

I thought that I was going to be run over. In imagination I felt myself knocked down, wheels crunching over my spine. The whole world seemed made of horses—rearing horses, horses with tossing heads and trampling hoofs. The street was a sea of horses.

They were everywhere—in front, behind, coming from both sides; go where I would, I could not escape. I shut my eyes and threw up my hands, conscious in an odd, bewildered way, even at that instant, that I had dropped my umbrella, and should never be able to buy another, if I lived to want it.

People were shouting this and that at me; I only heard their voices, not their words, and they all sounded angry, unsympathetic, as if they were annoyed that I had got in their way, not that they cared what became of me.

It could not have lasted sixty seconds, though I had thought of so many things (even feeling a pang of regret that this had not happened after instead of before my glorious visit to Lady Sophie de Gretton, now to be lost forever under the horses' hoofs), when I was caught up bodily and planted in safety on the pavement. It was a strong arm that held me, and until a mist cleared away from my eyes I thought my stammered thanks were due to a big policeman; but though the policeman was there, having arrived the fraction of a second too late, it was not to him that I owed my deliverance.

"'Twas that gentleman there, not me," he explained, with a gruffness born of my reckless conduct, which deserved all the punishment it had received. My impression was that if anyone merited a scolding it was the omnibus driver for not looking, or the first cabman, who had come so near to using me for a ninepin. But they had both contrived to disappear, and I should have been censured by the guardian of the law had not "that gentleman" gallantly interfered.

"Oh, I say, bobby, don't be an idiot," he succinctly remarked; and, having disposed of the policeman, turned to me. "I do hope you're not hurt."

"No, I think not, thanks to you," I faltered. "If was so stupid of me. But you were very good, and—I'm all right now. Come, Anne, we will take this next omnibus."

"Won't you let me call you a cab? You look awfully white and shaken," said the man.

I was about to refuse, but Anne seconded his suggestion. Yes, we would have a cab. And in another moment, with a motion of the stick he carried, our new friend had summoned a hansom.

The crowd, which had paused for the ex-

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citement of seeing me killed, had passed on, defrauded. All was quiet again in Hamilton Place, and I thought that there were none remaining who cared to stare, as my knight in tall hat and frock coat extended his service by helping me into the vehicle.

But, after all, I was mistaken. Just as he stood, his hat lifted, inquiring with interest in his eyes whither he should direct the cabman to drive, a victoria approached us. By a coincidence which seemed odd to me (and afterwards was to seem far more so), it contained the wonderful girl in pink muslin. She and the woman by her side—her mother, I was certain—were gazing indifferently into space, when the eyes of the former fell upon my champion.

Her features quickened suddenly into life; her gaze traveled from the man standing by the cab to me, at whom she continued to look with keen curiosity, tempered by disapproval. Then she whispered a word to her companion. The elder woman glanced in my direction, and—a strange thing happened.

(To be continued)

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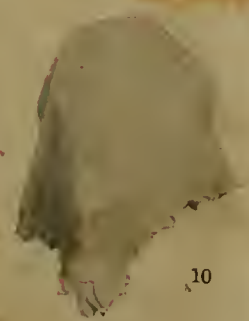
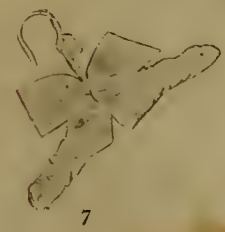
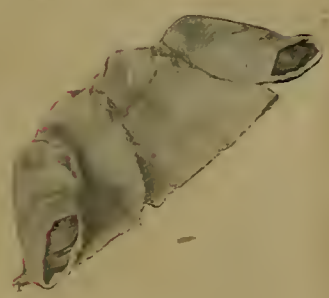
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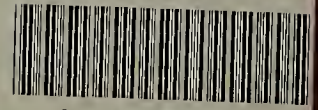
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